The Saturday Evening
POST
August 19, 1961 – 15¢

"My Island"
By JUSTICE DOUGLAS

NEW DISCOVERIES ABOUT SUICIDE

THE AUTHORS OF *THE UGLY AMERICAN* ON SOVIET PROPAGANDA

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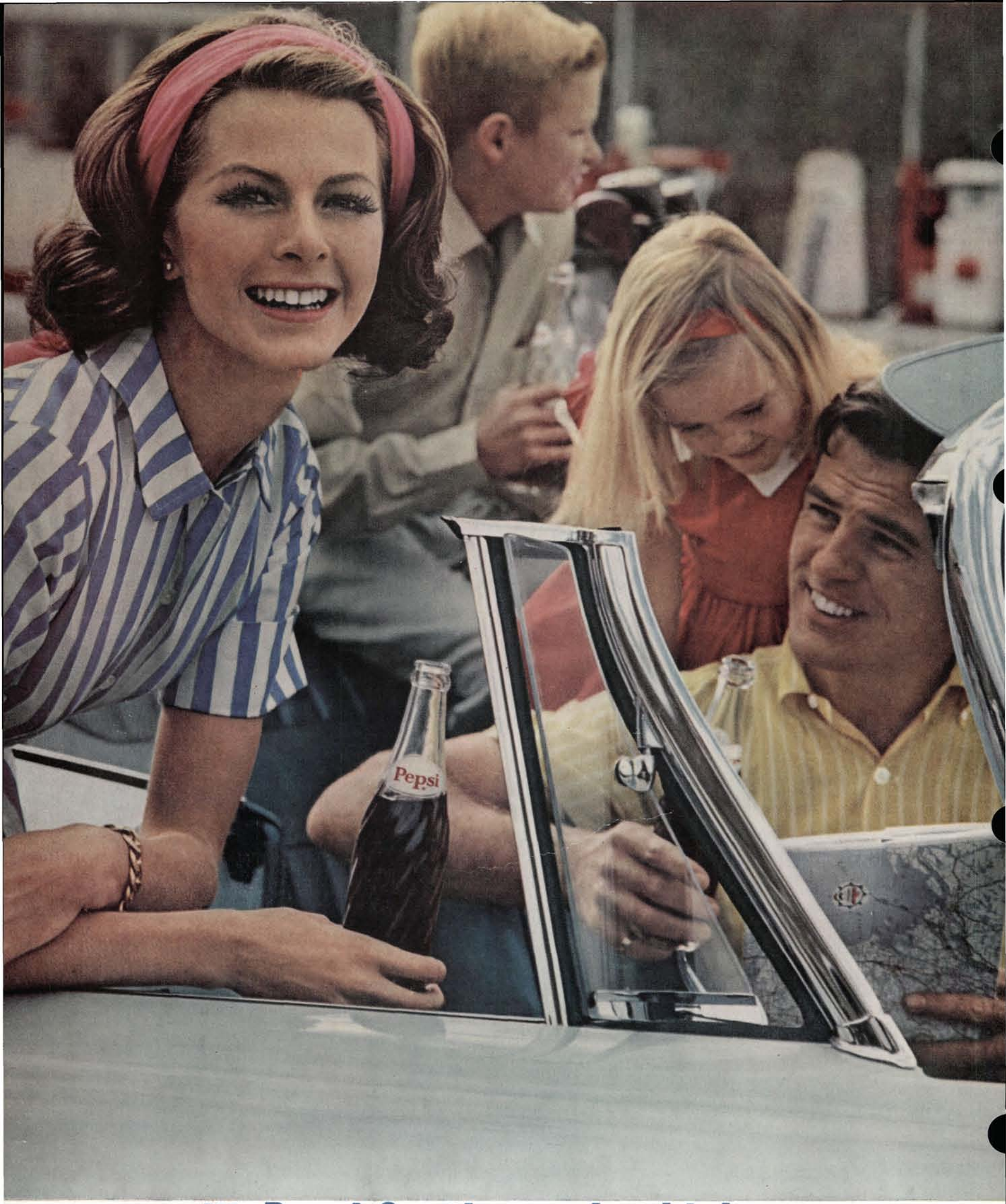

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Average number per day of traumatic effects of shaving devices on bearded skin

	Burning	Rashes	Nicks	Cuts
REMINGTON® with adjustable roller combs	3	0	1	0
Instrument "B"	12	8	6	0
Instrument "C"	8	2	2	0
Instrument "D"	7	2	3	0
Instrument "E"	5	7	3	0
Instrument "F"	22	18	37	34
Instrument "G"	24	19	37	35

TO OBTAIN THIS DATA TAKEN FROM "THE DERMATOLOGISTS' REPORT," 240 MALE SUBJECTS WERE DIVIDED INTO TESTING GROUPS OF 40 MEN EACH. BY THE USE OF "HALF-FACE" TESTS UNDER STRICT CONTROL, EACH MAN TESTED TWO SHAVING INSTRUMENTS AT THE SAME TIME. THE INSTRUMENTS INCLUDED THE 5 LEADING MAKES OF ELECTRIC SHAVERS AND SINGLE AND DOUBLE EDGE BLADES. THE ABOVE TABLE WAS COMPILED FOR A TYPICAL GROUP. "THE DERMATOLOGISTS' REPORT," COVERING A YEAR-LONG MEDICAL STUDY, WAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN A LEADING MEDICAL JOURNAL. ITS MAJOR FINDINGS WERE SUBSEQUENTLY REPORTED IN NEWSPAPERS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

this chart is based on "The Dermatologists' Report" which reveals that REMINGTON with adjustable roller combs offers the safest close shave of any shaver-blade or electric!

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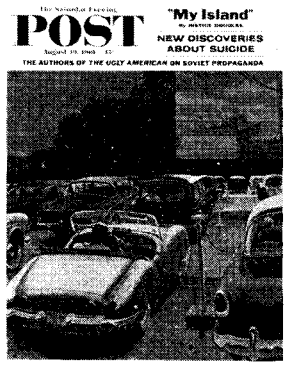

THE COVER

"By the light . . . of the silvery screen . . . she loves to lean . . . on her honey in his green . . . sports car." If the young folks in the sports car manage to ignore these improvised lyrics, the younger folks in the station wagon are likely to sing out with even more disrespectful jeers, such as "Smoochy, smoochy!" and "Aw, look—they're in lu-u-u-u-u-u-v." Or to translate our George Hughes cover into cinemalingo: Three short subjects, having discovered that real life can be more absorbing than reel life, are ignoring the featured film in favor of the extra added attractions. The featured film is all about men who go to sea. That snickering threesome came to see, not to sea, but someone ought to caution them not to laugh too hard, because when they grow a few inches they'll be in the same boat.

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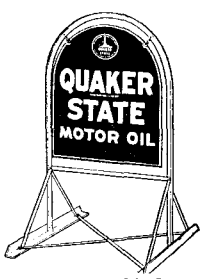

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Letters

Is Anything Right With Income Taxes?

Dear Sirs:

Your writer [WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR INCOME TAX LAWS, by Harold H. Martin, July 15] attempts to show that a man with $7000 received as salary would pay more taxes than one receiving the same amount in dividends. He conveniently overlooked the fact that the corporations will have paid 52 per cent income tax before the stockholder gets his dividend.

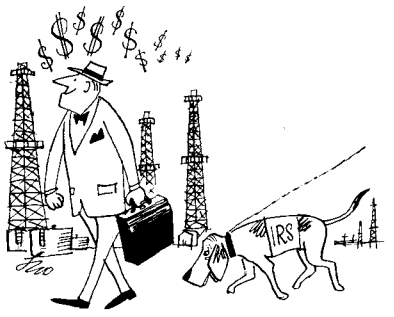
As a lawyer once said of cases distorted in this manner, "He gave the facts, but he didn't tell the truth."

J. FRANKLIN GREENLEE
Charleston, W. Va.

● *Author Martin's defense: "My article dealt only with personal income tax. To have discussed the pros and cons of double taxation of dividends would have required another full-length article." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Under the present tax laws "the easiest way to acquire great wealth," we are told, ". . . is to finance a successful search for oil." . . . It all sounds so simple . . .



that one may assume the author has by now traded his typewriter in for a drilling rig.

JOHN F. JEFFERIS
Prairie Village, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Wouldn't it be more appropriate for the box on the front cover (at right) to proclaim the "Iniquities of the Income Tax"?

WALTER N. PETERS
Portland, Me.

Dear Sirs:

By what fantastic kind of logic did your Harold H. Martin arrive at the following conclusion: "In times of recession, with more and more taxpayers dropping into lower brackets, the percentage of income going into taxes falls sharply, and more dollars are available for the purchase of consumer goods, a stimulant to the economy."

That would be a real good trick. . . . We would certainly be recession-proof if we all knew how to have more dollars to spend for consumer goods when our incomes fell.

PAUL A. FRASER
Moro, Oreg.

● *Reader Fraser and many others are correct. The author says, "The paragraph as written obscured its meaning. The taxpayer obviously has fewer dollars, but in times of recession a greater* proportion *of his income is left to him to spend as he sees fit." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Harold H. Martin is to be commended for his sound and logical article. . . . An important addition to the inequity is the fact that taxpayers outside of my profession can no longer wisely qualify themselves to prepare their own returns. . . .

It seems to me the first step in correction is to repeal politics. . . . If it can't be, however, my services will continue to be much needed.

SAMUEL N. SORENSEN, C.P.A.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The article is altogether propaganda for the Kennedy Administration's desired income-tax changes.

C. C. WILSON
Austin, Tex.

● *Mr. Martin says, "The article reported on the viewpoints of a number of tax experts both in and out of Government. But I was not necessarily advocating any of these views."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If editor Martin really wants to be fair to everyone, let him take into account all the taxes which people pay. On second thought, maybe this had better be handled by a tax expert. One may hazard a guess—based on the force with which Mr. Martin hammers on the use of joint returns by husbands and wives—that he is a disgruntled bachelor.

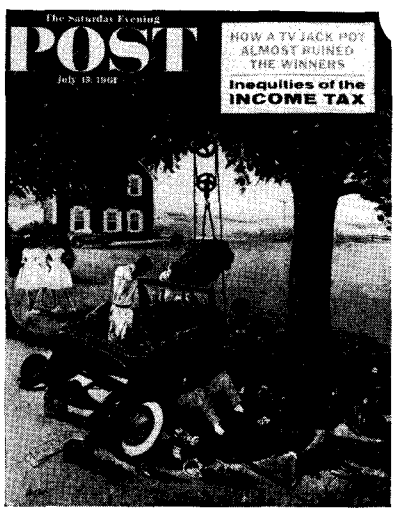
ROBERT MCC. SIMONDS
East Hampton, N.Y.

● *The author's bachelor days are distant memories. He and his wife have been married nearly twenty-seven years and have four children ranging from seventeen to twenty-five, two of whom long since have ceased to be deductible. —ED.*

Female Protests

Dear Sirs:

As a red-blooded American female I resent the July 15 cover picture [below]. . . . (1.) No girl in her right mind



would ever make a fool of herself by standing around *waiting* for attention from the opposite sex. (2.) No boy in his right mind would ignore three living dolls standing only a few yards away. (3.) The situation is usually the other way around! We girls are the ones who are always so engrossed in our work and the boys are the ones who hang around and wait for *us* to notice them.

KAREN OLSON
Okemos, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I protest regarding your explanation of the July 15 cover! That vehicle is a

(Continued on Page 6)

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Let's take a peek at the gasoline of 1966

In the next 10-15 years, motor-fuel requirements will climb steadily in both quality and quantity. By 1966, it will take a 103.5-octane to satisfy 95 percent of the new cars.

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

"hot rod" and not a "tin Lizzie!" How do I know? We have one teen-age boy still home, one hot rod and four—yes, four—of Henry Ford's famous Model-T's, called tin Lizzies!

JENNYE G. HART

● *Numerous other readers contended that our cover showed a Model A, not a "tin Lizzie." —ED.*

Battle Royal Over Rocks and Rills

Dear Sirs:

THE GREAT WILDERNESS FIGHT [by John Bird, July 8] seems to me to be a very objective study of the extremes of this very complicated dilemma. Mr. Bird is to be congratulated on having tackled what few have attempted before him.

LAURANCE S. ROCKEFELLER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Now that John Bird has presented the case for the monied "multiple-use" groups, it would be only fair to present the conservationist's side of the fight. His article tends to make the conservationist seem like some kind of a nut, while the

resource developers are pictured as the farsighted preservers of America. This presentation is grossly unfair.

D. D. TRENT
Houghton, Mich.

THE FOREST SERVICE CONGRATULATES THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. . . . JOHN BIRD HAS IMPARTIALLY SET FORTH THE CURRENT ISSUES AND THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN WILDERNESS MANAGEMENT.

RICHARD E. McARDLE, CHIEF
U.S. FOREST SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

John Bird's hogwash-brainwash . . . is a poorly concealed effort to foist the big lumber tycoon's propaganda on an unsuspecting public.

CARMELITA LOWRY
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

As staunch objectors to the wilderness bill, my associates and I are not opposed to some wilderness preservation. However, the present pending Federal legislation does not take into consideration, with fairness, the long-established use permits on Federal land. Such users of permits as livestock ranchers, lumbermen and miners do not exploit the wilderness any more than do the people who hope to establish a bonanza from tourists. These permits have been handed down from father to son or have been purchased along with real estate at a monetary value. In all fairness, these long-established uses must be considered.

MERLE D. LLOYD
Hamilton, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

We all enjoy our high standard of living which requires, and will continue to require, the utilization of natural resources. But let's not forget our aesthetic needs. Let's save a few pieces of land and water from the steel and plastic jungle!

WINSLOW M. SHAUGHNESSY
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sob-Story Brickbats

Dear Sirs:

Your article A JACK POT ALMOST RUINED THEIR LIVES [by Alfred Balk, July 15] points out a few facts about give-away shows which should have been brought to light years ago. Even if the jack pot had really been an "end of the rainbow" for the Eskews, they would have paid for it dearly in their loss of self-respect and privacy.

ANNE E. McGOWAN
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

My heart goes out to those poor, unfortunate people. . . . Wasn't it a shame they sold their car at an $800 loss? What a heart-breaking ordeal, but it must have been some small consolation that they had the new station wagon to fall back on. . . . Let's stop this looking a gift horse in the mouth and say, "God bless Ralph Edwards and all the others who make those giveaway shows possible."

RAMONA L. SILVA
Taunton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

A bucket of hot tar and chicken feathers to Ralph Edwards. Where was the great humanitarian when the Eskews really needed help?

MRS. LAURENCE MILLER
Flushing, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The show wanted people who would cry. Well, they sure got 'em, and these sob sisters have not stopped crying yet! I shed no tears for the Eskews. I cry instead for the demise of good old-fashioned, all-American get-up-and-go!

MRS. RONALD A. GEIL
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

There is something frightening about the thought that, under pretense of "doing good," a commercial organization can take over the life of a family without the latter's consent or even knowledge, can brainwash the neighbors into doing its bidding, then, having got what it wanted, walk away and leave the family in question to rearrange the disrupted plan of its living as best it can.

F. G. LAWSON
Edmundston, N.B.

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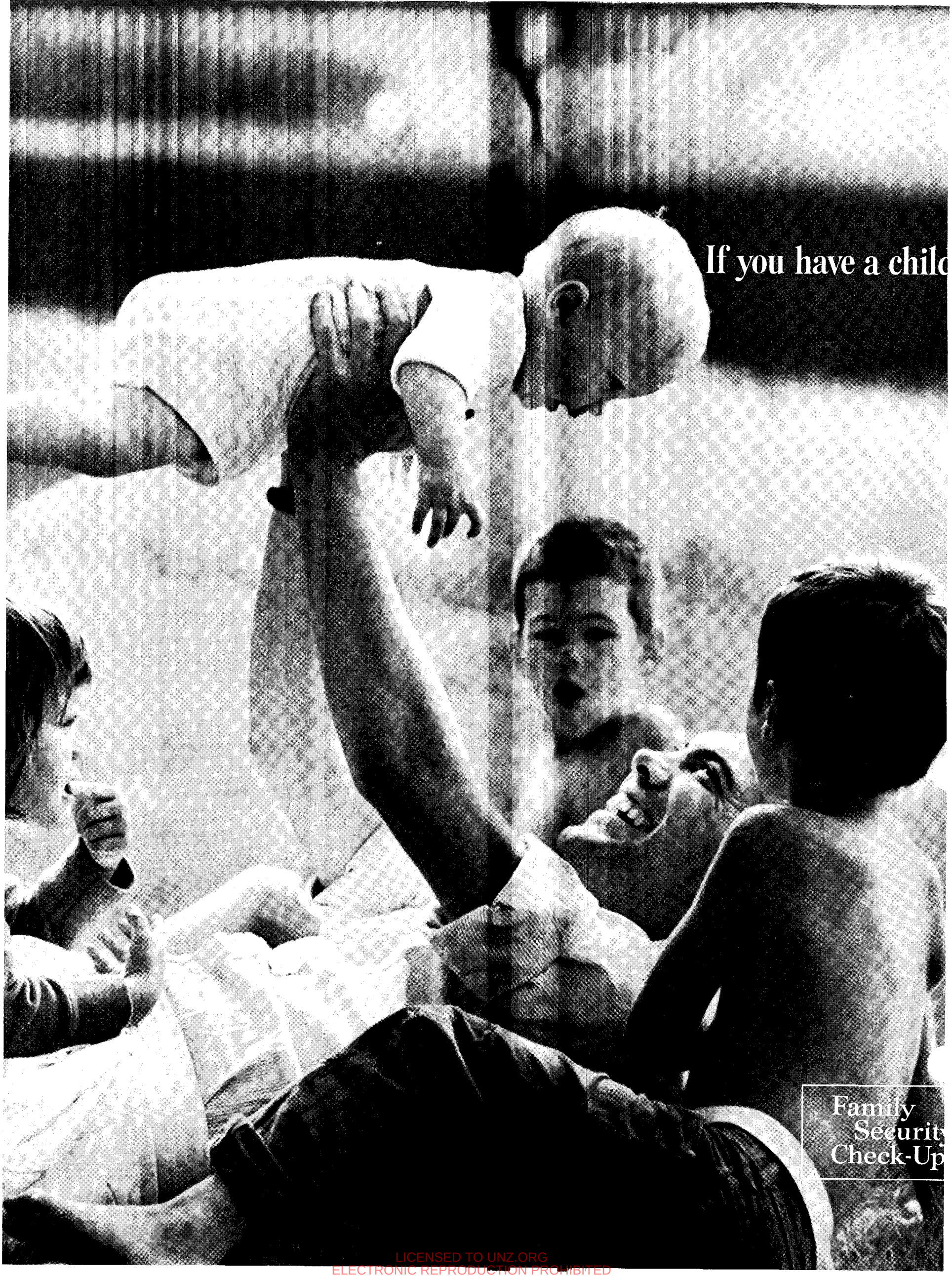

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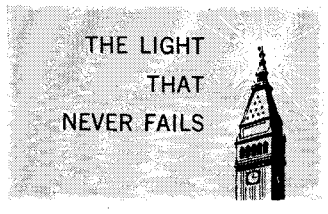

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Editorials

Berlin Remains the Key to Western Survival

Some Americans are wondering why it is so difficult to convince Khrushchev that the U.S.A. means what it says about West Berlin. Why won't the man believe us? Why does he think we are bluffing?

Much of the explanation can be found in Khrushchev's general appraisal of the Free World, as stated by Dr. Merle Fainsod, director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard. Doctor Fainsod says that Khrushchev is convinced that the United States and its allies are decadent, that they can be prodded and panicked into giving up one city and one country after another, always finding excuses for their surrenders to world Communism.

If this is Khrushchev's confident and scornful estimate of the United States, he ought to be disillusioned at once. We know that Khrushchev wants all of West Germany—one of our strongest allies and the key to Western defense. If we were to let the Communists seize West Berlin as a prelude to gobbling up all of Germany, how many of our European allies would trust us to stand by them against Khrushchev's threats to blow them up with missiles? To surrender West Berlin would probably mean that the North Atlantic Treaty Organization would crumble because our fellow members would feel that the game was up. There would be a rush to jump on the Communist world-wide bandwagon.

Khrushchev's confidence and Allied misgivings have gained support from the Cuban fiasco and the apparent loss of Laos. In the Philippines millions turned out to cheer General MacArthur when he returned to them for a short visit. He was there as a symbol of old-time American determination and American reliability. But while MacArthur was among them, the Philippine ambassador to Nationalist China was saying in Formosa, "Let us hope that the so-called 'bold and new' approach being devised in Washington will strengthen rather than weaken the unity of the United States with her Asian allies *vis à vis* the Communist challenge to Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific." President Kennedy's efforts to back our resistance to Soviet threats with positive action has doubtless done much to reassure the world of Western firmness on Berlin.

Plainly the threat of a war over Berlin is nothing to treat with indifference. The British, whose cities were so recently turned to rubble by German bombers, can be excused for any lack of enthusiasm for defending the former German capital. But it seems to us that the greater danger of war—and of defeat—lies in failure to stand firm on this issue. Furthermore, Khrushchev is having his troubles in East Germany, and his war talk is interpreted by some as directed at his rebellious satellites as well as the West.

Whatever Khrushchev's motives, the issue of Berlin is crucial because, as stated above, it involves the fate of all Europe and eventually the world. William Henry Chamberlin, in the *New Leader*, sums it up thus:

"What is at stake in the firm maintenance of Western garrisons in a free West Berlin is nothing short of the whole meaning and integrity of the defensive alliance of free peoples. To give up . . . this exposed outpost of liberty, to accept some compromise of what is already a compromise situation would destroy all faith in the West's will and power to offer effective resistance to Communist aggression."

The U.S.A. Owes a Large Debt to Whittaker Chambers

Whatever knowledge we have of the working of the Communist conspiracy in the United States would be even less than it is had it not been for the testimony of Whittaker Chambers, who died recently at his Maryland farm. But this was not the principal reason why Chambers "gave up a $30,000 job and a secure future to haunt for the rest of my days the ruins of my life." Chambers was an introspective man, and his reasons for doing what he did were personal ones. As he put it in *Witness*, a considerable part of which appeared in *The Post* (Feb. 9–Mar. 12, 1952), "A man is not primarily a witness *against* something. That is only incidental to the fact that he is a witness *for* something. A witness, in the sense that I am using the word, is a man whose life and faith are so completely one that when the challenge comes to step out and testify for his faith, he does so, disregarding all risks, accepting all consequences."

The exposure of Alger Hiss—well bred, educated, idealistic—as a member of a Communist cell in the United States Government made it apparent that Congressional investigations into this apparatus were not mere "witch hunting," despite the persistent belief to the contrary in some quarters even today. The Hiss case created bitter feelings, but it opened the country's eyes to the reality of Communist penetration of our institutions.

The risks that Chambers ran were real indeed. When he first broke with the party and attempted to tell his story to the authorities, President Roosevelt, when informed by an intermediary, laughed it off. Had Chambers been taken seriously, he might well have been tried as a Nazi agent or shunted into St. Elizabeth's Hospital as a lunatic. The fury of that era—1938—was directed against Hitler and the Nazis. An effort to expose Communists would have met little response. There were other hazards. From the day of his repudiation of the Communist Party to the day when he was able to produce the proof of Hiss's complicity out of a pumpkin on his Maryland farm, Chambers stood a good chance of liquidation.

Chambers risked all this, and he did so with no rosy view of the chances of the non-Communist world. "By any hardheaded estimate," he wrote, "the world I was leaving looked like the world of life and of the future. The world I was returning to seemed, by contrast, a graveyard." He felt that he was choosing "the side of probable defeat." But when he made the "only possible choice," which was "to die, if necessary, rather than to live under Communism," he experienced "a surging release and a sense of freedom, like a man who bursts at last gasp out of a drowning sea."

Out of Chambers's life as a Communist operative, as an almost masochistic brooder over his role in the great conflict and finally as a courageous "come-outer" on the side of freedom, emerged information that the West can turn to its advantage—provided it has the courage and the insight, though belated, of Whittaker Chambers.

Why Should We Disguise Our Big-Spending Figures?

Does "$1.9 billion" look like as much money to you as "$1,900,000,000"? A good many people don't think so; some suspect that the new way of indicating large sums is a scheme by the big spenders to make billions look like chicken feed.

Where did this mixed-up, cockeyed way of writing large amounts of money come from? The chairman of the Government Printing Office style board in Washington, which makes the rules about what is right and wrong in the printing of public documents, says that when Federal spending got into the billion-dollar class, printers repeatedly ran out of ciphers and had to spell out "billion." He says further that the use of the dollar mark in front of the small figures instead of spelling out "dollars" after the word "billion" was a "typographical short cut" and an aid to the reader's comprehension of large amounts.

There's a theory that the average person thinks of a billion as being in the neighborhood of a million; otherwise-intelligent speakers often use the words interchangeably. This seems incredible, because a billion is a thousand times as much as a million. But elimination of the long string of ciphers could make it easier for some people to confuse "billion" with "million."

Today this system seems to be an accepted way—almost the exclusive way—of representing large amounts of money. Some writers appear to abhor completing the writing of any sum of money with figures exclusively. It would be a joy to be able once again to read "$1.99" as "one dollar and ninety-nine cents" without having to look behind for that "billions."

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'ake away the Rayonier Cellulose - and what's left?

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The Saturday Evening POST

Big Push in Soviet Propaganda

To present a brotherly and beneficent image, Russia backs a global organization with tremendous power and big money. A report by the authors of *The Ugly American*.

By EUGENE BURDICK and WILLIAM J. LEDERER

In Manila a young Filipino writer opens an envelope, finds a check for 750 pesos—the largest sum he has ever received for an article. Twenty-eight hundred miles to the southwest, at the airport in Ceylon, an anxious mother and her paralyzed son are carefully placed in a plane and before the plane has made altitude a doctor is examining the boy. Five thousand miles to the northwest, in a sunny Russian schoolroom, sixty eight-year-old children expectantly face the door, waiting for a distinguished dark-skinned visitor. When he enters, they sing a song of welcome in Hindi, his native language.

Three rather touching scenes—but they all bear the mark MADE IN MOSCOW. These three episodes are typical of thousands that occur around the world as a part of a comprehensive Communist propaganda program. Only recently have western scholars been able to put together the fragments of this massive Soviet propaganda apparatus and make educated estimates of its range.

Americans, used to the bluster of Khrushchev and the blatancy of May Day parades in Red Square, will be surprised at the delicacy with which this devastating, yet invisible, structure operates.

In the opinion of many experts this propaganda machine is more dangerous than nuclear-armed ICBMs. The Soviet effort costs $2,000,000,000 a year directly and probably twice that much indirectly. By contrast the United States spends about one twentieth as much in money and one one-hundredth as much in effort and intellectual skill.

The Soviet effort is not merely massive. To a startling degree it can pinpoint small targets. Take the three examples mentioned. The Filipino writer had received his check from the Foreign Language Publishing House in Moscow. Although he is a professed "Philippine

A native of Ghana being given the Red carpet treatment at a Russian voluntary-labor camp, which he visited last year along with young people from twenty countries.

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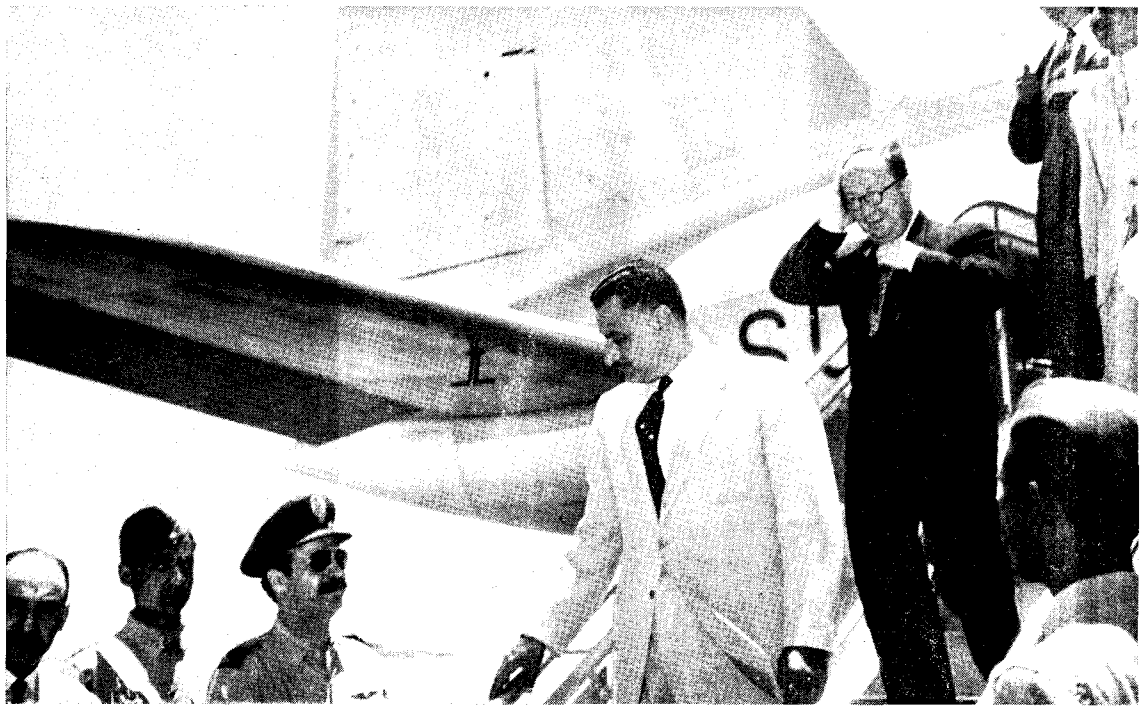
nationalist," he is now receiving over half of his income from Soviet royalties. The anxious Ceylonese mother with the paralyzed son was flown to Moscow, where her son was given treatment at a polio institute and returned home much improved. The mother, in addition to being an influential journalist, is related to the secretary of a powerful Ceylonese politician. The class of Hindi-singing children were Russian students at a public school in Moscow and their guest was a prominent Hindi-speaking Indian intellectual. When he returned to India, he praised the Soviet Union's "brotherly interest in India and its culture."

The painstaking details of the Soviet effort are stunning. Grass-roots indoctrination begins in the Soviet schools. *All* Soviet pupils start serious study of a foreign language in the third grade. By the time they have finished high school they have had at least six years' training in a foreign language. They do not confine their language training to English, French, Spanish and German, but also have thousands of students studying the so-called "exotic languages" of Africa and Asia. In Singhalese and Bengali, the Russians have a small army of fluent linguists. Our Department of State's Foreign Service does not have a single qualified person—although these languages are spoken by almost 100,000,000 people living in important, sensitive areas.

Language is not the whole of propaganda, as we shall see, but it is the vital first step. John Foster Dulles put it this way: "Interpreters are no substitute. It is not possible to understand what is in the minds of other people without understanding their language, and without understanding their language, it is impossible to be sure that they understand what is on our minds."

Soviet language training is so sweeping that Moscow can, if the occasion calls for it, produce tomorrow a skilled plumber who speaks Hindi and is also familiar with the great figures of Hindi literature. As long ago as 1957 Chester Bowles, former ambassador to India, said that he had never met a Russian in that country who was not working hard at Hindi, or already reasonably fluent in the language. American officials who are fluent in Hindi could comfortably meet in the living room of an average American home.

What are the results? When Moscow contracted to build the Bhilai steel mill for India, a great many of the Russians, from steel muddlers to top engineers, could speak to Indians



Egypt's Premier Nasser leaving the transport plane he received as a gift from the U.S.S.R. Behind him is Soviet Ambassador Yevgeni Dmitrievich Kiselev, who presented him with the aircraft.

Nikita Khrushchev charmed this Indonesian entertainer during one of his tours of Southeast Asia.

Communist agents instigated student demonstrations such as this one and blocked President Eisenhower's visit to Japan last year.

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These Indian steel technicians express complete satisfaction with their Russian hotel accommodations. They were visiting the U.S.S.R. for practical training at a Soviet steel mill.

in their own language. The Indians were so pleased that they did not object when Russian workers taught Russian and Marxist doctrine to Indian workers during the lunch hour.

In Swahili, Nepali, Telugu, Annamese, Amharic—languages spoken by 86,000,000 people—the pattern is the same. The Soviets have platoons of people trained in all these languages. Most Russians will not see duty overseas, but if the need arises, the Soviet propaganda apparatus can call upon an immense reservoir of language competence. By contrast, consider that this year only four of our Foreign Service officers are studying Southeast Asian languages.

But the real cutting edge of the Soviet propaganda apparatus is the full-time, highly trained expert who skillfully directs his army of assistants. When he goes to work, overseas or in Moscow, he will have survived one of the world's most rigorous indoctrination and screening programs. He is a professional who has been schooled more extensively than a physician. Take, as a composite example, the case of a fellow we'll call Serge Rasonilkov.

Serge was graduated at the top of his class from a high school in Minsk. He was assigned to one of the numerous "institutes" that exist throughout Russia for specialized training in language and area studies. For the first year the average workday was sixteen to eighteen hours. Serge was one of twenty-five students making up a class in Twi, a little-known language which is spoken by 2,000,000 people in the northern part of Africa's Gold Coast region. Language made up one half of the institute's program, and it was taught by an African Communist, specially recruited. The other half of the curriculum consisted of an intensive course in the anthropology, religion, politics and geography of Africa.

At the end of the first year the twenty-five students were told where each ranked in the class. The bottom five students were dropped from the institute.

For thirty-six more months the work continued. When the class finally was graduated, it consisted only of five superior professionals. The Russians' estimates of their need for experts in Twi were five per year. Two of the students had been discharged from the institute for "marriage without official permission." The rest were casualties of the competitive system. In addition to scholastic brilliance, other criteria were taken into consideration in grading students—physical stamina, ability to make decisions and boldness.

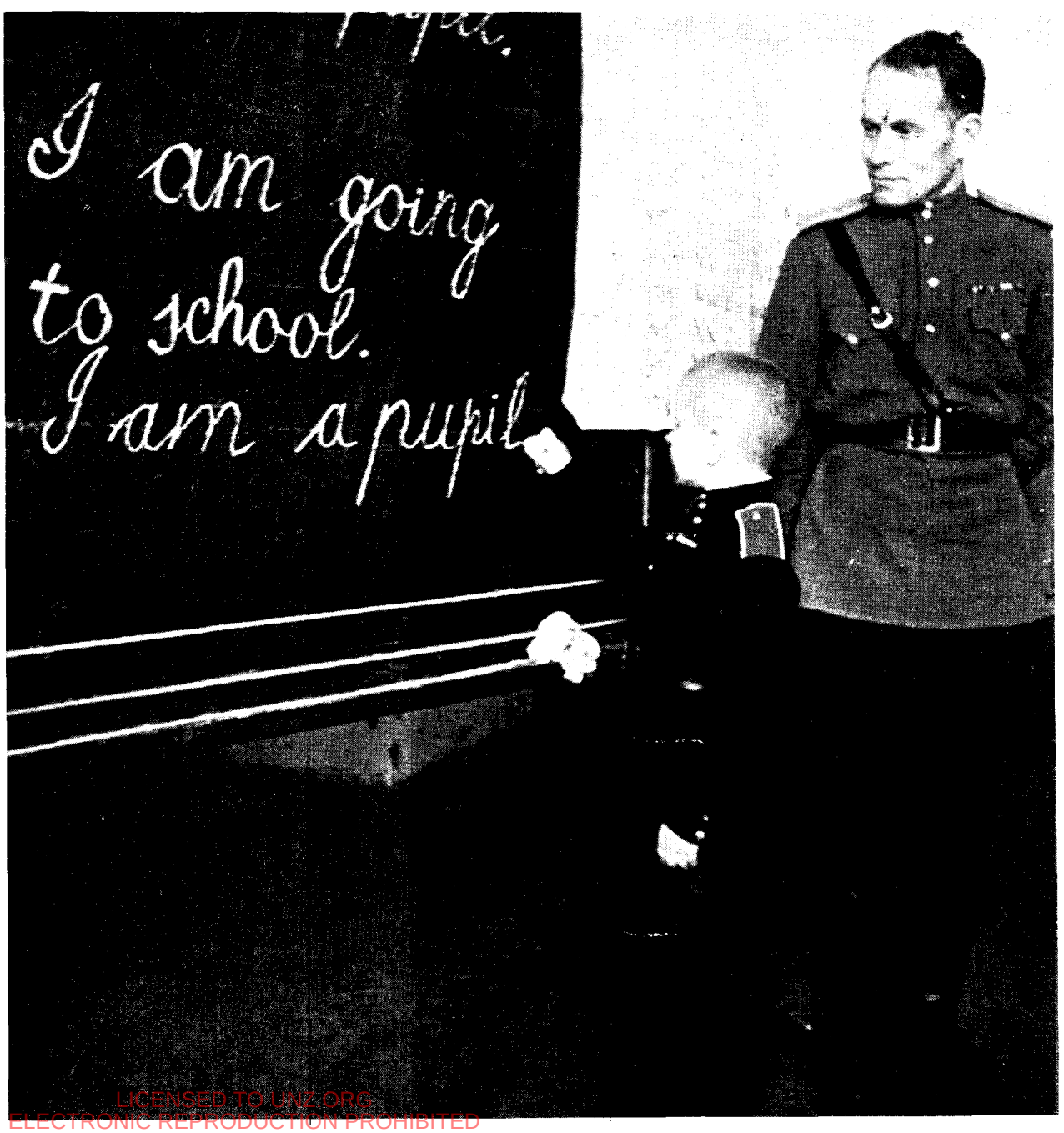
Serge was one of those who survived. Serge had acquired not only the ability to speak Twi fluently but also knowledge of the Twi folk myths. In addition he knew the names of contemporary political leaders in the areas where Twi was spoken, their backgrounds, their weaknesses.

A few months before being graduated from the institute Serge and the four other surviving students were each assigned a secret topic on which to write a master's thesis. Unbeknownst to any of the five the topics were identical—A Marxist-Leninist Strategy for Twi-speaking Cultures: The Next Ten Years. Near the end of the term each student was presented with a copy of the other four theses and asked to defend his own publicly in the light of what the others stated. To western educators such a technique would be not only unethical but extremely cruel. In the Soviet view it produces a potential diplomat-propagandist who is suspicious, tough-minded and highly flexible in his application of Communist ideology.

The institute decided that Serge was their most outstanding graduate. The four other graduates were at once ordered to Twi-speaking areas of Africa where they took jobs in the Russian embassy or consulates as chauffeurs, kitchen helpers and messengers. They were given these jobs to permit extensive contact with the natives. Later they would move into propaganda jobs.

Serge remained in Moscow and was sent to the Diplomatic School for an additional two years. The U.S.S.R. Diplomatic School is top secret. No American, to our knowledge, has ever visited there. A few foreign Communists have briefly attended the school and after defecting from the Party have described what takes place in that highly guarded institution.

(Continued on Page 50)



Right: Russian school children commence foreign-language training in the third grade.

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A POST NOVELETTE
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

COUNTERPUNCH

By C. S. FORESTER

A tale about the first retaliatory blow struck by the American Navy after Pearl Harbor.

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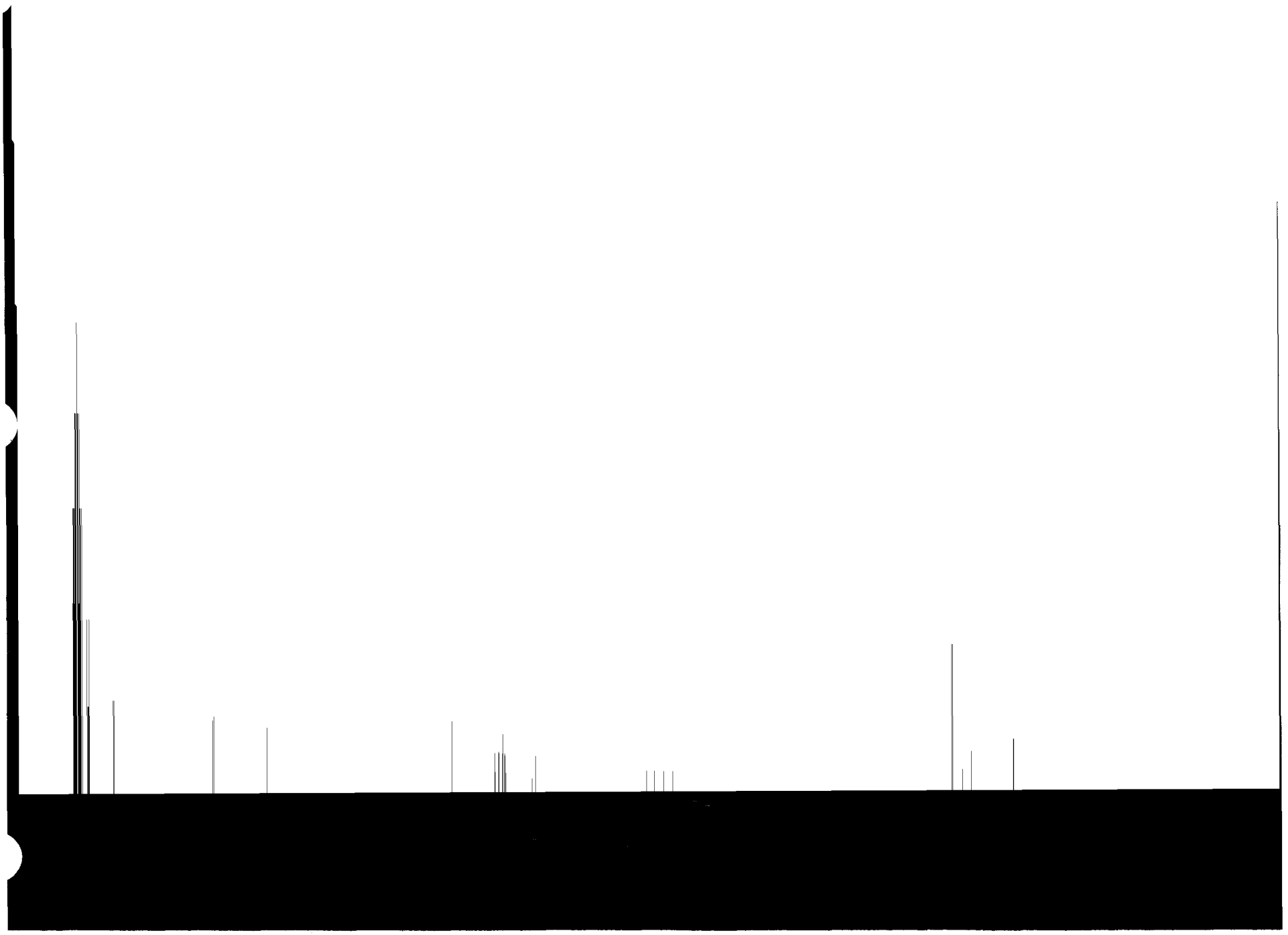

It was one more moment in history when the *Boon* approached the Golden Gate, returning to the American continent after a year in the Pacific—ten months of peace and two of war, ten months of gradually accelerating movement and two months of torrential happenings. The river of American history had flowed faster and faster, and yet its leap over the precipice that was Pearl Harbor had been a surprise. Now the river was pouring tumultuously down the cataract below the falls, bursting in spray amid rocks and whirlpools.

It was evening here in the Pacific; across the continent it was already deep night. Very possibly over in the Atlantic, at this moment when the *Boon* swung to enter the Golden Gate, a torpedo was leaving its tube, and another flaming wreck was lighting the Atlantic seaboard where a bold enemy was ravaging American waters, sinking American ships, taking American lives and draining away the American lifeblood.

An insane melee was raging over the entire world. Two months ago the American giant had been dealt a stunning and unexpected blow and now, assailed on every side, the giant was struggling to keep on his feet and regain his strength so that he could strike down his enemies.

On board the American destroyer U.S.S. *Boon*, hovering outside the Golden Gate, there was little enough thought devoted to the fact that this was history. They were home again after a year of duty. Officers and enlisted men could barely contain their impatience while the *Boon* circled in the darkening haze, keeping guard to seaward as the three transports she had escorted from Honolulu made their dilatory way in through the novel harbor defenses across the twilit yet still invisible Gate.

Cmdr. Edward Angell, striding impatiently out to the wing of the bridge, saw the light wink a fresh message from the shore and listened as the signalman read it to him.

"Acknowledge," he said over one shoulder—and then, over the other, he gave the orders that would bring the *Boon* into the bay, "Course zero nine four. All engines ahead standard."

They came nosing their way in through the thin rain. The transports were already safely berthed; the net defenses were already closing behind the destroyer, and Angell had just given the order which would take the *Boon* in to her pier when another winking light called forth a fresh order from Angell and swung the ship round again. They would not see any more of San Francisco that evening than that watery glance had already revealed to them, for the new signal curtly ordered, "Proceed Mare Island Navy Yard immediately for interim docking. Arrival conference scheduled 2000."

The word that they were not calling in San Francisco went round the ship like lightning, and the *Boon* left an invisible wake of curses behind her as she (Continued on Page 37)

Illustrated by Bob Lavin

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SUICIDE

By PETER WYDEN

Why do people kill themselves? Do they really want to die? A new study has turned up some surprising answers.

As a cause of death, suicide is common, terrifying and difficult to explain. Even the most basic facts remain elusive. According to the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare, 18,519 Americans killed themselves in 1958—enough to make suicide the tenth-ranking cause of adult deaths. Yet experts agree that the real figure is at least twice, possibly five or ten times, as large: Many politically selected coroners can't or won't report the truth. And the unsuccessful suicide attempts outnumber the deaths at least two to one.

Despite this fog of uncertainty, new light is being shed on the problem of detecting suicidal tendencies in time to reverse them. In Los Angeles two enthusiastic psychologists financed by the United States Public Health Service, Dr. Edwin S. Shneidman and Dr. Norman L. Farberow, have achieved break-throughs at three points.

First, they have discovered that most potential victims, consciously or unconsciously, plant clues before resortin to the ultimate fatal step. If friends have eyes to see ana ears to hear, tragedy can be averted.

Second, they have confirmed what some doctors have long suspected—that many, perhaps most, people who attempt suicide don't really want to die. They are open to persuasion.

Third, they have begun to provide answers to the great riddle of suicide prevention: Just how do suicidal people differ from the nonsuicidal?

To pursue their research, Doctors Shneidman and Farberow were compelled to pioneer new techniques as they went along. At Los Angeles County Hospital they organized the Suicide Prevention Center, where people who survive suicide attempts can get sympathetic treatment. They also invented a detection system which they describe as a "psychological autopsy," applied in Los Angeles to reports of deaths that might or might not be suicides. There are many doubtful cases, for people rare kill themselves only because of ill health, financial re verses or unrequited love, as the obituaries say; hidden motives usually exist too.

The suicide team has seen case after case of people killing themselves just after buying new clothes, or tickets for a trip, or making extensive plans for the future. "Such acts mean nothing," says Doctor Shneidman. "That's their ambivalence about living and dying."

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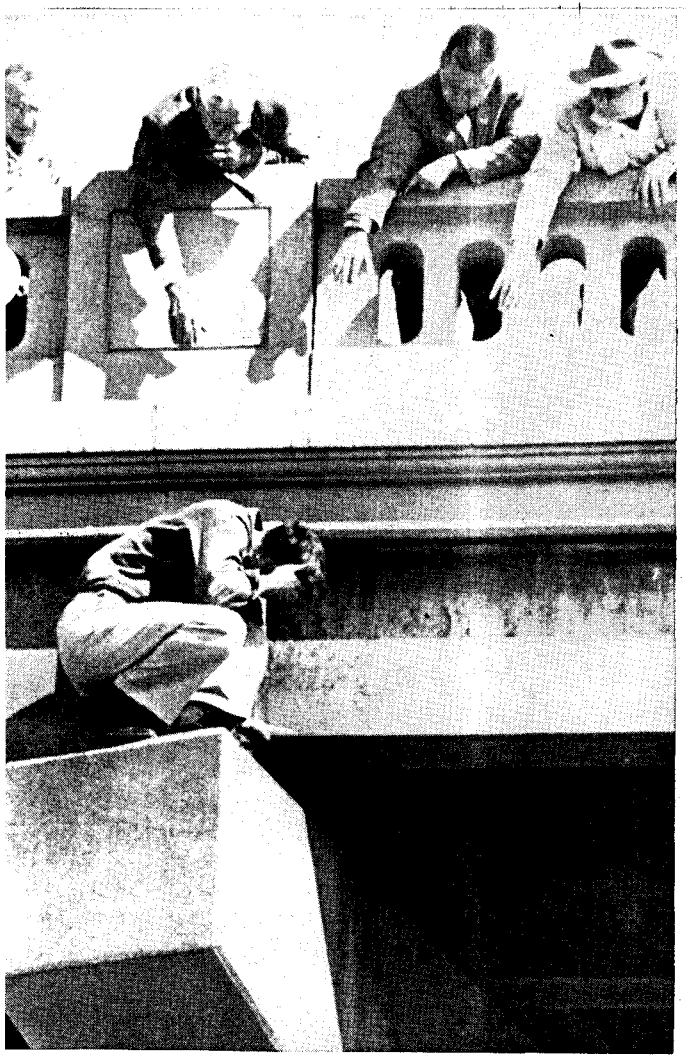
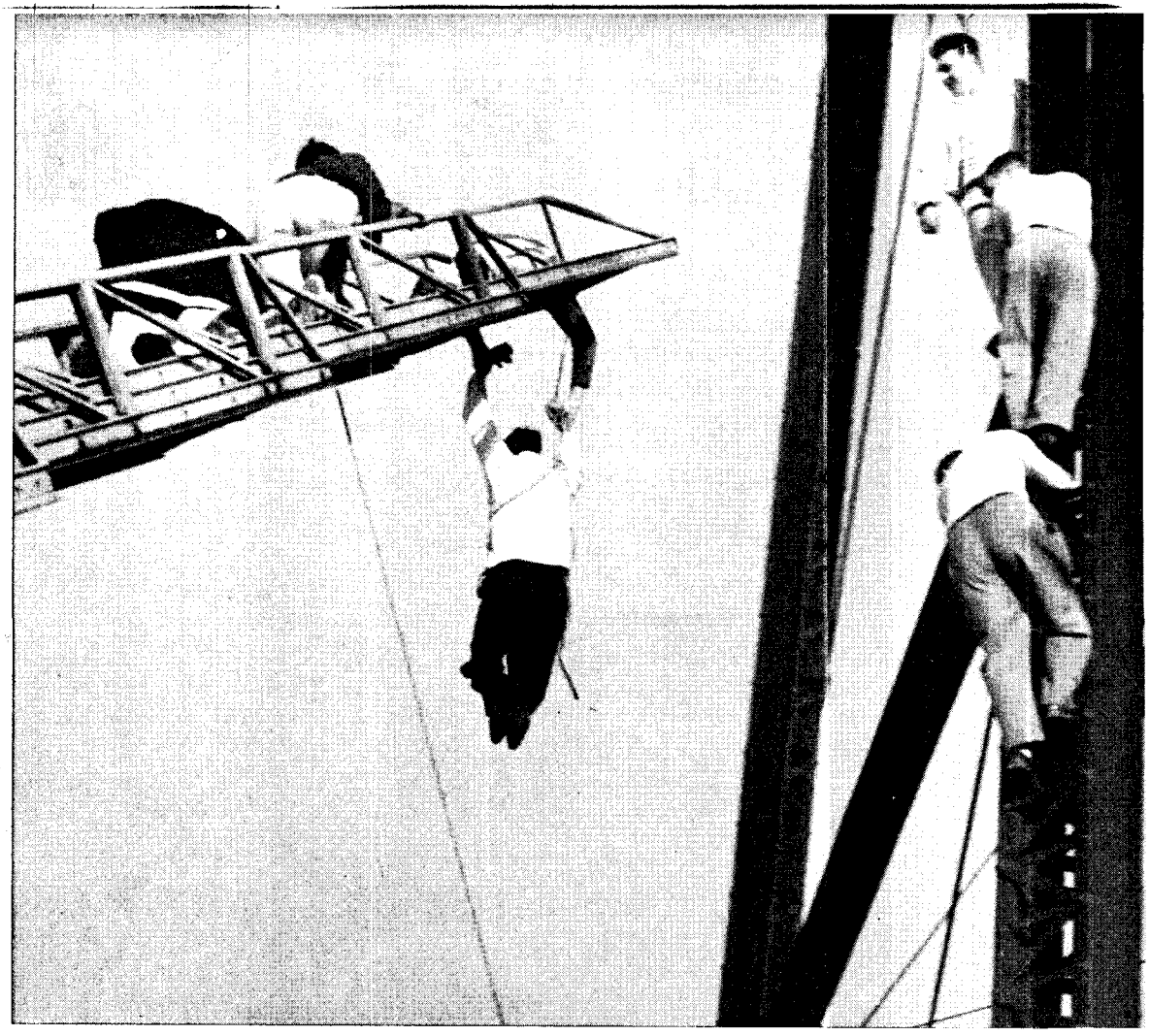


Council Bluffs, Iowa: It took forty minutes to talk this jobless, debt-ridden young man out of jumping from a railroad overpass.



Passaic, N.J.: Firemen brought down a would-be suicide from a 250-foot water tower after others had calmed him, then roped him. Experts say many who set out to die actually expect they'll be saved.

Early in his studies he encountered this phenomenon in a suicide note that illustrated the point dramatically. The note read, "Dear Mary: I hate you. Love, George."

It is this very ambivalence in many who contemplate suicide, their ability to plan for life as well as death, their tendency to balance pros and cons of further existence, sometimes while hanging from a skyscraper ledge hundreds of feet above the street, that provides the greatest opportunity for the suicide team.

"You only have to want to kill yourself fifty-one per cent," says Dr. Robert E. Litman, thirty-nine, a Beverly Hills psychiatrist who serves as medical director of the Suicide Prevention Center.

With gratifying frequency he and his colleagues reach the ambivalent in time to strengthen the pull of life enough to overcome impulses toward death. Sometimes all that's needed is sympathetic listening. With few exceptions the patients are grateful; the suicidal view of the world is usually unrealistic, or temporary. Many who kill themselves because of "cancer" don't have the disease. Others peer at the universe through black glasses. Given time, their cheerless outlook brightens.

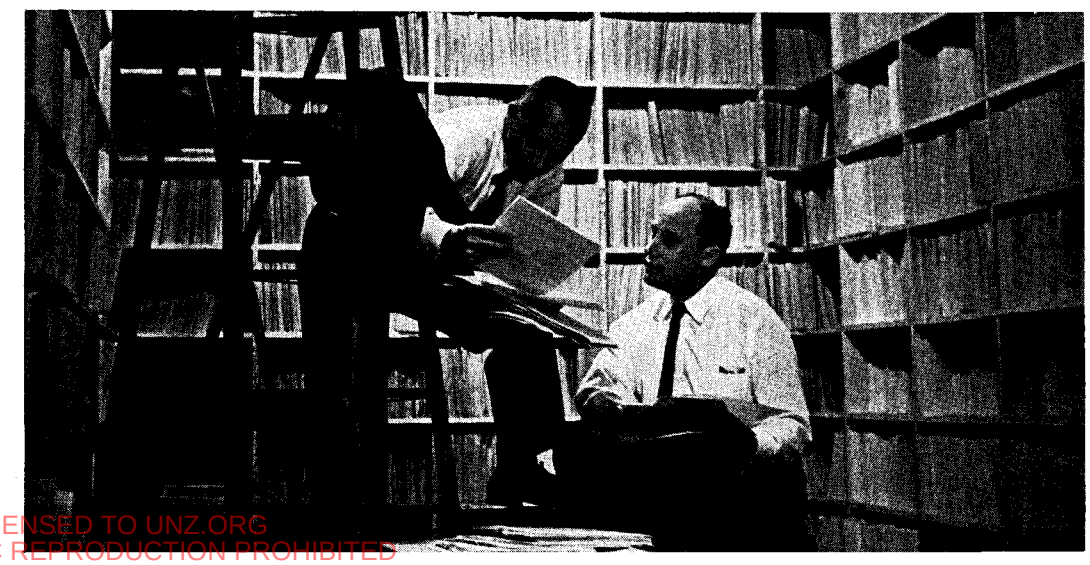
"Our goal is to get to these people who say, 'No one gives a damn,' and throw in some evidence on the side of life," Doctor Farberow explains. "I think citizens have to recognize the danger signs and get these people professional help promptly. They'd take a loved one to a doctor if he had a bellyache, wouldn't they?"

Some of the knowledge used at the Suicide Prevention Center is gleaned from the "psychological autopsies," which reconstruct a deceased person's entire life. To justify the probing interviews necessary for such an analysis, Doctors Shneidman, Farberow and their nine associates were appointed deputy coroners by Los Angeles's chief medical examiner-coroner, Dr. Theodore J. Curphey.

It is a rewarding partnership. It helps Doctor Curphey to issue correct death certificates, especially in accident cases that appear to be suicides. A (Continued on Page 76)

Above: Psychiatrist Robert E. Litman, who is medical director of the Suicide Prevention Center, tries to find out why a Los Angeles patient took an overdose of sleeping pills.

Los Angeles: In this subterranean coroner's vault, psychologists Norman Farberow (left) and Edwin Shneidman found the suicide notes that launched them on their revealing study.



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Douglas took this picture of Sigurd Olson, his friend and guide, at Sarna Lake.

"MY ISLAND"

By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

Olson at the roaring, raging lower falls of Basswood River. About 100 yards below these falls is the author's jewellike island.

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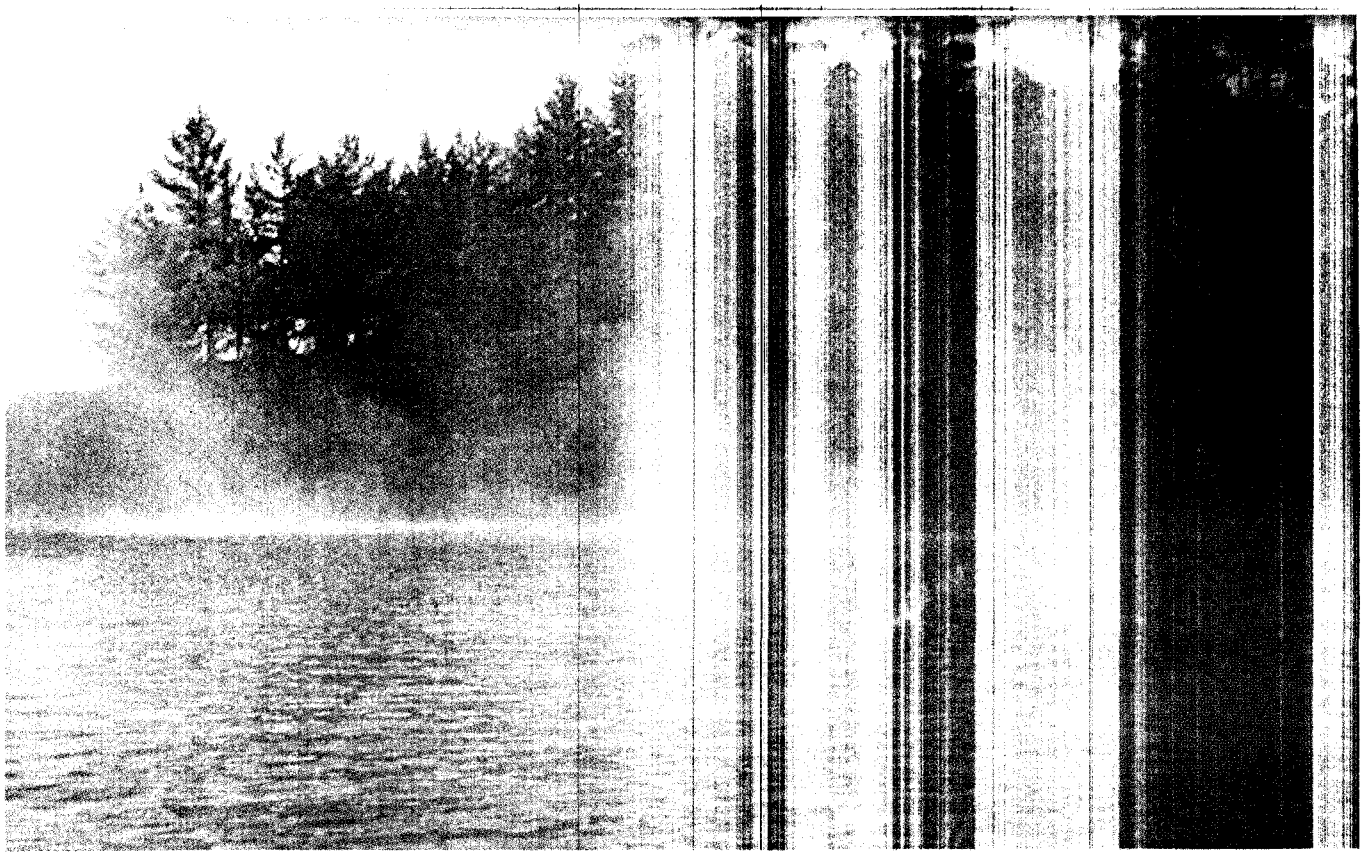


Robinson Lake lies along the author's 100-mile canoe route through Quetico-Superior wilderness between Minnesota and Ontario.

A Supreme Court Justice who is also a celebrated naturalist tells of his love for an isolated wilderness of lakes and woods on our northern border.

My island is a special place. It is mostly rock and less than an acre in size. It has only a few trees. Yet it holds a warm place in my heart. It represents to me the great northland that stretches from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay, from Fort Williams to Winnipeg and on to Athabaska and the great MacKenzie that flows to the Arctic.

My tiny island is the shoulder of a granite mass polished smooth by glaciers that slid slowly for centuries down from the north. The thick ice ground well, thousands of tons beveling the edges of my island as though it were a jewel. It is a grayish green stone set in deep blue. A canoe touches it gently, for there are no rough edges. The polished rock disappears quickly into the depths to mark a pool where smallmouthed black bass and walleyed pike cruise.

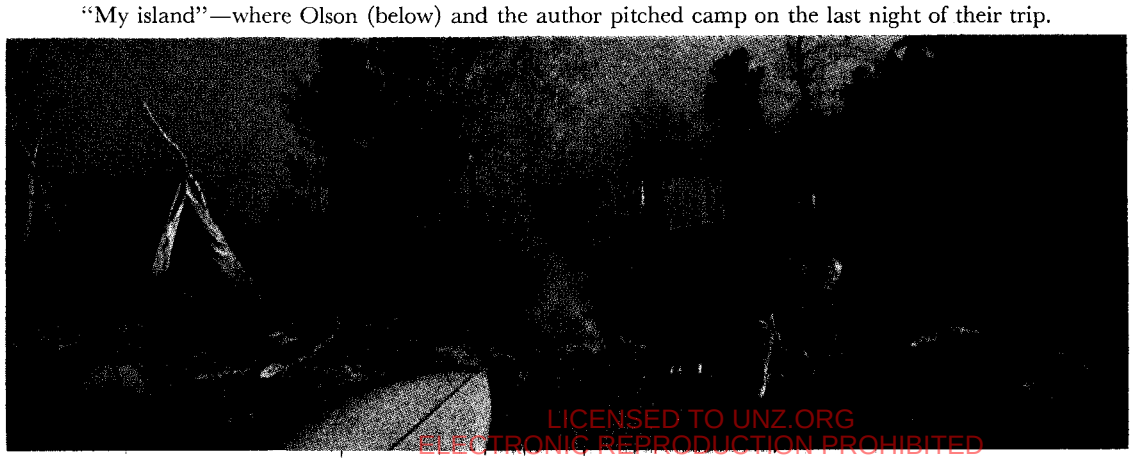
This rock is typical of the Canadian shield, a vast area of gneiss and granite. It is shaped like a ∪ with Hudson Bay in the center. It touches the Arctic Ocean and beyond; it also reaches at points into the United States. The glaciers pushed much of the choice soils south, leaving barren, sterile rock. The rock was then invaded by caribou moss, a lichen that decorates my little island. The lichen transformed my little island. The spores had taken hold in tiny fissures or abrasions, sending out roots that produced acids which either dissolved the rock and widened the cracks or broke off chips of rock by expanding and contracting. This lichen, which contains a starchlike substance and is a mainstay of the woodland caribou, gradually spread and conspired with time and water and frost to enlarge its domain and possess the rock. Soon humus—now several inches deep—began to form, and gradually it filled the larger cracks.

The floral invasion then assumed more formidable proportions. Grass and shrubs grew from the humus, soon occupying half of my island. Blueberries and wild strawberries became predominant. Then came the trees. Tiny seedlings of pine found footing. Some died; others lived. Several grew for centuries, prying the rock apart, sending their hungry roots (Continued on Page 61)

© 1961 by William O. Douglas from the forthcoming book, *My Wilderness: East to Katahdin*, to be published October 20 by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

Justice Douglas with a trout taken from the sweet, clear water of Elk Lake.

"My island"—where Olson (below) and the author pitched camp on the last night of their trip.



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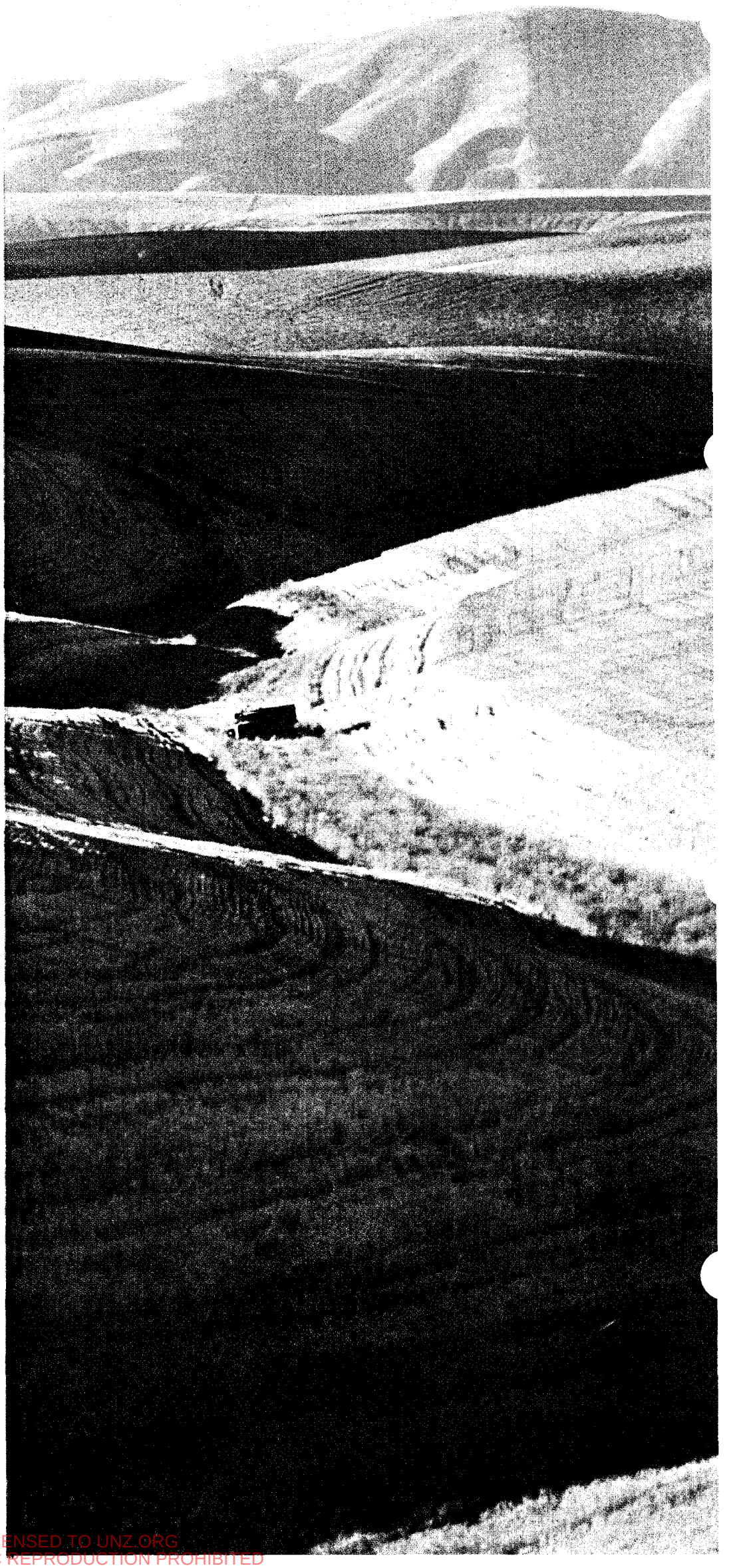
The Face of AMERICA

Sea of Grain

Like a treasure galleon sailing a golden ocean, this combine is on a month-long voyage through rolling waves of summer-ripened wheat on the Fax Brothers' ranch, Wasco County, Oregon. The journey will cover 1000 acres, will harvest a crop of 40,000 bushels or more. Machines such as this aren't new on the fertile Columbia Plateau, an important wheat-producing country for almost a century. Their forerunners were great cumbersome harvester-threshers, drawn by thirty to forty horses and requiring crews of five or more men. Today's model is self-propelled, needs only a driver as "crew" and has an automatic leveling system that raises or lowers the wheels on either side to keep the machine upright as it cuts its way around steep hillsides. The wheat also is strictly modern—a soft white variety named Omar, scientifically developed for this particular soil and climate and for milling into cake flour. Happily, such wheat also makes good chapatties, the unleavened bread of India, where much Oregon wheat now is sold for rupees under the Food-for-Peace program. ● Photograph by Ray Atkeson



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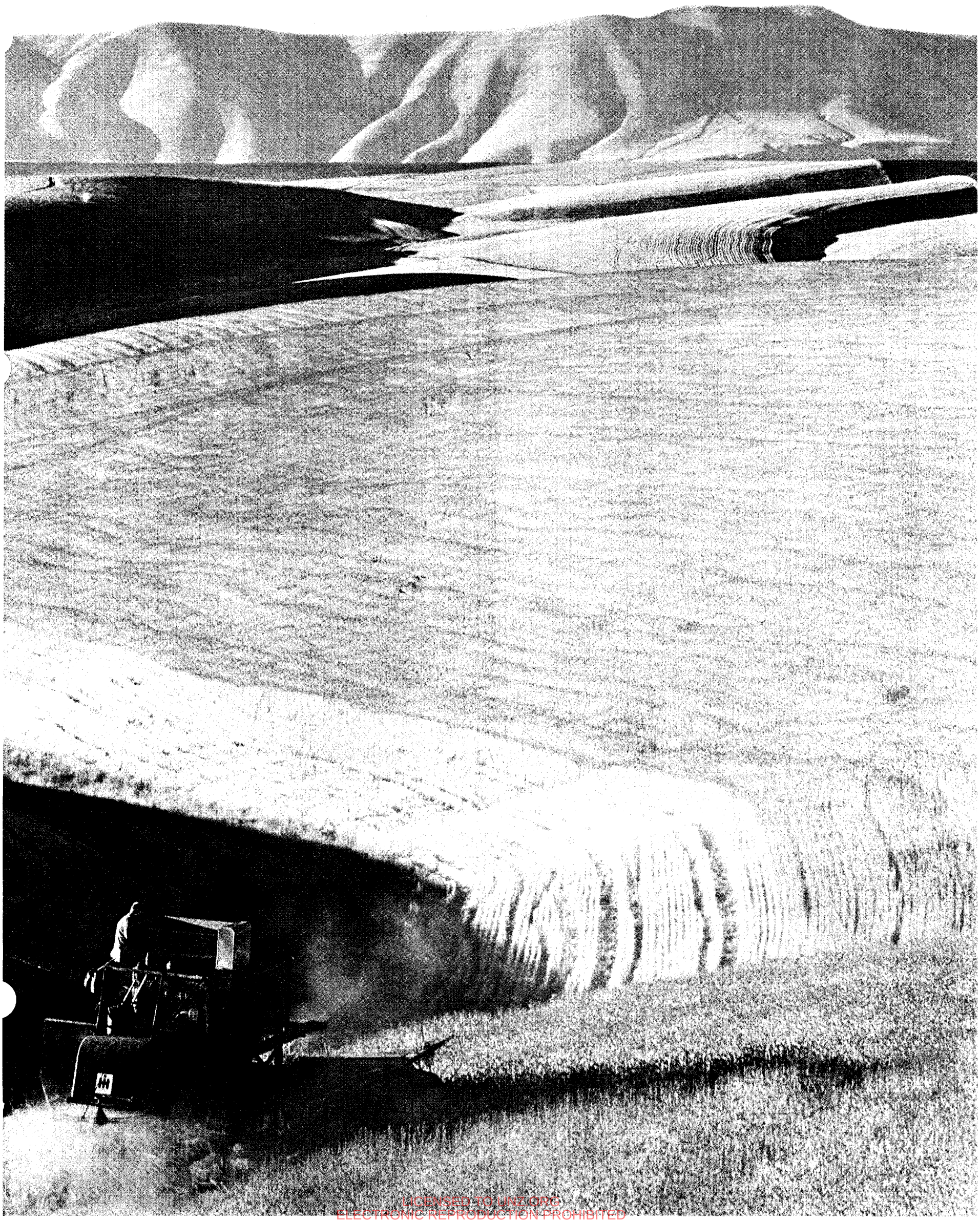

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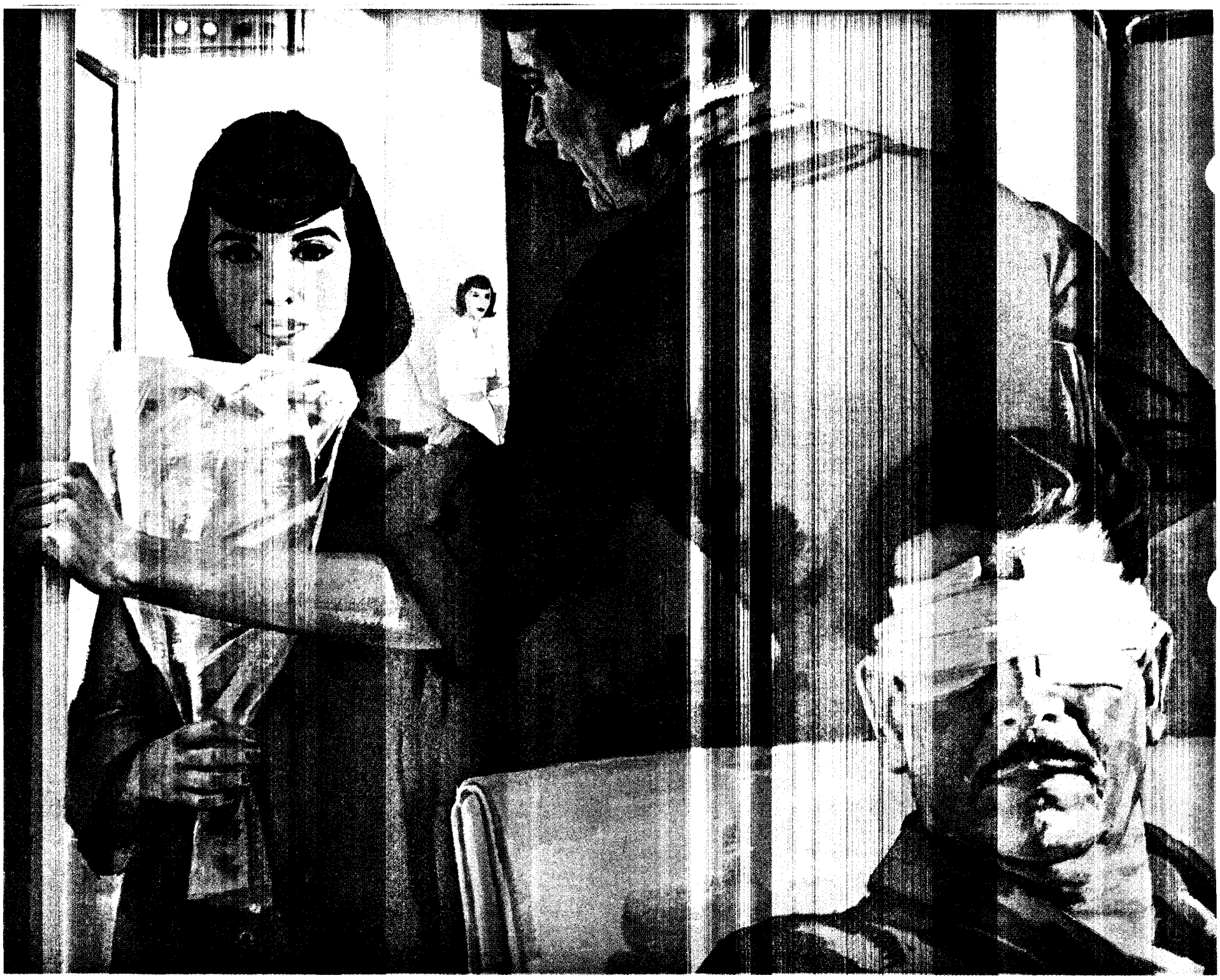

"You!" Mrs. Trawbridge said. "W[illegible], how dar[illegible]"

FORGIVE ME . . .

By SARAH LITSEY

How could she face a man she had blinded in a moment of recklessness?

"But Howard, it isn't possible!" said Mrs. Smedley. "Not Hendy Barker!"

"I tell you, Margaret"—Professor Smedley rubbed his bald spot uncomfortably—"I've just come from Dean Kirk's office, and it's true."

"And it was Professor Curran's car?"

Her husband nodded; he looked a little green. "They took it away in a basket, I understand; how anyone lived ——"

"Where did it happen?"

"On Sidecut Road."

They stood in the living room of their small, modern house as if it were a way station; it seemed this news had knocked the familiar out of everything. One plate-glass window overlooked the bleak February campus where any day they could see the girl in her long black stockings and short tight skirts going from Tower Hall to Prendergast or Lundy, her arms full of books and nearly always alone, until these last few weeks when she would be coming from commons with the same boy.

"Where's Chad Karrel?" asked Margaret.

"They don't know; they haven't found him."

"Does Hendy know?"

"She won't talk. Dean Kirk went down to the jail around two this morning. He says she just sits there in the matron's office; she doesn't seem to know where she is."

"But she's not hurt? You're sure, Howard?"

"Yes; they checked her over at the hospital. It was the man in the other car that got it. He may not live."

"Poor little Hendy! Who was it?"

"James Trawbridge, president of Union Paper Mills."

"Oh, Howard! It couldn't be worse, could it?"

"If he dies, it can be a good deal worse."

Automatically Professor Smedley found a book and sat down with it, but Margaret went on standing. Just into her forties, she was one of those warm, active women who seem young. Having no children (Continued on Page 69)

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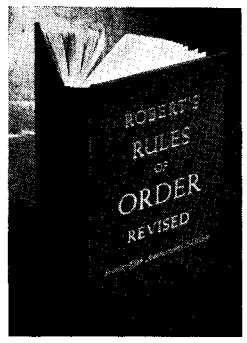
Brig. Gen. Henry Martyn Robert, West Point, 1857. His famous book has become the bible of parliamentary procedure.



The Clubwoman's Best Friend

By HODDING CARTER

Mrs. Sarah Corbin Robert, daughter-in-law of the general, who now serves as trustee for *Robert's Rules of Order Revised.*

How a general named Robert laid down the law for generations of club-joining Americans.

My wife, like millions of other American wives, is an enthusiastic joiner of clubs. More than that, she has the knack of getting herself elected club president.

Club presidents, of course, have to preside over meetings. Were it otherwise, we would not have met Sarah Corbin Robert, a handsome, white-haired woman, much of whose life has been dedicated to the unusual career of professional parliamentarian—essentially, an unscrambler or preventer of scrambled gatherings. Nor would we have learned of her late father-in-law, Brig. Gen. Henry Martyn Robert, a West Pointer of the class of 1857, whose *Rules of Order* has guided three generations of Americans through the mazes of parliamentary conduct.

Our meeting could have been forecast one evening when I was alternately reading and cat-napping, unaware that the president of the Greenville Garden Club was giving voice to a problem. "I guess I'll have to check *Robert's Rules of Order*," my wife said—and then, accusingly, "You weren't even listening."

Defensively I asked, "Who was Roberts?" My wife said that it wasn't "Roberts," but "Robert," and that was all she knew.

Two letters, one telephone call and three months later, we found ourselves in a mellow brick house in Annapolis, close by the river Severn, the home of Sarah Robert and her son, Henry Martyn Robert III; a home that is a shrine to General Robert, who died in 1923, aged eighty-six years, and headquarters for perpetuation of the rules which he drew up so long ago.

His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert, is a self-effacing woman. So it may be best to start with the *Rules of Order*, first brought out in 1876 and, since then, five times revised and enlarged. To most chairmen of meetings, the *Rules* book is more useful than a gavel.

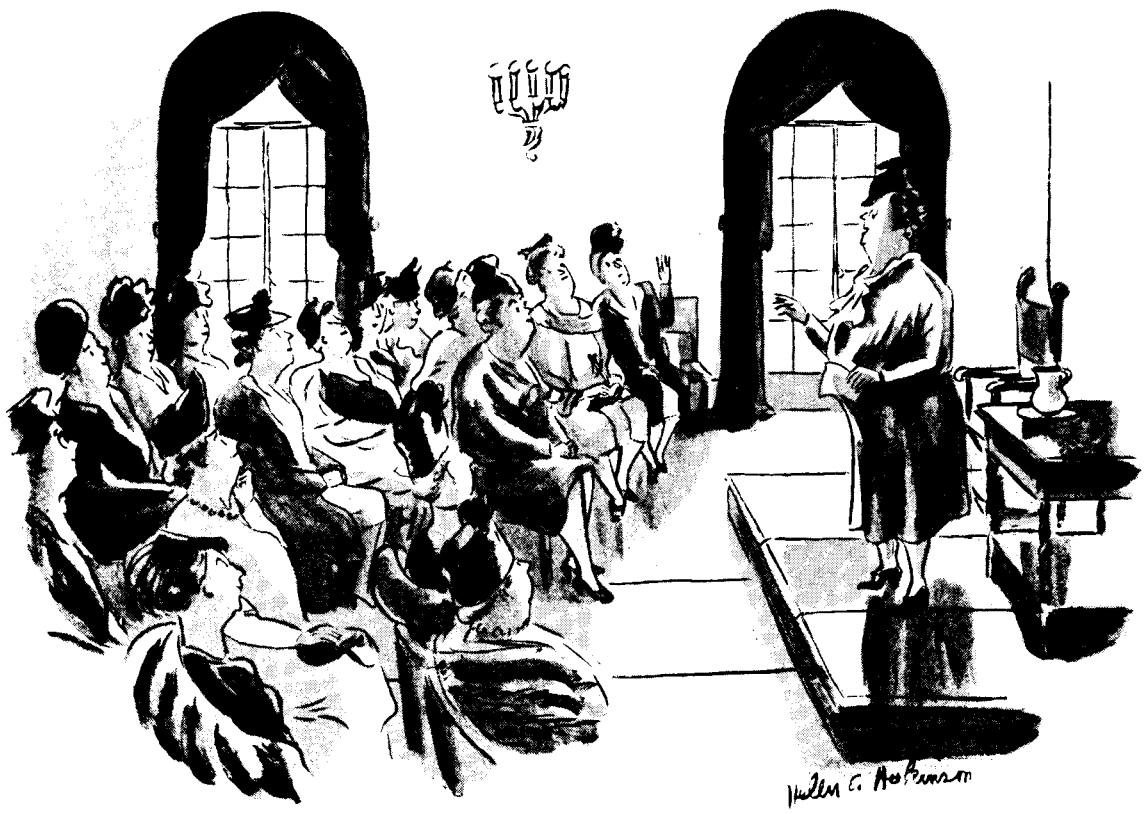
The odds are great that if you have ever belonged to any organization—a Boy Scout troop, a Parent Teacher Association, a labor union, a civic or patriotic group, a political party, a church circle—you have been guided, rebuffed, sat down, stood up, vindicated, frustrated and adjourned under rules of democratic procedure to whose formation General Robert devoted much of his adult life.

Robert's Rules of Order, the 80,000-word parliamentary guide, published in its first version eighty-five years ago, is the nation's most widely circulated handbook on parliamentary procedure. It has sold some 2,000,000 copies. It has been printed in Braille. It has outsold such favorites as *Tarzan of the Apes*, Emily Post's *Etiquette* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. It has inspired *New Yorker* cartoons, a cover for the *Journal of the Medical Association of Georgia*, and such verses as this:

Give a gal a gavel,
Enthrallingest of tools,
And watch the lady travel
The realm of Robert's Rules.

Only the Bible itself has had greater influence on the organizational behavior of Americans. The constitutions of thousands of American clubs provide that if any problems arise which are not covered by the club rules, *Robert's Rules of Order* shall be accepted as final authority. As one observer has remarked, the book has prevented or stopped a million fights.

This long-lived handbook had its origins in the embarrassment of a young Army lieutenant, who, in 1863, could not keep order at a cantankerous meeting at a Baptist church in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Henry Robert was there to direct the strengthening of the port's defenses against possible Confederate naval raiders. Invited to preside, he decided during the wild meeting that if he got out of it alive, he would learn how to control the next one he became involved in—if ever. Some eight or ten years later, as (Continued on Page 57)



"It has been moved that our recording secretary send a summary of today's discussion to Marshal Tito. Do I hear a second?"

Drawing by Helen E. Hokinson, © 1946 *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

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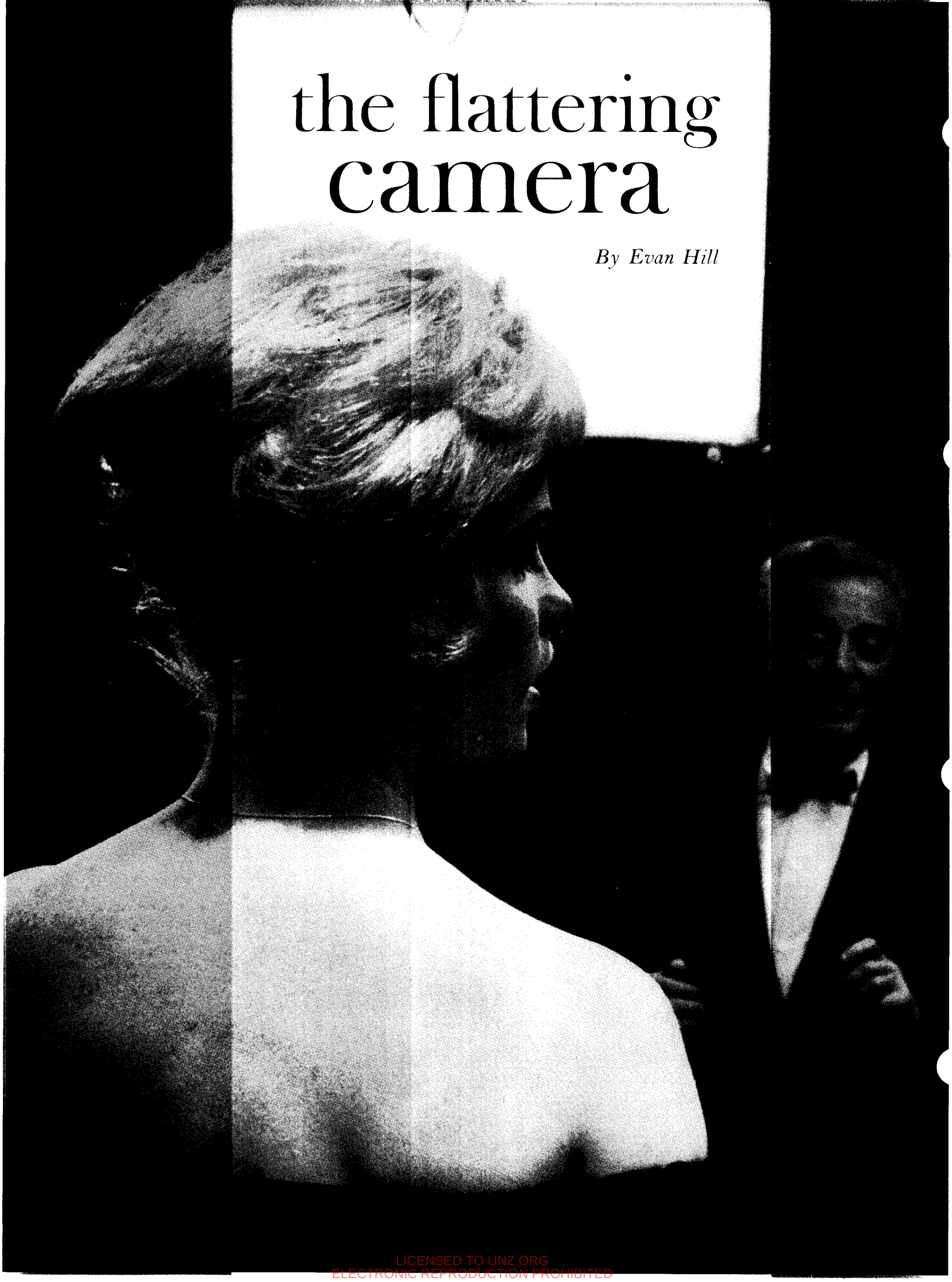
the flattering camera

By Evan Hill



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A look inside the Bachrach photographic-portrait studios, which follow one fundamental rule: Men and women are different, but both are vain.

Not long ago a disgruntled Connecticut artist wrote a curt note to Bradford Bachrach, president of the nation's largest chain of quality portrait photographers. His Bachrach photos, the artist complained, made him look "like a successful Wall Street businessman. I cannot use them. They should have been artistic poses, not businessman poses."

The protest generated mixed emotion in the Newton, Massachusetts, executive offices of the ninety-two-year-old firm. On the one hand, the Bachrach family—Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men, and Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women—goes to intricate extremes to please its clients, and a complaint can cause a flurry of letter writing and telephoning. On the other hand, what the Connecticut artist was complaining about was the painstakingly achieved Bachrach touch, an elusive hint of grandeur much desired by many prominent Americans.

In fact, the Bachrach touch is so well known that it got involved in the 1956 campaign of the late United States Sen. George H. Bender of Ohio, who was running for re-election. In a sarcastic editorial, the Toledo *Blade* said Bender pulled "a master stroke. He distributed striking photographs of himself executed by Fabian Bachrach. . . . Never did a statesman look so benign, so sagacious, so courageous as the one Bachrach has made of our George. . . . Bachrach has wrought a mighty transformation in our bell-ringing politician."

Bradford Bachrach smiles wryly when reminded of the editorial, as he knows that Senator Bender was defeated in that election by Frank J. Lausche—who never has been photographed by Bachrach.

For three generations the Bachrach family has been portraying character—or working transformations—for probably a million Americans. Last year the family-owned company grossed $1,700,000 from its nine studios. The average order is about $125, with a minimum charge of $37.50. The firm has 500,000 negatives on file at its combined finishing plant and executive offices in Newton, Massachusetts, and it is there that most of its 200 employees process the results of about 10,000 sittings a year.

The Bachrach brothers and their father, Louis Fabian. Bradford (left) is photographer of women; Fabian, at right, specializes in men.

A typical Bachrach portrait, designed to make a homely man look handsome. The subject here is the late playwright Robert Emmet Sherwood.

Jackie Kennedy's bridal portrait. Most people of prominence sit for Bachrach sooner or later.

With almost a century of accumulated experience—a period covering nearly the complete history of photography—the Bachrachs have gained some revealing insights about the men who shape history. During the recent presidential election both Richard M. Nixon and John F. Kennedy sat for Fabian Bachrach, the forty-four-year-old chief of the firm's male portraiture division, and both candidates purchased Bachrach portraits for use while campaigning.

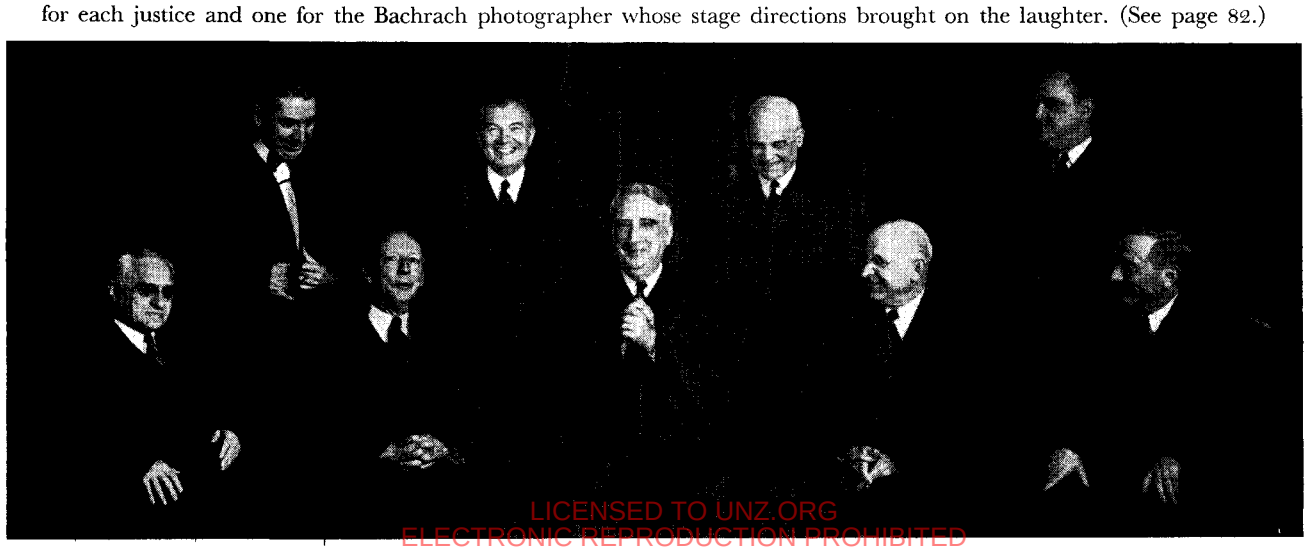
The two candidates had opposing attitudes about the importance of their pictures as campaign instruments. Kennedy regarded his sitting as a distraction that should be disposed of quickly so that he could get on with more important matters. "Nixon was extremely kind and helpful; he gave us all the time we needed," says Fabian. "He obviously considered his portrait important."

Fabian, a Democrat, saw Nixon as "extremely serious, but a real charmer." Nixon's face, while perhaps a delight to editorial cartoonists, gives trouble to photographers. "His eyes are deep-set and filled with shadows," says Fabian. "His jowls are heavy, and photograph even heavier—from some angles his face looks swollen. He has two deep furrows running from his nose to the corners of his mouth, and these make him look as if he's sneering. He isn't this way; actually he's friendly, interested in others and compassionate." Fabian counteracted the sneer, the jowls and the deep-set eyes with lighting and camera angles.

Kennedy, on the other hand, gave Fabian the impression that "he doesn't give a damn if you get a good picture or not. After ten minutes of work, he let me know he had no more time. He's co-operative, but when he sat down and said, 'Is this all right?' I knew that pose was what I was going to get. You wouldn't think of asking him to move into a certain position or to tilt his head."

Frank Thornhill, a former Bachrach photographer now retired, (Continued on Page 81)

The famous picture, never before published, of the Supreme Court in a mirthful moment. Only ten prints were made: one for each justice and one for the Bachrach photographer whose stage directions brought on the laughter. (See page 82.)



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manslaughter eve

Before the night was over, one of her suitors would die

By PAUL S. NATHAN Grandma was against strong language. "You stop that cursin' and swearin' afore those boys!" she said, coming back indoors with the candlewick spread she had been shaking out.

Grandpa removed his finger from his mouth and inspected it. He had been carving the hull of a schooner out of a plum pit and the knife had slipped, just as grandma had said it would. But he saw now that all he had got was a nick. He winked under his prickly white eyebrows at Seth and Joshua. "You'd never guess your cussin', swearin' grandpa was a minister of the Gospel once. Sixty years ago that was—back in 1734."

Joshua, ten, looked to his twelve-year-old brother for some hint whether to take this seriously or not. Grandpa had told them a lot of tales about his adventures, but this was a new one. Seth, he could see, didn't know what to make of it any more than he did.

"Don't you go fillin' up those young heads with your nonsense!" grandma said severely. She stood at the foot of the stairs holding the bedspread out before her, folding it by matching corner against corner, then doubling it over and matching corners again—one of those things even skimpy little old ladies can do so neat and easy.

"I was, too, a clergyman! Judge Bickerstaff said so!" Grandpa's rosy skin got red; he wasn't angry exactly, but he wasn't going to back down from anything either.

For once grandma let him have the last word.

When she had retreated up the stairs, grandpa squared his shoulders, which were broad and strong-looking for a not very tall man, and an old man at that. Then he picked up the plum pit and his knife and started telling about the time he saved his skin by proving he was a minister.

He had taught himself to read and write, and, when his mother died, he came over from England thinking to make his way as a schoolmaster.

Ah, but it was a sorry, eye-opening experience for a lad of nineteen. He found that in this new land, too, education still was limited mostly to the children of the well-to-do. After ten months in the houses of the rich trying to pound a little learning into the stuffy heads of runny-nosed minikins, David Waite said good-by to New York. He put some of his small savings into gewgaws and trinkets and set forth in a northeasterly direction into the wilderness, to trade with the Indians.

It was not so wild a wilderness that others were not there ahead. At least Davy never got beyond settled country—thinly settled though it was. In a meadow on a summer morning he encountered Adeline Proctor, and he knew there and then that he had traveled as far as he wanted or needed to. Not much taller than the Turk's-cap lilies dangling their graceful orange heads in the high grass, Adeline held herself daintily, too, and with the same doughty determination. Davy said to himself, *This is the kind of girl I could fall in love with*, not realizing he had fallen in love with her already.

The Proctors had a farm and could use a hand, so Davy took up residence in the hayloft and toiled to the point of exhaustion and had the pleasure of daily sight of Miss Adeline. As the daughter of a widower, it was she (Continued on Page 78)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

"I owe you a thrashing within an inch of your life," Harkins said.

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How have the Cuban-invasion fiasco, the Laos retreat, the race troubles in our South affected European enthusiasm for the Kennedy Administration?

What Europe Thinks of Us Now

By DREW MIDDLETON

LONDON.

The intentions are good, the policies adult, the execution uneven. This is Western Europe's verdict on President Kennedy's Administration as I have heard it expressed by foreign ministers and tool-makers, housewives and dairy farmers in a six-month survey of opinions in Europe and Great Britain. This verdict now is coupled to a fervent hope that in the crucial months ahead America will be at once practical and farsighted, resolute on aims and flexible on means. The Administration still must prove itself on the oldest, toughest and most explosive of European problems, the future of Berlin and Germany.

Before the year ends, the United States and its chief allies in Europe—Britain, France and the German Federal Republic—will clash with Nikita Khrushchev's revisionist policy for Germany and Berlin. Every government, every diplomat, every newspaper and—slowly, reluctantly—the man in the street hears the Berlin caldron bubbling. The fate of Germany, war or peace, even the survival of Europe, can depend on how the United States meets the Soviet challenge. Will there be another Cuba with errors of execution compounding faulty intelligence? Or can the Administration display the firmness on essentials and the flexibility on tactics that can halt Russia? On balance, Europe believes the United States will lead the West and hold the line.

American assessments of European attitudes toward the new Administration and its policies must avoid a dangerous trap. The views of European governments are not always the same as the views of their peoples. The United States can achieve the unity of western purpose essential to victory only if it takes into account the views of the man in the street as well as the man in the government office.

For example, Britain, France and West Germany are ruled by conservative governments. But literate public opinion in France and the United Kingdom is largely liberal. And a European liberal differs a good deal from an American liberal. The European is on the whole more inclined to find ways and means of getting along with the Russians and is less concerned with the plight of peoples under the Communist heel. Even in West Germany social-democratic ideology is an important factor in molding public opinion.

The British, French and Germans are anti-Communist in the sense that the overwhelming majorities do not want Communist governments or Russian invasions. But their views on the measures to be taken, particularly on how far to go in the direction of war, often differ from the views of their governments. If the United States is going to be tough, the Administration must hope that the Allied (Continued on Page 55)

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the case of the BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

Would the prosecution's surprise witness seal the case against Mason's client— or provide a clue to her innocence?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Shapely Gwynn Elston, Perry Mason's law client, was charged with the murder of Felting Grimes, the husband of her best friend and her host since she moved into the Grimes residence. But Gwynn assured Mason that she was not the killer. Grimes was a bigamist who lived a double life as Frankline Gillett, and Gwynn had discovered his body outside the home of millionaire George Belding Baxter.

To clear his client, Perry tried to establish some link between Baxter and the dead man. Baxter admitted purchasing the pistol which killed Gillett, but declared that he had never seen Gillett at any time. But Perry learned that Gillett's late father was an ex-convict whose criminal accomplice was wanted by the FBI, and the evidence seemed to point to Baxter as the fugitive.

When Perry subpoenaed Baxter as a defense witness, the millionaire brought a lawsuit against Mason for inconveniencing him without cause. After a fingerprint check proved Baxter was not the wanted man, Perry was baffled but remained convinced that Baxter was connected with the murder.

VI

Judge Harlan Laporte took the bench and announced, "This is the time previously fixed for the preliminary hearing in the case of the People of the State of California versus Miss Gwynn Elston."

"The People are ready," Farley Nelson, the trial deputy in the district-attorney's office, announced.

"Ready for the defendant," Mason said.

Judge Laporte looked down at Hamilton Burger, seated beside the deputy. "Do I understand the district attorney is also personally going to participate in the case?" he asked.

"The district attorney is personally going to participate in the case," Hamilton Burger said.

"Very well. Call your first witness."

Hamilton Burger arose and said, "If the court please, there is one matter which I feel should take precedence; that is a motion on behalf of the attorneys representing George Belding Baxter to quash a subpoena which has been served upon him to appear as a witness for the defense."

"On what grounds?" Judge Laporte asked.

"Mr. Baxter's attorneys are here in court, but generally I will state that the grounds are that service of the subpoena constituted a misuse of the process of the court, that a deliberate attempt has been made to inconvenience Mr. Baxter, who is an exceedingly busy man; that the defendant hopes to obtain some advantage therefrom."

Judge Laporte looked down at Mason. "Is Mr. Baxter a necessary witness, Mr. Mason?"

"I consider him so, your honor. At least I feel there is a strong possibility he will be an important and necessary witness."

Hamilton Burger said, "If the court please, this is a cut-and-dried case. The defendant will not put on any testimony at all, and we feel that if there is any reason for Mr. Baxter's presence here, counsel should now state to the court what that reason is."

"I've stated," Mason said. "I want Mr. Baxter as a witness."

"A witness to what?"

"I'll disclose that at the proper time."

"If the court please," Hamilton Burger said, "the prosecution

(Continued on Page 64)

"He's the man who gave me the gun," Gwynn whispered to Mason.

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THE BASE THAT

Standing where his family's home once stood, farmer John Kerkman stares glumly at the base's barren expanse of clay and gravel. Stretching beyond him is the unused two-and-a-half-mile runway.

To build huge Bong Air Force Base, the Government displaced scores of old Wisconsin families and ruined 5000 acres of rich farmland. Never finished, it now lies abandoned.

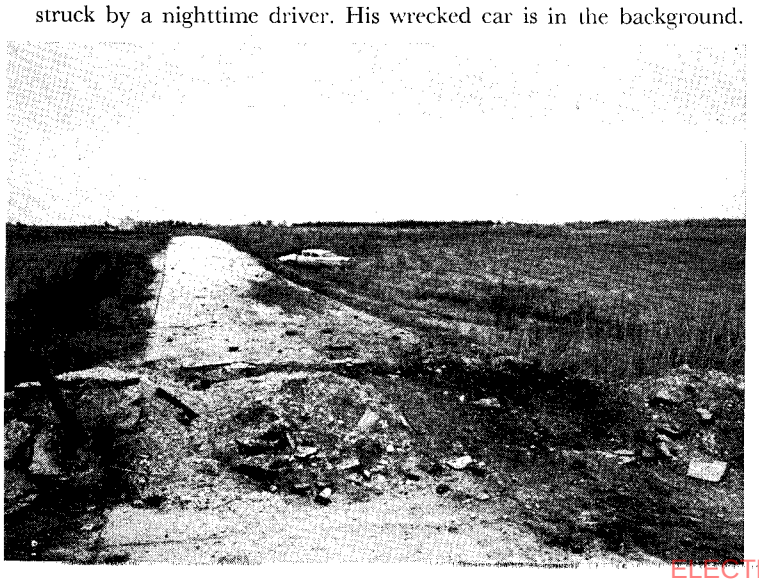
The Air Force official leaned back in his Pentagon swivel chair. He frowned at the ceiling. "I wish," he told me, "I'd never heard of Bong."

A lot of people in Washington wish they'd never heard of Bong Air Force Base. That sentiment also prevails in southeastern Wisconsin, where work on the unfinished base was halted on October 2, 1959, after $29,000,000 had been spent on it. Especially bitter are those families who had to sell their farms to the Government and then, after the rich topsoil had been scraped away, learned that Uncle Sam didn't really need their land after all.

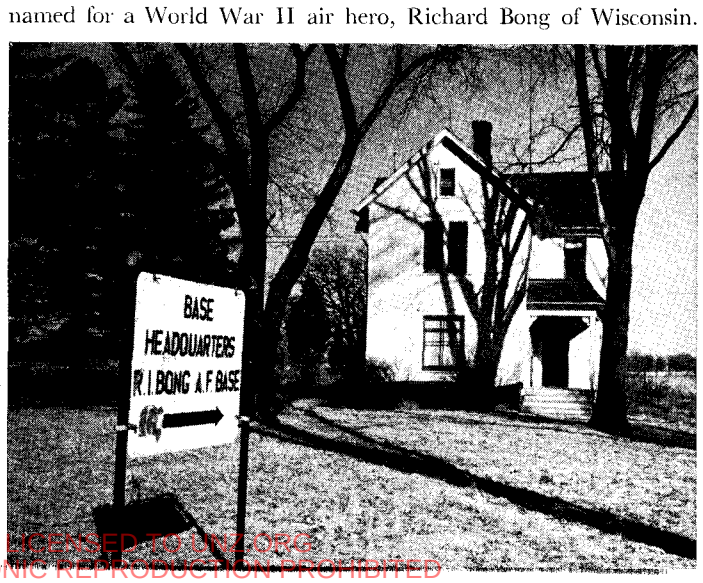
Bong is now a ghost base. It consists of nearly nine square miles of scarred countryside fifty-five miles north of Chicago. No one lives there. No crops grow. It is a no man's land of rutted roads, sagging utility poles, abandoned buildings. Red-and-black fire hydrants stand forlornly in deserted fields. A $250,000 railroad spur awaits trains that do not come. Slashing diagonally across the area is a partially finished runway, two and a half miles long. No plane has ever used it. Probably none ever will.

In the tiny farming communities near the base a visitor can find ready explanations for what happened. "Typical military stupidity," a grocer told me. "Politics—and us taxpayers get caught in the middle, like always," said a tavern customer. A farmer reported he had the basic explanation: "Nobody cares how much money gets wasted, if it's not his own money."

Bong's builders cut off old roads on the site. This crude barrier was struck by a nighttime driver. His wrecked car is in the background.



Headquarters: a generations-old family farmhouse. The base was named for a World War II air hero, Richard Bong of Wisconsin.



Photographs by George Burns

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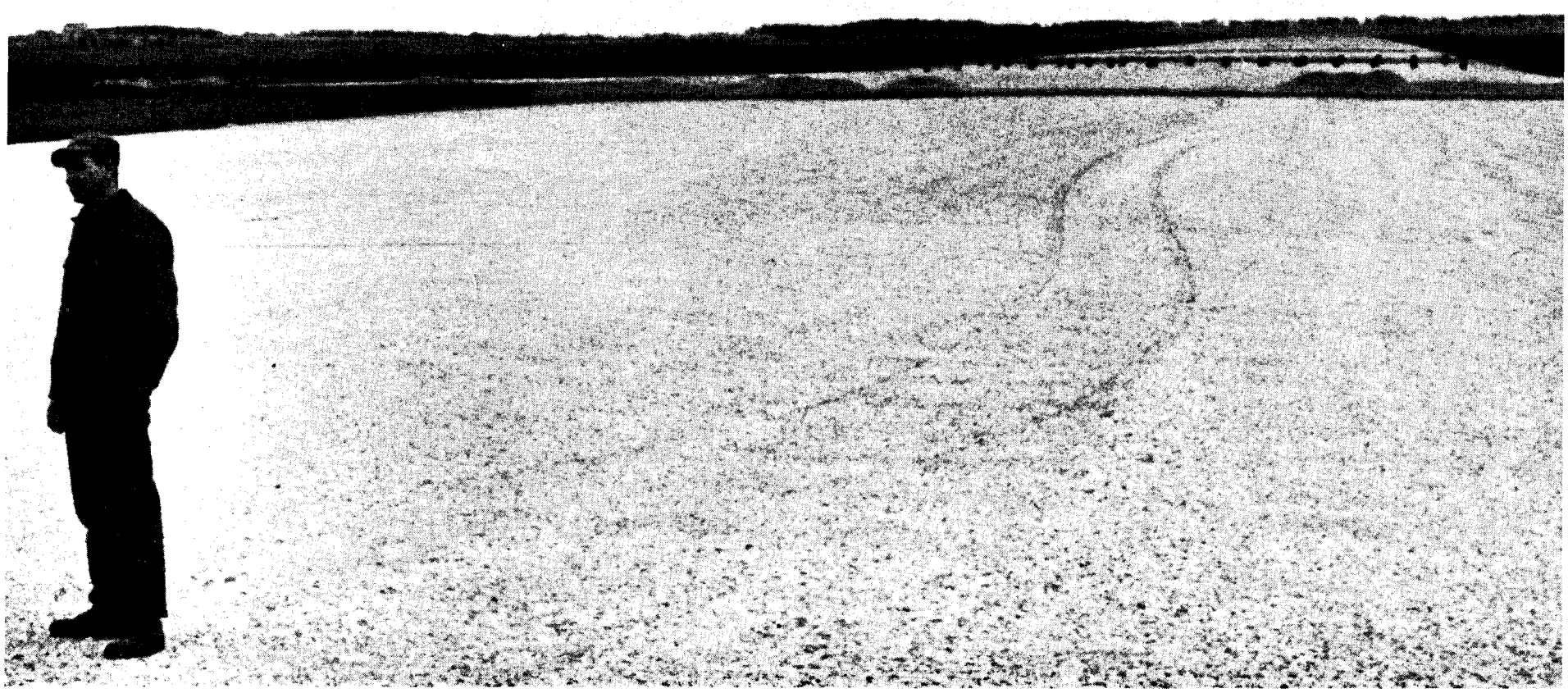
NEVER WAS

By ROBERT W. WELLS



The real story is a good deal more complex—and frustrating. Bong was to have been the last Air Force base built for manned aircraft. Instead, it became the first large postwar air base to be closed before it was completed. What happened there is not likely to happen again in precisely the same way. But the problems which Bong's shutdown has caused in Wisconsin will certainly be repeated elsewhere, as revolutionary changes in military requirements cause other bases around the country to be closed.

In the continental United States the Defense Department owns 27,000,000 acres of land—an area five times as large as Massachusetts. The Air Force alone holds 11,000,000 acres. Three of its major bases—Mitchel on Long Island, New York; Chennault at Lake Charles, Louisiana, and MacDill at Tampa, Florida—will be closed by June, 1962, resulting in the transfer of 11,900 airmen and the end of 1800 civilian jobs. Donaldson Air Force Base, Greenville, South Carolina, with 4000 airmen and 500 civilians, will be reduced to reserve status by the same date.

As war planes become less numerous, owing to mounting reliance on missiles like the Air Force's new Minuteman, additional base closings become inevitable. President Kennedy, in fact, had barely settled in the White House before he orderd a new survey to spot obsolete bases that should be abandoned. As a result of this survey, he announced in March that seventy-three bases, fifty-two of them in this country, would be closed entirely or sharply reduced in size during the next three years.

The relationship between air bases and the local civilian communities has rarely been wholly idyllic. An Air Force general put it to me this way:

"When we build a base, people raise hell because we're taking land off the tax rolls. When it's operating, they raise hell because we're making noise. And if we shut it down—then they really raise hell!"

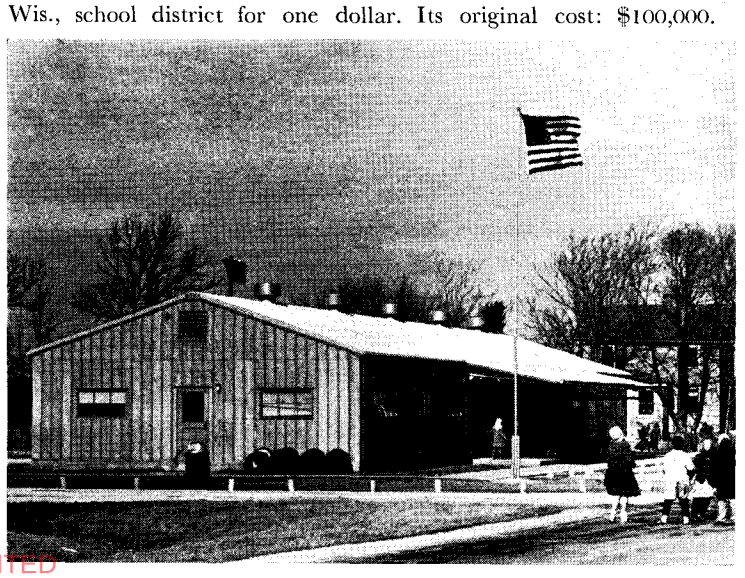
While Bong never actually got into operation, the reaction in Kenosha and Racine counties ran true to pattern. There was opposition from the start. Criticism continued as the bulldozers crunched across the land. Then, when former Air Force Secretary James H. Douglas announced Bong's closing in 1959, the cries of outrage could be heard all the way from Wisconsin to Washington. They haven't subsided yet.

The story of Bong began about ten years ago, when the (Continued on Page 58)

The ghost field: "A big, flat surface where you can't raise anything but planes," remarked one official.

The owner of this drive-in, located on the road to Bong, sold his home to pay for it. The day of the grand opening, the base closed.

The Government sold this Bong engineering building to a Brighton, Wis., school district for one dollar. Its original cost: $100,000.



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Post Scripts

Famous Sayings Are Made, Not Born

~~"Now, hear this! Now, hear this! Carrsaro those lousy two-bit Nuts to the~~ Damn the ~~crummy~~ torpedoes. . . ."

"You may ~~con hoodwink dupe~~ fool all the people ~~all of the~~ some of the ~~people~~ time; you can even fool ~~all~~ some of the people ~~some~~ all the time; but ~~it's a lead pipe cinch~~ you can't fool ~~some~~ all of the people ~~some~~ all the. . . ."

"Doctor Livingstone, I ~~reckon figure imagine suppose assume venture to say conclude deduce~~ presume."

~~"Well, here's the way I feel about it, for what it's worth~~: I, ~~U. S. Ulysses Simpson Grant, aim~~ propose to fight ~~this thing~~ it out on this ~~plan~~ line ~~right here, even~~ if it takes ~~the whole stupid~~ all ~~the cotton pickin'~~ summer."

"Let them eat ~~apple slump turnovers pudding pandowdy devil's food chocolate sundaes prune whip pie~~ cake!"

~~"—and when I say get the lead out, I mean get the lead out~~ Full speed ahead!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"That film wasn't released, it escaped!"

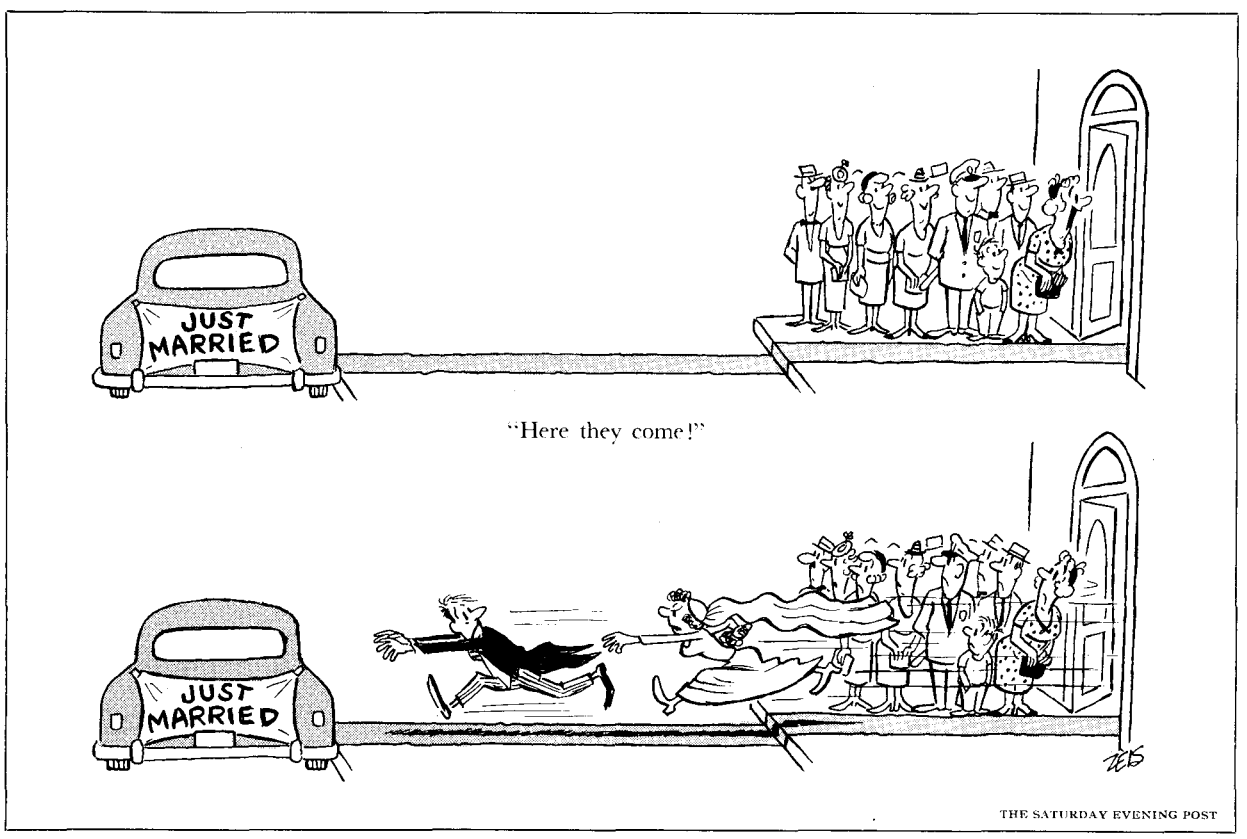
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lines Composed While Emptying Forty-seven Ash Trays

Oh, I love a party! . . . the guests so gay,
And the drinks passed round on a silver tray,
Including the number I'll later wince
To find got spilled on the floor and chintz;
The buffet supper, with candles gleaming,
The ham sliced thin, and the lobster steaming,
The charlotte russe that is so delicious,
And hundreds and hundreds of dirty dishes!

Oh, I love a party, with quips and laughter,
But I'll confess on the morning after,
I love it better if it was thrown
In anyone's house except my own!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This Whatnot Shelf Was a Gift From Haile Selassie

Anyone who's seen those TV programs on which celebrities are interviewed in their homes is pretty used to the following typical prattle:

"Ned, I know our viewers would like to see what you have in your trophy room."

"Well, I'll certainly be glad to show them, Dan. If our viewers will just step this way, please."

"And these are your four lovely children! . . . Good evening, Pamela."

"Good evening, Mr. Kingry."

"Good evening, Ricky."

"Good evening, Mr. Kingry."

"Good evening, Kevin."

"Good evening, Mr. Kingry."

"Good evening ——"

"Ned, wasn't that painting given to you years ago by some duke?"

"That's right—by the duke of Clatfordshire. And I also want to show our viewers this, Dan, because it's really one of my prize possessions. If they'll look closely, they'll see that it's a very delicate jade ——"

"And what's this room, Ned?"

"This is what we call the family-recreation room. In the evening we often gather here and play games or have songfests or —— Well, perhaps our viewers would like to see what I mean."

"I'm sure they would."

"Pamela, if you'll play the piano, we'll begin. Ready? One, two, three—'Gee, but it's great after bein' out late, walkin' my baby back ——'"

"Shall we rejoin your lovely wife Ginny in the dining room, Ned?"

"Let's."

CHARLES A. MATTESON

Confirmed Bachelor

Many the girls
Who melt when he kisses 'em,
But off he goes
And never Mrs. 'em.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

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"But what were the Russians doing in California?"

Most parents would have to scratch their heads and weakly reply, "Look it up in your history books."

But Fort Ross (or "Rus") still stands, a short drive north from San Francisco. And a fascinating bit of American history can come to life for you *and* your children as you roam inside its wooden ramparts, visit the Russian Orthodox Chapel and see the historical exhibits in the original commander's house.

The Russian-American Fur Company was operating in Alaska when a shortage of food and of sea otters necessitated the establishment of a post in Spanish California in 1812. The attempt of the Czar to close Northern California ports to non-Russian ships in 1821 was responsible for part of the wording of the famous Monroe Doctrine.

Fort Ross is one example of the fascinating history of America. Restorations and historic sites can be found just a pleasant drive away from your home. And what a wonderful gift to your children . . . the realization that being an American is a precious inheritance.

Ethyl calls this interesting world that surrounds you a Magic Circle. Why not start exploring your Magic Circle this week end?

Ethyl Corporation

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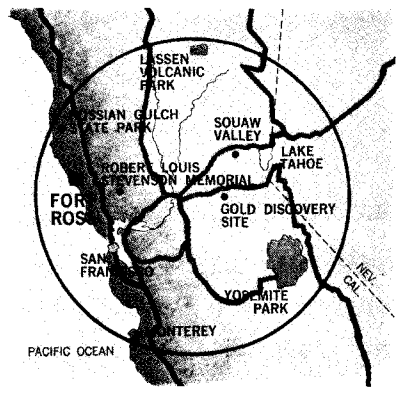

This Magic Circle is in Northern California. Among other things you can enjoy in this area are Lassen Volcanic National Park and the Gold Discovery Site towns near Placerville. Or your service station dealer will be glad to help you map out a Magic Circle trip in your own area.

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Counterpunch (Continued from Page 17)

turned her stern to the city and groped her way through the chill rain of the night up the bay to Mare Island.

Friedmann, the executive officer, acting in his other capacity as navigator on the darkened bridge, peered down at the chart and slid his rulers across it to ascertain the course, first to The Brothers and then round San Pablo Point and then along the buoyed channel to where the lights of Mare Island awaited them. Angell was content to leave the business to him; the final words of the signal occupied his own mind.

It was a little startling that an arrival conference would be held at twenty hundred—within a few minutes of reaching Mare Island. It certainly seemed that the Navy was taking the war seriously. Angell ran in his mind through his "job-order box," in which was listed all the work that should be done on his ship, in order of priority and also in order of ease of performance. That would be his contribution to this eight-o'clock conference. And over there Richmond was ablaze with lights—those were the new shipyards, now working three shifts to turn out merchant shipping, building the red corpuscles of the lifeblood of the free nations. The last time Angell had visited San Francisco Bay the lights had been a little farther south, where a host of men were working round the clock to complete the stands and clubhouses for a new race track—labor and materials being consumed with American prodigality even when the national danger crept nearer and nearer.

Angell shook off the memory to devote his thoughts to the present situation, to his ship and to the men who manned her. No doubt everyone on board knew of the signal which had sent them to Mare Island, but the ship's company must be informed officially in a manner which would assure them that their captain was aware of their disappointment and was not merely callous or despairing. Angell growled an order, and within seconds the public-address system through the ship came alive.

"Now hear this. Now hear this."

After that introduction Angell spoke into the instrument himself. The bad temper which had put an edge to his voice evaporated as he did so. He was as one with his ship's company in his disappointment, and they knew it; but the Navy was a solid entity—from the Chief of Naval Operations down to the latest recruit—and the men he was addressing knew that too.

There were wives and children in San Francisco; there were women and girl friends; there were liquor, music, entertainment; there was the inexpressibly keen pleasure of temporary freedom from plans of the day and supervision and enforced crowding in with others. But the *Boon* was under orders for Mare Island. And here they were, nearing the breakwater, and the civilian pilot was coming on board to lay them alongside the finger pier, bright in the blazing lights which revealed all the feverish activity of the yard.

The lines were hardly secured before a dozen men were ready to come on board—naval officers and civilians in approximately equal numbers.

"Planners and estimators," was their brief explanation of themselves to Coleman, the officer of the deck.

Angell led them to the little wardroom, which they filled. One single glance exchanged between Angell and the wardroom steward, without a word being spoken, postponed dinner once more, this time to an indefinite future.

"Sorry to rush you like this, cap'n," said the commander who had led the party. "But we want to have our workmen on board here tomorrow morning at oh-eight-hundred."

"Get all the sleep you can tonight," said a tall thin civilian with a briefcase. "Three shifts from then on, chipping and hammering."

"Your yard period ends at midnight on the fifth," the commander went on. "You're due to take a convoy the morning of the sixth."

"Very well," said Angell; there was nothing else to say. That standard answer was probably evolved to meet situations just like this.

In reply, the briefcases were opened all round the table in one simultaneous movement, as if at drill; but the entrance of two more officers at the wardroom door minimized the effect.

"Pardon me a moment, gentlemen," said Angell. "This is my executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Friedmann."

Angell's first glance had revealed no more to him than that the other new arrival was not one of the ship's officers. His second glance now surprised him—this was his young cousin and old shipmate, George. He rose instinctively to his feet even while he told himself that this was no time for family calls. Friedmann forestalled anything he had to say.

"I'm being relieved, sir," he said. "My relief, Lieutenant Brown."

"Glad to have you on board, lieutenant," said Angell—there was a scrap of Navy jargon to meet every situation, and George, standing at attention, conformed to procedure. Angell turned back to Friedmann. "You're leaving us, Carl?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going to new construction—in command. Lieutenant Brown has informed me my orders are on the way."

"Congratulations. I'm delighted, of course," said Angell. "You deserve it."

Those were formal words, too, but perfectly genuine. Friedmann would make an excellent destroyer captain, as Angell had more than once stated in his fitness reports. But the formality was of assistance in enabling Angell to conceal his dismay at losing his executive officer at this crisis of his ship's career. Angell was aware that cousin George was a very competent officer, but he knew nothing of the ship and her condition and nothing of her personnel problems. For the next day or two it would mean a heavier load on his own shoulders.

"You had both better stay here and hear what these gentlemen have to say," he said, and his glance directed itself especially to cousin George. "You'll need to know what's in the wind."

"Aye aye, sir." Each of them uttered the three syllables exactly to time; nor did it occur to anyone present to moralize over the fact that a polite suggestion like "you had better," when uttered by a senior officer, was as forceful as any specific order.

The wardroom table, when they joined the group sitting round it, was now covered with plans of the ship, and no time was wasted in opening the conference.

"We're installing radar," said the commander. The tone of his voice implied that this was a most solemn moment, but the first impression on Angell's mind apparently did not quite correspond.

"Yes?" he said tentatively. The word was still new to him. Radar was something he had read about in confidential documents, something the British had used with effect on occasions—a piece of equipment that a battleship might carry with advantage. The United States Navy had been making tentative experiments with it. He had actually once seen a rotating bedspring at a ship's mast. It had hardly occurred to him that a destroyer might be equipped with one of these instruments. He knew that to a nation at war each one would be far more valuable than the Koh-i-noor and he harbored suspicions that it might be temperamental. The next point that came up in his mind drew forth the question that every captain would be certain to ask.

"Where are you going to put it?" he said.

Captains of ships of war from the days of the Greek triremes had asked that question. A fighting vessel naturally was crammed with fighting equipment to make her the most effective fighting vessel her tonnage would allow. There could not be room for anything more. Angell's imagination was not nearly wild enough to envisage what the necessities of war to the death would eventually bring about in the matter of packing in additional weapons—and in the matter of hardship to the overcrowded men who would have the handling of them.

The commander was already indicating on the plan of the ship where the radar was to be inserted—not a simple operation, for the *Boon* was already a maze of pipes and wires and air ducts which would have to be rerouted to make way for the intruder. Angell listened to the sweeping alterations proposed and then asked the next inevitable question.

"Who's going to maintain it?"

"We'll send you a trained radar man—nearly trained, anyway."

"One?"

"Yes. You'll have the manuals too, naturally."

"And how long have you harbored this feeling of being a nobody?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Angell was already picturing the change of expression in the face of Klein, his communications officer, when he should be told that he would have the additional burden of responsibility for this instrument thrust upon his shoulders.

"Now, there are the K guns," went on the commander a little hastily. "You'll have two—aft, here and here."

"Won't they crowd the torpedo tubes?"

"There's just room for them. You'll be glad to have them when you're depth-charging a sub. With the K guns you can drop a pattern that will more than double your chance of a hit."

"So I understand," said Angell. He was not so clear as to how the K guns were going to be manned, nor how they would be fed with the necessary depth charges; but he could certainly foresee a drastic revision of the stations on the battle bill.

"I've four twenty-millimeter guns for you too," said the commander. "You need all the antiaircraft protection you can carry."

"Thank you," said Angell. That meant more alterations to the battle bill. "Where d'you find room for the magazines?"

The commander had an answer to that question too, which he produced like a rabbit from a conjuror's hat. And when he had explained, he gave way to the civilian on his right, and the conference entered its next stage. In two hours the visitors' proposals were completed, and it was now Angell's turn to produce his Current Ship's Maintenance Project with its collection of cards, white and red and blue and yellow, and to state the needs of the ship as seen through the eyes of his heads of department—engineer officer and gunnery officer and first lieutenant. Up to now the conference had been trying to fit together a jigsaw puzzle in terms of space, fitting new appliances into the limited capacity of the *Boon*. Now it was a jigsaw puzzle in terms of time, trying to fit all the necessary operations into a schedule within the rigid frame of the eight days allowed—not so easy when some of them could not be begun until others were completed. Twice when the plans seemed complete, some one noticed an incompatibility, involving the presence of two different working teams on the same patch of deck at the same moment, and twice the weary process of reassembling the scheme had to be recommenced.

Then, the last paper was put away, and the last briefcase zipped closed, and the last visitor left the ship. Angell looked across the table through wreaths of tobacco smoke at his executive officer and at cousin George as the three of them ate the sandwiches which came as a poor and late substitute for dinner.

"It looks to me," he said, "as if there'll still be a man or two who can be spared—half a dozen, perhaps. Sort 'em out, and we'll give what leave we can. There are two cases of domestic hardship which need special consideration."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Angell glanced at the clock. "Those shore-duty types advised us to get in all the sleep possible tonight. Good night."

Angell was of the type that prefers to be awakened ten minutes earlier than necessary so as to make sure of sufficient time to drink the second cup of breakfast coffee at leisure. With regret he looked at his watch after a preliminary sip. The minutes were ticking away, and the leisure was about to end, as he knew only too well. It was going to be a complicated day. He finished his second cup and considered the possibility of a third. But that was as near as he came (*Continued on Page 40*)

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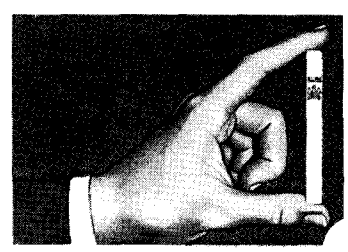

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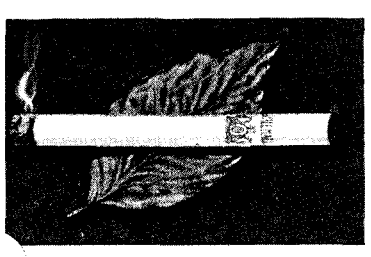

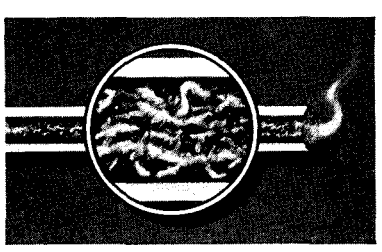

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3 Over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine, good-tasting tobaccos—and makes it mild!

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(*Continued from Page 37*) to it; for as he replaced his cup in the saucer, the first of his heads of department came in, papers in hand, with the first query regarding the program of work. The day had begun. The ferries from Vallejo were crowded, and the next moment a wave of workmen came pouring on board the *Boon* to halt and face the flag as the public-address system of the yard played *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the colors soared up the masts.

It was halfway through the day when cousin George came hastily to him. "I've stopped the work on those K guns, sir," he said.

Angell switched his mind from the last problem to the new one. "Why?"

"Because of the torpedo tubes, sir. You asked last night about that. There's not enough clearance."

"I'll come and see," said Angell.

He made his way aft, through the fantastic bustle and din pervading every square yard of the ship, George at his heels. Between the torpedo tubes stood a group of idle welders; the work they had already begun marked the site of the new K gun. Angell squinted round, conjuring up a vision of the gun in position there. George was right. A K gun on each beam here would restrict the effective train of the tubes. The after tube could not fire forward, through a considerable arc, nor similarly would the forward tube fire aft. A K-gun enthusiast might well say that the loss was small, that a slight restriction on the employment of the torpedo tubes would be more than balanced by the ability to throw a wide pattern of depth charges. But that was fundamentally wrong; a destroyer existed to launch torpedoes, and not the least impairment of her power to do so could be tolerated.

"You're quite right, George," he said. "Get the planners over here at once. No more work's to be done here until this is settled."

"Here's my job order," said the leading-man welder.

"I don't care. No more work is to be done."

Eight days for the ship to be made ready and a card-castle schedule of work—the shifting of one single item would imperil the whole program. A convoy would be ready to be escorted to Pearl at the end of that eight days, and the Navy would be urgently awaiting it. It was not a wild possibility that the success or failure of a campaign might hinge on having *Boon* ready in eight days, but that same success might hinge on *Boon*'s being able to use her torpedo tubes without restriction. Angell was assuming a responsibility that might have oppressed a timid soul. Having reached his decision, he could await the next development without qualms.

The swing shift had arrived for work by the time George reported that the planners had come on board.

"I had to give orders to the gangway watch to stop that work by any necessary means, sir," explained George. "The snapper of the new gang had his job orders given him, and nothing else would stop him."

"Very well," said Angell; he was already on his way aft. A thin rain was falling again, and a cold wind was blowing, and darkness was closing in round the brilliantly lighted yard. Tempers might well be short in these unpleasant conditions. The three planners had their coat collars turned up and their hands thrust deep into their pockets.

"You understand my difficulty, gentlemen?" asked Angell.

There on deck there was a keener sense of reality than existed in a comfortable office with a ship's plan laid out on a table, and the third dimension of height assumed its due importance in relation to length and breadth.

"A time may come when you'll need these guns like hell," said one of the planners.

"I don't doubt it," said Angell, "but ——"

Standing there in the chill wind, all five of them had momentary visions. Some of them could picture the *Boon* wheeling over a tossing sea, raining death down upon the unseen menace forty fathoms below; this deck would be full of men then, hurrying the ponderous depth charges from the magazines to maintain the bombardment. Angell passed from that picture to another—of *Boon* swinging to deliver a salvo of torpedoes and being balked by those guns at a crucial moment.

"Put 'em farther aft, here, and you'll have sufficient clearance," said another planner.

"Yes," replied Angell; and then he said that unpleasant word he had already used once, "but ——" He was visualizing something else now, no imaginary battle picture, but the plan of the deck below. "Send for the chief engineer," he said abruptly to George.

It took less than two minutes for Lieutenant Borglum to report, uncomfortable at the transition from his warm engine room to the chilly deck.

"What do you have under here?" demanded Angell.

Borglum pondered the question for five seconds. "Main electrical distribution board," he said.

"I was afraid so," said the planner who had hardly spoken as yet.

"No good then," said another.

They could all smile at that moment, at the thought of what would happen to every electrical circuit in the ship if the main distribution board were subjected to the ponderous shock of a K gun hurling a depth charge a hundred feet into the air.

"It'll have to be right aft then," said the first planner. "What do you say, captain?" They moved to the designated spot. "This was the original idea. But the men'll have the devil of a time getting round."

"So they will," agreed Angell. "But this is the place, for sure."

He thought of the bunks being put up at this moment in the crowded mess halls for the additional hands, of the sweltering heat of a blacked-out ship in the tropics, and then of bursting shells and blazing oil tanks. A man more ready with words might have uttered a facile epigram to the effect that men were likely to have the devil of a time in war, but that was not the sort of thing Angell was likely to say.

"I'll come down into the wardroom, if I may," said the first planner, "and get this job order altered."

The *Boon* would be able to launch her torpedoes unhampered after all.

And at midnight on the fifth she crept out of Mare Island Navy Yard exactly on time, heading into a strong breeze. Aft the K guns reared their ungainly shapes; at the mast forward the radar antenna revolved absurdly. Ranged round the upper deck were the new twenty-millimeter guns that experience had shown would be necessary—would hardly be sufficient—to deal with aerial attack. These were the changes visible at a glance from shore, but all through the ship the differences were fantastic. Ready-service ammunition boxes had been built in. There were literally miles of new wires installed for the degaussing gear and elsewhere, so that electrically she was a different ship.

The personnel had changed just as profoundly. Two officers had left the ship, and three had come to replace them; half the crew had left, and twice as many new men had come on board. The peacetime designers who had built *Boon* ten years ago believed then that they had packed the hull with every possible means of defense and offense, manned by as many men as could live in Spartan discomfort on board. Yet, somehow, space had been found for the new weapons, and the men would have to endure sub-Spartan discomfort, packed together with never a chance of a moment's privacy, three men sleeping where two had before been crowded. The cooking arrangements called for the most careful organization to insure that each twenty-four hours each man had enough to eat; the fresh water, which had just sufficed before, now had to be limited and rationed, and water hours had to be instituted.

But the new weapons, the new officers and the new men were here in the ship, steaming out to sea after that incredible eight days—the first and earliest proof that the giant which was the United States was gathering his strength together. The officers and men who had been left behind would serve as a nucleus round which fresh drafts could be assembled and trained. They, in time to come, would be ready to act as nuclei themselves, and with the unbelievable American productive capacity turning out new construction more and more rapidly, the giant's strength could increase in geometric progression, beginning slowly, but multiplying itself a hundredfold in a few years.

In a few years? Singapore had fallen; the enemy were in Rangoon; the pathetic fragments of Allied naval strength in Indonesia had been annihilated in the Java Sea, and now the tide of conquest was reaching out to New Guinea. Rommel had reached the frontier of Egypt, Hitler was within two marches of Moscow, and the U-boats were sinking merchant ships four times as fast as they could be replaced. The slow beginning might perhaps mean that the giant would never be able to exert that giant's strength.

Yet a convoy was completing in the darkness within the Golden Gate awaiting the dawn, to bear the first new elements of American strength out into the Pacific. And here was the *Boon*, steaming out through the net defenses, as the winking lights ordered, and breathing defiance.

As she quickened her pace, there rang through the ship the first ping of the sonar apparatus, searching for submarine enemies. Twenty thousand times a day *Boon* would probe the depths, for a thousand days still to come, if she should live so long. Angell, on the bridge, felt the *Boon*'s bows lift and surge as she met the Pacific swell, and the westerly breeze roared round him in the night. The spray came hurtling aft, yet all this was not sufficient to drown a new strange sound that reached his ears as he stood on the wing of the bridge. The *Boon* met the next roller and heaved her bows higher and hung for a moment; and when she tossed up her stern as she slid down the slope, the sound was repeated. It was a human chorus, a groan, a catcall, half apprehensive and half defiant, half humorous and half involuntary. There were close to a hundred men on board who had never in their lives until this moment felt the surge and heave of the sea under their feet, and they were still so insufficiently imbued with the spirit of discipline as to think it natural to give vent to the emotions they were feeling. Angell rasped out an order which would impress on the crew that this was not the case.

He turned to look aft through the roaring darkness, but there was nothing to be seen, not even the blacked-out outline of the coast of California receding behind him. He found Klein, the communications officer, beside him peering aft as well.

"We're still heading out from the coast, sir?"

"Yes."

"I thought so, sir. But ——"

"But?"

"On the screen we have the outline dead ahead."

"You're getting the radar lined up?"

"Yes, sir. This is the first chance we've had."

"Keep on trying," said Angell.

"Aye aye, sir."

An unexpected wave on the starboard bow caused the *Boon* to shudder and lurch and roll. Then she put her bows up again, hung and shot steeply down. With the change of slope came clatterings and thumpings; Angell had been listening for them. In the quiet of a harbor everything could be made as secure as apparently everything could possibly be, but the first bit of wind and sea would always reveal the falsity of that assumption. A tenth of an inch of (*Continued on Page 44*)

"Now that you mention it, I don't recognize him either."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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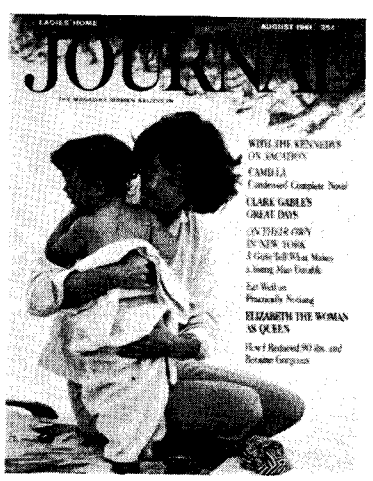

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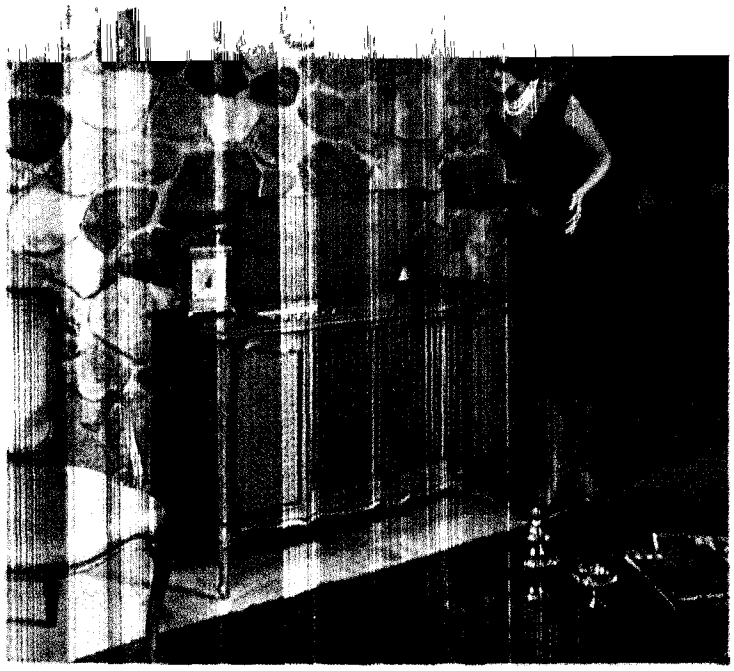

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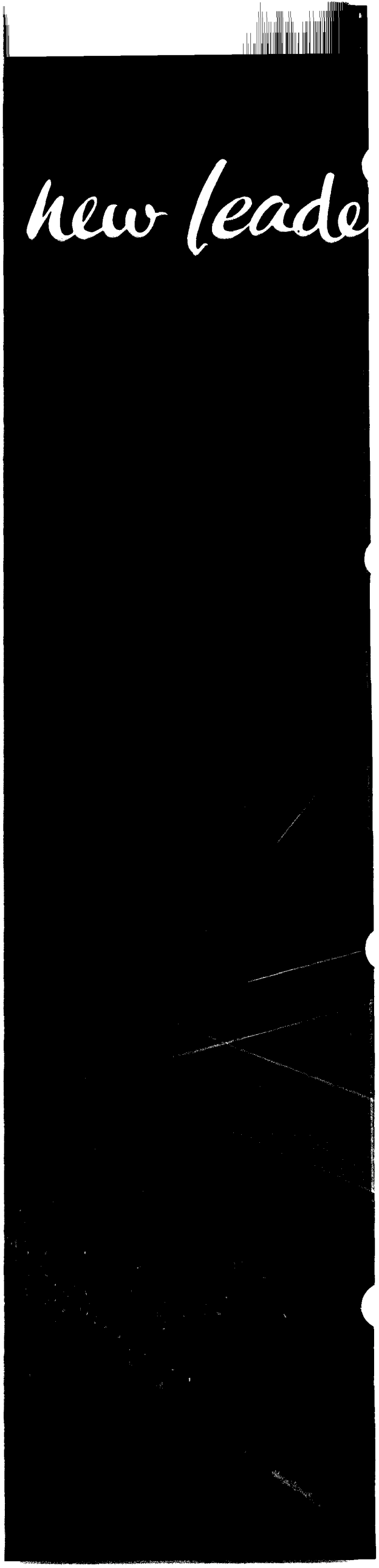

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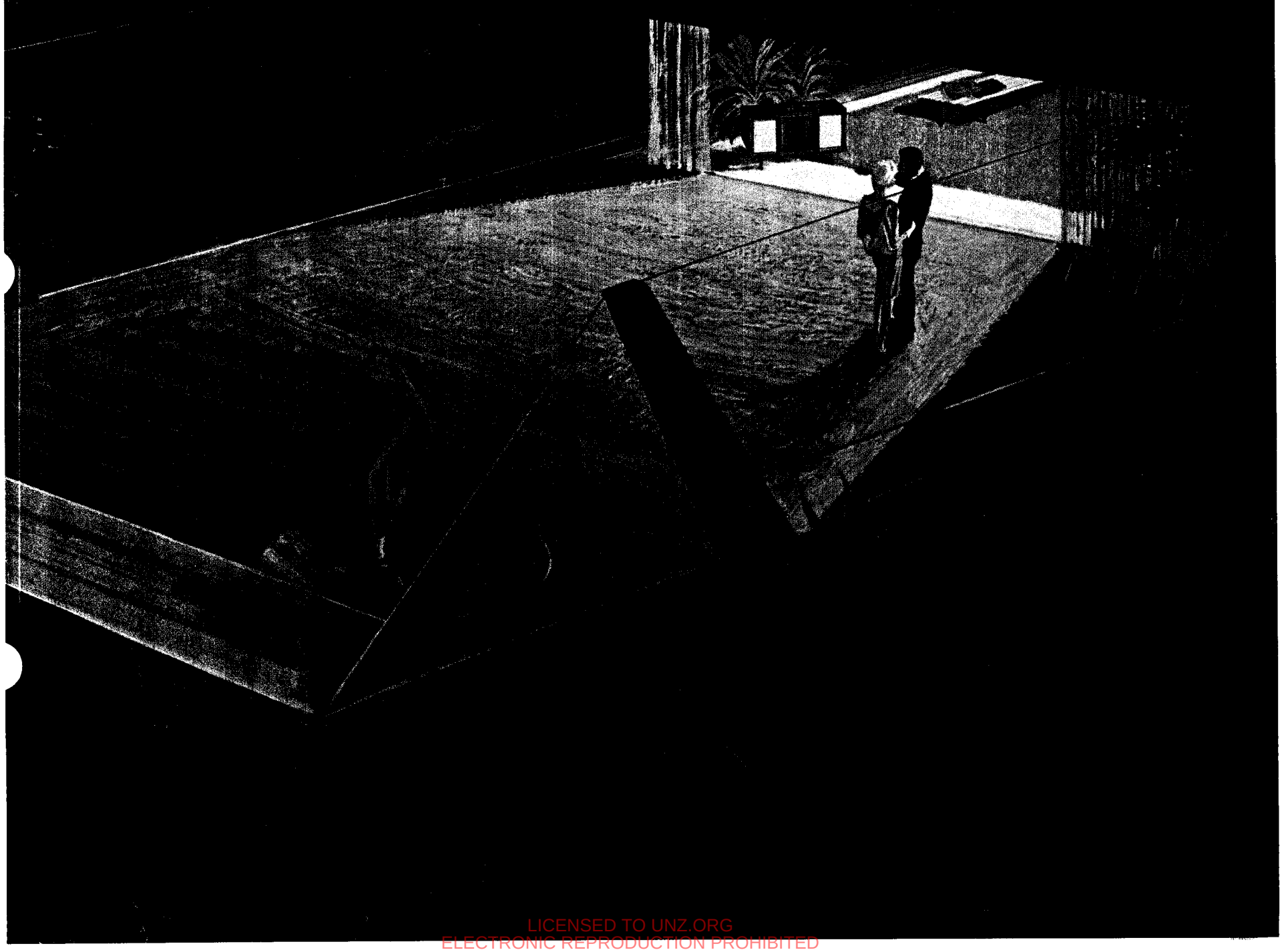

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(*Continued from Page 40*) play would become an inch after the first wave. That inch could become a foot in five minutes, and that foot could mean destruction and ruin in half an hour. There were fenders dragging at their lashings and boats stirring uneasily against the gripes and the strongbacks. More dangerous still, there was subtle movement among the depth charges packed in aft in what had once been the deck-gear locker.

Angell could see Antonini, the first lieutenant, hurrying round the deck with his damage-control party, working with shaded lights to make everything secure. A crash and clatter from below told that the galley staff, as ever, had been caught napping; pots and pans which had seemed in harbor to be perfectly safely put away always fell in cascades with the first experience of the open sea. Cooks never seemed to learn that lesson.

Cousin George loomed up on the bridge beside him. "The shortest shakedown cruise on record, sir," he said. "Four hours before the convoy comes out through the Gate."

"It's a seven-knot convoy," said Angell. "Thirteen days to Pearl. That's long enough to make something of this ship."

The *Boon* slid down a slope and hit the trough with a shattering thump, sending a shower of spray, invisible in the darkness, back over the bridge.

"We'll have to work 'em hard, sir," said George.

"We can—and we will," said Angell.

"It won't be any trouble with this lot, sir. They're as keen as if their lives depended on it. So they do, of course."

Then came thirteen days of drills and exercises, thirteen days in which the amorphous crew could crystallize into an efficient body—a team reacting to orders without a wasted second or a wasted movement—while the convoy wallowed along behind them on its eternal zigzag course. They could not be thought of as days of monotony. The work was too hard and too varied for that, despite the constant repetition; and even the rebels and the stupid men could not help being aware of the steady progress made, as well as of the fact that their lives might at any moment depend on their prompt action. It was easy to remember the confusion of the first general quarters—confusion despite the warning of the loudspeakers: "This is a drill. All hands will proceed at a walk." Half the hands forgot the rule to go up ladders on the starboard side and down them on the port, but Seaman Second Class Cohen would never forget for the rest of his life that he was very properly ascending a starboard ladder at a walk when he met three large seamen who were not merely improperly descending but doing so on the double.

There was satisfaction, as the days went by, in reaching one's station in the minimum time with the minimum of confusion, and satisfaction in a prompt report to the bridge of the station's being manned and ready. There was satisfaction in taking one's place in the gun mount and feeling it train round, ready for action. Habit did more; it made the crowded mess decks more bearable even to the born solitaries among the crew, so that the precious interior life could be resumed, and habit inured the sensitive souls to the rough-and-tumble talk of the lower deck.

There were incidents to distinguish one day from another—the firing with live ammunition at the red weather balloon released from the upper deck, the whole ship pulsating with the recoil of the guns and the thunder of the discharges echoing in the ear. There was the incident when Torpedoman Third Class Constantinidi, during a drill, was ordered to "simulate firing the K gun." He did not know what the word "simulate" meant, but he knew by now how to fire a K gun, and the startled convoy had to be reassured when, before their bows, the depth charge soared into the air, to plunge into the sea with a rumbling explosion and a fountain of black water.

Lieutenant Klein, the communications officer, toiling away at the manuals of the radar set with the help of Radioman First Class Alvarez and a team of assistants who, like him, had never seen a radar set in their lives before, had the satisfaction of seeing the convoy make a vague appearance on his screen. It was the earliest type of air-search radar; and to pick up a surface target called for a range of two miles, and even then with inferior results. But the only possible target on which he could exercise himself and his men was the convoy, and he made the most of the opportunities granted him when Angell took the *Boon* out ahead of the convoy to exercise his range-finder and gunnery-control crews upon it—those wallowing ships were the innocent target of every weapon on board the destroyer.

That was not all by any means; for on the eighth morning out, Alvarez suddenly demanded Klein's attention to the screen. "There's a pip here, sir."

So there was. Klein looked at the vague apparition illuminated by the revolving ray. It was really not such a vague apparition—it was a definite pip, an aircraft, and it was approaching, coming up from far astern. Klein stared at the thing for another second, during which he somehow contrived to remember all the freaks and misbehavior of that set during the past week. It was a pip for certain, and Klein wasted no time. He dashed out onto the bridge from the captain's sea cabin, wherein the radar had been installed. Harper had the deck; he was supervising the training of a new helmsman at the wheel, but Angell was on the bridge within earshot.

"Aircraft bearing zero nine five!" said Klein. "Approaching!"

There was another second's pause as Angell weighed the information. They were eight hundred miles from the Islands—it could not be a search plane from Oahu. Three months ago a Japanese carrier force had crept unseen within striking range of Pearl Harbor; the attacking planes had been spotted on a radar screen, but disaster had ensued when the report was not acted upon. There might be a Japanese carrier force somewhere out over the horizon, heading for the Coast, possibly. This could be a search plane.

"Sound general quarters," said Angell. "This is not a drill."

"This is not a drill," repeated the loudspeakers as the alarm blared. "This is not a drill."

The men came pouring to their stations, steel helmets clattering. Talkers plugged in their earphones; the helmsman under training was relieved at the wheel and hurried off to his station. Angell fought down the excitement which was making him swallow hard; he compelled himself to take notice of the details. There was some confusion, and he could see trouble at the forward gun mounts. That must be corrected. But Klein, fat equable Klein, was showing up well.

"Aircraft bearing zero nine five," came his report. "Course two five five!"

So the aircraft had laid a course directly for them.

"Course zero zero zero," ordered Angell. He would have every possible gun bearing when the plane came in sight. *Boon* rolled deeply as she came round into the trough. The gray sky raced up and down before Angell's binoculars as he strove to pick up the approaching plane. There it was—a speck, a dot, coming right at them. It would hit the convoy first.

"That's the Pan Am Clipper from San Francisco," said Antonini, beside him, and then remembered to add, "sir."

Angell recognized the profile a moment later—it was quite unmistakable—and cousin George confirmed it by telephone from his station aft. Angell watched it approach while behind him he heard the telephone talkers repeating the reports of stations manned and ready. If that had been a hostile plane, *Boon* would have been practically ready for action by the time it was in range—a satisfactory performance.

Already, by the magic grapevine, the news had gone round the ship. Angell was conscious of a general atmosphere of relaxation, broad grins replacing the tenseness of general quarters. Hands were waved as the plane roared over them, heading westward to the Islands. There was a momentary temptation to clamp down, to remind the crew, cuttingly, that it was their business only to obey orders, but Angell put the thought aside. This was not that sort of crew. These were men who could think for themselves, and this was not the moment to check their enthusiasm. Not for some time yet would it be advisable to tighten up discipline. And it was certainly the moment for a special pat on the back for Lieutenant Klein, who had done his work and shouldered his responsibility like a man. And when that was done, "Secure from general quarters," ordered Angell.

It had been a valuable dress rehearsal. It was a tonic that would relieve for days the tedium of the endless drills and exercises, now that the men knew what it was like to go to their guns with the imminent prospect of using them. There was not time for satiety to be reached before the night when Lieutenant Klein raised the Islands on his screen. An excited crew—half of whom had never before been outside the continental United States—could not be restrained next morning from stealing long glances at romantic Oahu as they approached.

Two Coast Guard cutters on antisubmarine patrol relieved *Boon* of further responsibility for the convoy, and she steamed in the clear light of morning into Pearl Harbor. But it was a sobering experience to see the wrecks of the once proud battleships lying there, and to take a fuel-oil barge alongside with not a single moment wasted. It was sobering to learn that Waikiki Beach was strung with barbed wire—and still more so to learn that liberty, if granted, would last only until sunset, that no men could be on the streets after dark without a special and, indeed, unobtainable pass.

Even before the fuel hoses had been connected, a middle-aged lieutenant commander in work khaki came on board, the inevitable briefcase under his arm, and announced himself as the boarding officer from the headquarters of the commander in chief, Pacific Fleet. At his suggestion Angell received him in his cabin while cousin George was instructed to take all necessary precautions to make sure the discussion was neither interrupted nor overheard. The boarding officer came to the point quickly enough.

"You're a stepchild," he said while he was still unzipping his briefcase.

"I thought so," replied Angell. That meant that the squadron to which *Boon* was attached was somewhere else and that there was no immediate prospect of her joining it; that conferred a certain independence, but it also meant that she had no four-striped commodore to intercede for her with the higher command.

"But you're a stepchild with radar," said the boarding officer. He leaned forward across the table, his eyes fixed on Angell's. "There's something you have to understand, even if you don't like it. The Japs have the edge on us when it comes to night fighting. Their lookouts can see better than ours can in the dark. I don't have to tell you all the reasons for it."

"I can guess," said Angell.

The Japanese Navy during all its life had been inferior numerically to those of the major naval powers and had sought in every direction for means to counterbalance that inferiority. One direction had led to Pearl Harbor; another had led to a concentration of training upon night fighting, in which superior numbers would be at a disadvantage. It was the night battle that the Japanese had envisaged and it was the night battle that was the culmination of their peacetime maneuvers. Those maneuvers had always been more extensive, more intensive—and much more expensive—than the democratic governments could prevail upon the taxpayers to pay for. The Japanese seaman, on the average, enlisted for a longer time and spent a greater proportion of that time at sea under simulated battle conditions than did his American counterpart, and the simulated battle conditions laid stress upon night fighting. The multiplication of these factors meant that in a night encounter the Japanese lookout might have ten times as much experience in that duty as had the American. It was an unpalatable truth.

"You're the first destroyer to be fitted with radar," said the boarding officer. "And the Japs haven't any at all—as yet. So you can guess how badly you're wanted out (*Continued on Page 47*)

A Boy Who Is Never Alone

By Bonnie May Malody

Adventure goes where he goes—
It tangles in his hair,
Puts freckles on his peeling nose
Or wags beside his chair.
It slithers, harmless, through
the grass
And makes his sister scream—
Or lifts his kites so high they
pass
His rivals'. At the stream,
Adventure flirts a tail and fin
The minute he appears.
(Someday he'll catch and put
it in
His bucket.) Past his ears
Adventure whistles in
November,
Cold and slightly blue.
Capped and ear-muffed in
December,
He goes whistling too.

Adventure walks where he
walks,
Grows taller as he grows;
Fielding thunder, racing
hawks—
I wonder if he knows?

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(*Continued from Page 44*) there." The jerk of his head indicated the illimitable wastes of the Western Pacific.

"The quicker the better as far as I'm concerned," said Angell.

"You'll have to take a convoy out with you, all the same," said the boarding officer. "Twelve-knot convoy this time—three transports and a tanker; you'll need to fuel from the tanker, in any case."

"Very well," said Angell. Those words, as usual, meant that there was nothing else to say.

"So here are your orders," went on the boarding officer, bringing papers out of the briefcase.

Those orders took *Boon* out of Pearl Harbor nineteen hours after she had come in—nineteen hours devoted to fueling, to taking on ammunition for replacement of what had been expended in practice and to cramming her with provisions until every possible corner of the ship was stacked with food.

Three months of war had already doubled the time that the staff's plans contemplated a ship might stay at sea. And now they were in the "forward zone," where an encounter with the enemy was probable rather than possible. That meant "condition watches," with the ship as ready for action and as many men at their stations as was compatible with continued life; discomfort and fatigue pushed to the limits of endurance. It also meant a still keener edge to the drills and exercises. Soon the crew looked back a little shamefacedly on their feelings regarding their voyage to the Islands, which had seemed to them then a high adventure filled with desperate, hard work and all the excitement of novelty. Now they were experienced veterans, they thought, and could remember those early feelings with tolerant amusement.

Boon zigzagged stubbornly out over the endless sea, the convoy astern, the two old four-stack destroyers that constituted the rest of the escort on either quarter, under a sun that grew hotter and hotter and more and more vertical, through rain squalls and flat calms. Above that glittering surface the constantly revolving radar and below it the eternal ping of the sonar searched for the enemy and found nothing, nothing, while the drills and the exercises continued and the mental attitude of the men changed to one of cynical resignation.

Yet, in those desolate wastes, one medium was feverishly busy. The air was charged with messages. If radar and sonar found nothing, the radio antennas were burdened with news. From Pearl Harbor and Tokyo, Sydney and Singapore, orders and information and occasionally mere nonsense were being poured out, vibrating over the ether in fifty different codes. Those stations whose positions were known and who had therefore no reason for concealment were hard at work. Occasionally, very occasionally, *Boon*'s radiomen found an echo from ships at sea, compelled for one reason or another to reveal their presence. Angell read such of them as Klein was able to take in and decode. It was only the tiniest fraction of the whole, but it was enough to enable Angell to make the deduction, as he told cousin George, that "something big was cooking in the South Pacific."

In a hundred headquarters round the rim of the Pacific, a thousand, perhaps ten thousand, keen minds were at work on that mass of messages, their intuition aided by elaborate machines—analyzing, guessing, referring to vast earlier files, gaining a grain of sense here and a fresh indication there, as two nations endeavored each to read the other's mind and secrets. Victory or defeat could hinge—not merely could hinge, but would—on rapid deductions regarding the enemy's intentions, when iron-nerved commanders in chief made their decisions based on these necessarily partial deductions and massed their forces to strike at the weak points.

It was one such series of deductions that changed *Boon*'s course. The bored radioman on duty suddenly heard, clear and loud, in the dots and dashes that now were as familiar to him as print, "To *Boon* for action," and applied himself with sudden vigor to recording the coded message, string after string of meaningless groups. It was so long a message, despite the conventional wording, that Klein began to put it through the decoding machine before the end was reached. And the shape and sense that those groups assumed in their passage through the machine sent Klein's plump body into convulsions of excitement in his chair. He did his best to hold himself still as Angell read it when he took it to him.

Angell looked up into his face at the completion of the reading. "Thank you, Mr. Klein," he said.

Those four words were a tremendous compliment. With some officers it might have been necessary to add, "Keep this under your hat," or, "Don't mention this to anyone else," but Angell knew there was no need to say this to Klein, and Klein was deeply appreciative. He was in possession of a secret for which the Japanese Government would have gladly paid ten million dollars—more tempting, perhaps, he was in possession of information which, divulged even partially, in hints and circumlocutions, would have made him the object of flattering attention in the wardroom.

No more than three minutes later, the signalman on the bridge received a written form from Angell's own hand and trained his light upon the tanker at the head of the convoy.

"Request permission to fuel and proceed on mission assigned."

Then, for an hour *Boon* wallowed beside the tanker while the hoses topped up her bunkers to the last inch, and rude comments were shouted across the foaming gap from one crew to another—each keyed up by the welcome sight of new faces after days of monotony. Then she cast off and headed away, acknowledging the commodore's signal of good luck. That hour gave birth to the wildest rumors. The radioman who had taken in the signal, "To *Boon* for action," and the signalman who had sent Angell's message naturally told all they knew. The rumor that received most general acceptance was to the effect that *Boon* had been ordered back not merely to Pearl but all the way to San Francisco.

Angell told the news to cousin George; they spoke in low voices in Angell's cabin. The fewer people who knew how much could be read of the Japanese codes the better—a casual word dropped in a New Zealand bar might result a month later in those codes being changed and the whole weary work having to be done again. But cousin George must be told, for, in war, life is even more uncertain than appendicitis and cerebral hemorrhage and coronary occlusion can make it. If Angell were to die, cousin George must be ready to go on with the plan.

Angell marked a small cross on the chart spread out on his desk. "That's a Japanese heavy cruiser," he said, and George whistled as Angell gave the latitude and longitude. "She had engine trouble, and the big convoy she was with left her behind—I told you there was something cooking in the South Pacific."

"Now she's on her way again?" asked George.

"It looks like it. It isn't just the intercepts that say so. One of our subs spotted her—couldn't get in an attack, as she was going twenty-five knots, but she made sure of her course and speed. That's where she was, and this is where she's going."

"And we can cut her off," said George decisively.

"My calculation is that we can do it with five hours to spare. I'd like you to confirm my working."

"Aye aye, sir," said George.

They shared momentarily a memory of an incident of years ago, when Angell had been a gunnery-division officer on a cruiser, and George, a new and very junior officer, had been sent off as boat officer on a liberty trip to the landing; the cruiser lay anchored in a fog at Long Beach, and Angell had the deck watch. George, while returning, had come across a Navy boat, drifting, with a broken-down engine, forlornly out to sea before wind and tide. He had taken her in tow. That Long Beach fog was so thick that one could not see his hand before his face, and the process of taking the other boat in tow consumed minutes, during which they had been swept a considerable and almost incalculable distance seaward. But George had worked out the tricky navigation problem in his head and had brought his boat back neatly to the cruiser's side at the first try. He could be trusted with a simple problem in interception.

Angell was tapping with the butt of his pencil on the chart, but he did not take his eyes from George's. "We'll make contact at night," he said.

"And that's just as well," answered George. In a daylight battle *Boon* would not stand one chance in a hundred against a heavy cruiser. "We ought to bring something off at that rate."

"We'll come in on her bow and launch a spread," supplemented Angell.

They might be two business partners discussing the technique of some contemplated deal. But they were staking their lives and not their fortunes; and the profit would be death and wounds and agony—and the lives they were risking were their own, while the profit would be their country's.

"Klein's doing good work with the radar, sir," said George. "No need to tighten things up there."

"I think you're right," agreed Angell. "Well, let me have a finer course, if you can, than the one I've set."

"Aye aye, sir."

They left the cabin, and *Boon* continued on her way. The convoy was already hull down as they came on deck, and soon they were alone, rolling deeply now as the Pacific swell came in almost broad on the beam. The sun sank sullenly into a cloudbank over the quarter, and night closed in upon the darkened ship. On deck, men suddenly felt a passionate desire to smoke cigarettes now that it was impossible. Below decks, men off watch sweltered in the suffocating embrace of the sticky heat which closed in upon them with the darkening of the ship. So she went on, wallowing over the swell, through the night until dawn, through the day until dusk, four hundred miles from where she left the convoy. Somewhere during those four hundred miles she crossed two invisible lines—not lines of longitude or latitude, and no one could have ruled them with certainty on a chart, as they were lines that fluctuated from day to day with the movements of fleets and with the establishment of land bases for air power. Beyond the first line lay no man's land— no man's water—and beyond the second lay that part of the Pacific where the Japanese navy rode unchallenged. The American raider there had to be swift and furtive like *Boon*, or overwhelmingly strong, like a fleet, or submersible like a submarine.

The second evening closed round *Boon* in a flurry of rain squalls; the sonar was still pinging fruitlessly, the radar antennas still rotating without picking up the least indication of friend or foe—it could only be foe in these waters. An hour after sunset Angell came onto the darkened bridge to where Carlsen had the deck.

"Steer a base course of zero one three, Mr. Carlsen," he said.

"Zero one three. Aye aye, sir."

It was as simple as that—one brief order and one brief acknowledgment. There was no hint of the thirty hours of anxiety through which Angell had lived, nor of Carlsen's astonishment at this remarkable change of course. Carlsen could hardly help guessing now that something was in the wind; but to nine tenths of the individuals on board, by now one course was the same as another. These veterans of a month at sea had already acquired an almost Oriental fatalism. Now *Boon* was squarely in the path of the Japanese cruiser—if Angell's calculations were correct. She should be two hundred miles to the northeastward, and with the two ships traveling at a combined speed of forty knots they should make contact in five hours—less than that.

Angell felt an uncontrollable surge of hot blood under his skin as he thought about it. He had felt that same thing several times that day already, but now he

"A few nails, a dab or two of paint
and you've got yourself a new house."

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found himself shaking with excitement as well. He mastered the trembling with a supreme effort of will—that was merely for his own self-respect, because in the utter darkness of the wing of the bridge no one else could see it. Not even a lifetime spent at sea, not even a thousand encounters with responsibility and danger, could condition a man for this supreme adventure.

"Come right to zero two three, Mr. Carlsen."

"Zero two three. Aye aye, sir."

Angell was sending *Boon* on a long zigzag up the predicted course of the cruiser; it was the best allowance he could make for slight errors of navigation by either vessel. With that done, he settled himself in his chair on the bridge. He knew he should rest, but he had neither intention nor expectation of going to sleep. In consequence, with everything done that needed to be done, sleep crept up on him, and he dozed lightly until a footstep roused him.

"Are you going to general quarters, sir?" George had shown up beside him on the bridge.

"I'll do that when they relieve the watch," answered Angell and noted with interest that the first hint of practical detail was sufficient to steady him.

The *Boon* slithered over the invisible sea, rolling heavily in the trough. It was the blackest imaginable night, heavily overcast—thank God. Angell became aware that George was peering at his wrist watch, and the moment prompted him to do the same. It was incredible that fifty minutes had passed since he altered course—incredible too, now that he was waiting, to find how long the next ten minutes lasted.

"Come left to zero one three," he ordered.

"Zero one three. Aye aye, sir."

"I want," began Angell to George, and then he stopped to cough and clear his throat. Excitement was making him hoarse. "I want you to be ready to keep the plot when we make contact—if we do. Don't go to your regular station. Stay by the telephone beside Klein."

"Aye aye, sir. I think you're quite right, if you'll pardon me, sir."

Why did not George show any sign of buck fever? Or was he doing so? Angell suddenly understood George's constrained formality and felt very much better. There was nothing like seeing other people under strain to gain relief oneself.

Now the watch was changing. "Sound general quarters," said Angell.

The alarm blared through the ship. There was sudden noise and bustle, the inevitable clanking of steel helmets, voices raised here and there. Angell found himself taking a mental note that he must mention that tomorrow to his officers. Tomorrow? Silence fell upon the ship again except for the quiet wording of the reports. Now she was silent as well as invisible upon the invisible sea. She was ready for instant action now, ready for battle at a moment's notice. Her fighting capacity was at its highest pitch, but it would not stay at that level for long. Men would grow tired and sleepy. Men would grow careless. He must conserve the ship's strength during the long vigil; he gave another order to George.

"Aye aye, sir," said George, turning away after an invisible salute.

"Now hear this," bellowed the loudspeaker five seconds later. "Now hear this."

George's voice took over from there. This was not a drill, he said. The ship was passing through a zone of extreme danger, but as the period was likely to be prolonged, officers at each station could detail half their men in turn to sleep at their stations.

Now it was also time to alter course again. "Come right to zero two three."

Now everything was ready until the next change of course in an hour's time. There was nothing more to be done—nothing, that is, except to wait, wait, wait, standing in that utter darkness, resolutely keeping the mind from imagining mistakes and disaster.

Old Flower, the senior quartermaster, was standing by the wheel now, supervising a quartermaster striker, but ready to take over when necessary. He was a man of immense experience and of reliable stolidity, but he had seen no more war than Angell had—would he be as stolid as that and as dependably obedient if shells were raining on the ship and the decks spouting flames? And he himself? No, he could, and should, wonder about Flower, but he must not wonder about himself. *Perhaps* ——

"Bridge aye," said a talker in the darkness.

This was it! This was it!

"Skunk bearing zero zero two!" It was Klein's report from the radar. "Range seventeen thousand yards!"

A rain squall was bursting over the ship at this very moment, but Angell was unaware of it. Now was the time for instant orders to be given. Now was the time when, after all the hours of waiting, every second was of importance. A clear head was needed to give orders in logical sequence, a quick mind to give them without waste of time.

"Mind your helm. Steer a tight course."

"I have the wheel steady on zero two three, sir." That was Flower.

"All bridge talkers—alert all hands to stand by for action. Prepare for torpedo attack. . . . Lieutenant Brown, let me have that course."

"Aye aye, sir. Target bearing zero zero zero! Range sixteen thousand yards!" Ships on collision courses came together with paralyzing rapidity.

"Prepare for torpedo attack to port."

"Aye aye, sir," from Antonini, moving to the port torpedo director. That order and that reply had been given a hundred times before in drill, but this was the real thing, no simulated play acting, but war—life and death.

"Target bearing three five five! Range fourteen five."

Now from George, "Course three one five will bring us in on her port bow."

"Left full rudder. Steady up on three one five. . . . Talker, alert the lookouts to keep sharp lookout ahead."

The first contact had been made toward the very end of one leg of the zigzag—the best proof of how necessary the zigzag course had been.

"Disengage gyro stops." That was Antonini at the torpedo director again, giving the definitive order that would make the torpedoes ready for action. He was speaking with funereal solemnity—perhaps that was the best way to insure against mistakes, at the same time restraining the excitement of the men who would have to obey those orders.

"Target bearing three five four! Range eleven thousand yards!"

They must be very nearly on the correct course, if not dead upon it. Klein's next report would show.

"Cap'n, can you tell me what's the target?" Antonini was asking the question.

"Heavy cruiser."

"Two-degree spread," ordered Antonini in that lugubrious voice, so unlike his normal conversation. "Set running depth fifteen feet."

Down aft in the black darkness, men would be making those adjustments; steady fingers and unhurried calm there were as vitally necessary as a clear head on the bridge.

"Target bearing three five three steady. Range nine thousand!"

So they were dead on course, running on a constant bearing straight to meet the target.

"Match pointers," said Antonini and then, in a tone only a trifle less flat, "Setup complete, cap'n."

"Very well."

"Target bearing three five three. Range eight thousand yards."

Now everything was done—everything was ready for the attack.

"All engines ahead flank," ordered Angell.

"All engines ahead flank," repeated the hand at the telegraph, but there was a crack in his voice as he spoke. "Engine room answers. All engines ahead flank."

That man would bear careful watching; but the sudden tremendous increase in vibration and the audible rise in the pitch of the blowers' note told that he had carried out his order correctly. *Boon* was charging in now, hurtling over the water at optimum speed to close the gap in the briefest possible time.

"Radar, let me have consecutive ranges."

"Range seven thousand yards."

The rain squall had ceased—Angell could not remember when. It was a pity that it had done so, but it was far too much to hope for—that they could have come all the way in under cover of a squall.

"Range six five hundred."

But the night was still utterly black. Angell, peering out with straining eyes through his binoculars over the starboard bow, could see nothing at all. But perhaps the famous Japanese lookouts had spotted the *Boon*. Perhaps already there were alarms blaring over there, a helm being put over to foil his thrust, guns being trained for their destruction.

"Range six thousand yards."

Only two minutes—one minute now. He could not see the enemy even though he knew where to look. Could the Japs see them—were conditions more favorable to them? But even when they did, there would be a lapse of time; time would pass while they made sure, while the information was passed on, while it was being digested and acted upon.

"Range five five double oh."

"Target spotted, cap'n," said Antonini.

"Gun director reports on target," said a talker out of the darkness.

Now he could see it—a solid nucleus of greater darkness in the otherwise uniform dark, still too vague for him to guess at her course. But if he could see them, then almost for certain they could see him. How long before they reacted?

"Range four five double oh."

He would wait a little longer—just a little longer, before he swung to parallel the cruiser. He had a momentary vision of the layout of the afterdeck to complement his mental plan of the coming turn. Thank God he had had those K guns moved—he could loose his whole salvo without any restraint at all. Was that dark form changing its shape?

"Right full rudder. Come to zero one five."

Boon lay right over as the rudder bit into the sea and swung her round.

"Mark!" said Antonini sharply.

"On target!" from the operator.

"Fire when ready!" said Angell. No one noticed, not even himself, how his voice cracked as he spoke.

The ready lights glowed on the director.

"Fire one!" said Antonini, using his funereal tone again. The two monosyllables were moments of harsh reality in this mad unreality of shrieking blowers and foaming water and heeling decks. But Antonini was still speaking, and what he was saying in that flat voice now blended with the madness.

"If I hadn't been a torpedo officer, I wouldn't be here," said Antonini slowly. "Fire two! If I hadn't been a torpedo officer, I wouldn't be here. Fire three!"

So he droned on, inhumanly, as eight torpedoes were being fired. Drill had taught him that the recital consumed the thirty-five seconds desirable in firing a spread. It was the same method and almost the same words as had been used in firing salutes to Nelson or John Paul Jones.

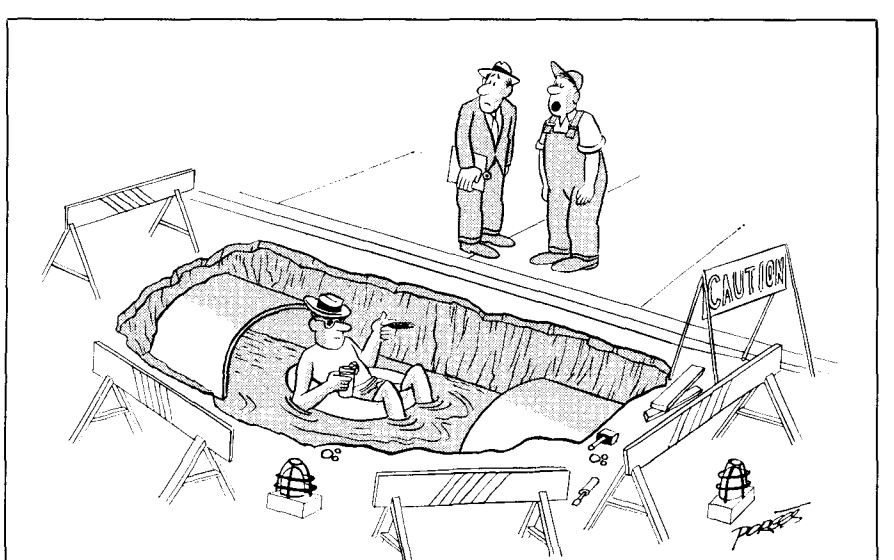
"Fire eight!" said Antonini and, still without a change of tone, "All torpedoes expended, sir. No casualties."

"Very well." He had completed a mission to the best of his ability; this was a peak, an Everest, in his professional career, with eight torpedoes launched at a rich target. But this was no moment to relax, in these last fleeting seconds before those torpedoes hit—or missed.

"Steady on zero one five," reported Flower at the wheel.

"Main battery commence firing!" ordered Angell, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before the five-inch guns burst out in a shattering crash and great jets of flame.

The guns were on the target, the range was ludicrously short. Because the Japs must certainly have seen the flashes as the powder charges hurled the torpedoes over the side, there was no need for further concealment—there could be no doubt that the cruiser's guns were



"It's his lunchtime."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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training round upon *Boon* at this very moment. Angell must hit her while he might, doing what damage he could before she sank him—if all those eight torpedoes had missed.

The flashes were blinding. *Boon* was shaking convulsively under the recoils. Still he must keep his head clear. "Fishtail her, Flower!" he yelled through the din.

"Fishtail. Aye aye, sir," Flower's voice answered him, barely audible.

The twenty-millimeters were at work too, scarlet tracers threading the dark. They stood no chance of hitting, but Angell checked himself on the point of ordering them to cease fire. *Let 'em*, he said to himself.

The cruiser was suddenly illuminated with bursts of fire as the shells rained upon her, and then illuminated again with huge horizontal spouts of flame—that was her big guns firing straight at the *Boon*. And then another, different, flame appeared at the cruiser's water line, abaft her after turret. Then the flash of a five-inch, bursting close above, illuminated a soaring fountain of spray beside the cruiser.

"A hit!" That was Antonini, shouting at the top of his lungs.

The deck heeled madly; the great spouts of flame again came from the cruiser's guns, and then another dull burst of flame flashed at her water line, below her stacks.

"Another hit!" yelled Antonini.

Over went the deck again as *Boon* fishtailed; some of the din died away as the twenty-millimeters ceased to bear. A sheet of flame went soaring up the cruiser's side, lighting up her every detail, and flying and blazing fragments indicated small internal explosions. The cruiser was dropping astern of the *Boon*—it was not merely a relative change of position due to the fishtailing. Her engines must have stopped—and now there was another explosion on her water line, well forward.

"Three hits!" yelled Antonini and then, in his flat voice, "I wish to report three hits, sir."

Everything that Angell could see of the cruiser had changed. He realized that she had swung nearly bows-on to him and she was listing right over. Her very upper works seemed different—perhaps a mast had fallen. And there was not a sign of life about her amid the flames. She had fired only those two salvos, which had gone heaven knew where.

"Cease firing," he ordered. "All engines ahead two thirds. Right standard rudder. Bring her round again."

The dead silence, the sudden diminution in the whine of the blowers, the total cessation of the jarring of the guns, the dying down of the wind of their passage—all this was in fantastic contrast to the din of a moment ago. He could even hear the sound of the waves under the bow, and the ping of the sonar—it was like any one of a score of recent nights at sea. But he became conscious of the sound of the flames and the explosions in the cruiser, and the waves round her were red with reflected light. Fires glowed through her steel. Antonini crossed the bridge to keep her under observation.

"She's going, sir. She's going!"

The blazing structure was heeling over more and more; there was a roar of quenched metal and a cloud of steam as she lowered her red-hot side down into the water. In a haze of smoke and vapor her bows reared up skyward as her stern sank deeper; her bows were almost bottom up and still there were flames and explosions. Then she slid backward slowly, foot by foot, and the fires went out as the sea closed over her, leaving Angell staring with dazzled eyes that could see nothing at all in the ink-black night. And there was not a sound through the length and breadth of the *Boon*—only a stony silence, the silence of awe.

"All engines ahead one third," said Angell.

The riven corpse of the cruiser was sinking through the black waters of the Pacific, down to the ooze a thousand fathoms deep, and Angell was speaking like a man come back to consciousness after delirium. Everything was crystal-clear, yet unbelievable.

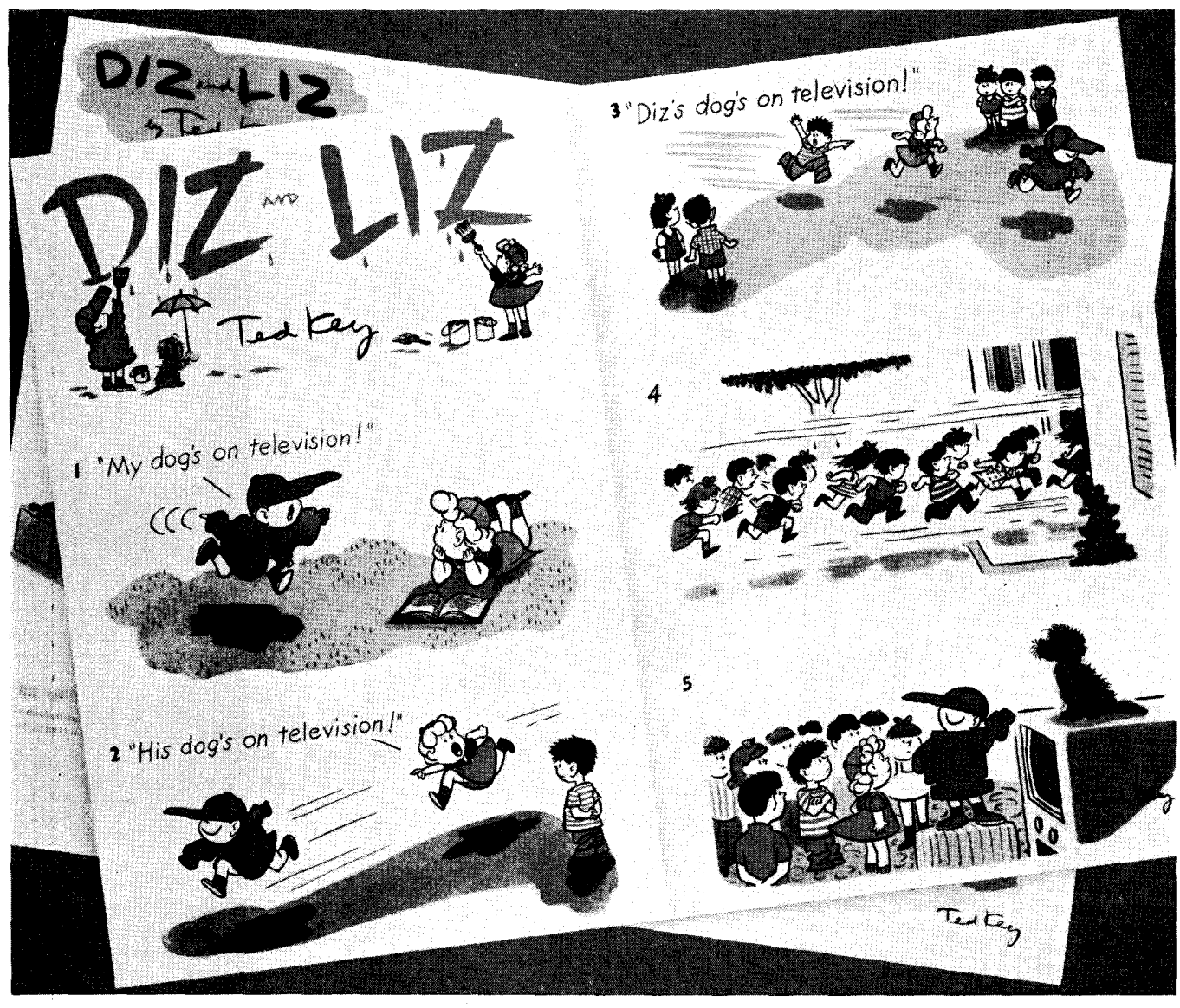
"Prepare to rescue survivors."

He had delivered the first counter-stroke. The world would know now, the Japanese would realize with apprehension, that the giant was recovering his strength. Staffwork and production, training and doctrine, ingenuity and common sense—all these factors had played a part in the victory.

The Japanese could fight on and could die, but their deaths would be unavailing.

They would be as unavailing as the deaths of the few men whom *Boon* found afloat as she crept forward through the debris of the sunken cruiser—men who beat off the hands stretched to rescue them, the man on the life raft who shot at his would-be saviors with a pistol and who was left drifting in the lonely Pacific, the men who submerged themselves voluntarily rather than be picked up. Useless deaths these were, but life seemed valueless even to the four spiritless creatures who huddled in the *Boon*'s mess hall after being pulled out of the water. Perhaps they could foresee a future of defeat.

THE END



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Big Push in Soviet Propaganda

(Continued from Page 15)

The first task of the school is to instill in every student an identical notion of the grand sweep of Soviet strategy and "tactical flexibility." The aim of that strategy is to assure the world domination of Socialism. "Tactical flexibility" means that in each country, at some time in history, the ever-changing problems will be different and must be handled differently. In some countries it will be possible to move quickly—to give history a push. In others it will be necessary to go more slowly, to mask Soviet intentions, to work in feigned sympathy with unsatisfactory local movements.

Serge also was taught such practical skills as the art of "spontaneous demonstration." The anti-riot procedures of police all over the world were carefully studied so that they could be circumvented. Serge personally will never participate in such a demonstration. But he will give the triggering order to the local Communist leaders. The Communists, for example, carefully controlled the pitch and tempo of the Zengakuren student demonstration against the Japanese visit of President Eisenhower. The Communists in Tokyo, vastly outnumbered in the Zengakuren organization by moderates and conservatives, maneuvered the others during the last three days before the President's scheduled visit. The result of this tactic was a stunning historical cataclysm. The sovereign head of the world's most powerful nation was prevented from visiting another head of state. To this day most of the members of the Zengakuren, who howled in the streets during those days, are not anti-American and are not quite sure how they were manipulated. For Serge, such a performance is a routine technique.

A former Communist once told us, we thought jokingly, that one of the things taught at the Diplomatic School was "the moment for producing the proletarian corpse." By this the ex-Communist meant the technique of mysteriously killing or wounding a well-known native leader—especially one in revolt against white officials. The result of the murder usually is a violent flare-up of native rage against those in authority. To succeed in such a political maneuver requires great skill. One of the problems of the propagandist is to calculate accurately when the moment for the murder has arrived—and how to have the corpse "discovered" most effectively.

In recent years we are not so certain that our ex-Communist friend was joking. With an eerie consistency, political deaths around the world inflame insurrections and benefit the Communists. From Laos to Vietnam to the Congo there is a thin, red, bloody strand that is almost surely not accidental.

Upon completion of his studies at the Diplomatic School, Serge was ordered to a Soviet embassy in Africa, where he at once had a consultation with the Russian political boss. In most Soviet embassies the ambassador is not the "No. 1 man" but is only a figurehead. He is the one charged with the energy-consuming task of showing up at social functions. If the ambassador absorbs a staggering number of vodka toasts and a huge amount of caviar at such functions, he can spend the next day recovering. The important political work is done by others who have time to think and study. Usually the real leader of the embassy will occupy what is officially the third or fourth position.

Serge was given almost a completely free hand. The camouflaged "No. 1" said he would issue specific orders only when a change in tactics or strategy came down from Moscow.

At first Serge concentrated on influencing strategically placed persons. Serge also saw that Twi poets, writers and intellectuals had their work translated and reviewed by Tass and in *Pravda*, or in one of the many specialized journals within Russia. The reviews invariably glowed with praise. Serge made certain that the local intellectual received a Twi translation of the review—as well as substantial royalties.

In the second phase Serge generated an impression of great Soviet admiration for the "folk culture" of the host country. The Soviet press published editorials insisting that selected native intellectuals be invited to Russia as state guests. Such visits were lavishly prepared and widely reported.

In Russia the surprised Africans found themselves surrounded by people who were not only friendly but apparently genuinely well informed and deeply interested in the culture of their own country. Writers who had barely been making a living suddenly began to receive handsome checks from Moscow for work that was translated into Russian. Musicians and artists received the same heady attention.

We once asked a group of Asian intellectuals, all of whom had received royalty payments from Moscow, if they knew that no American or British writer was able to receive royalties for works published in Russia. There was an embarrassing silence. We asked, half-jokingly, how many of them would be willing to return their royalty checks to Moscow as a gesture of "solidarity" with their American literary colleagues.

One of the Asians, more candid than the others, stated, "It is impossible. I am now dependent for approximately fifty per cent of my income on Soviet royalties. I could not afford to do as you ask, and I am ashamed of that fact." Most of the writers professed to be unaffected politically by their Soviet incomes.

But a young Indonesian writer told us, "It is difficult to avoid unconscious seduction. The first few articles I wrote for the Communists were fair and objective, and they printed them precisely as I wrote them. Each time they paid me more than I had received before. After a few months, however, they began to suggest slight editorial changes: Would I object to the placing of the word 'imperialistic' before 'American'; would it not be accurate to describe Eisenhower, a former general, as a 'militarist'? If I balked they quietly went along, but they kept the pressure on—partly by raising the payments. One day I finished an article and on rereading realized that it was straight Communist doctrine. I tore it up and have not written for the Communists since."

He is a rare exception. But let us return to Serge.

Serge's next step was an intensive program of "cultural exchange." Here Serge took Japan as an example. In 1957 a distinguished Russian pianist, Gilels, made a Japanese tour. This was quickly followed by a tour of the singer Alla Glenkova. In 1958 the Russians invited the Japanese puppet theater Avidzi to Russia, where it received wildly enthusiastic reviews. The Russians also made it known, pointedly, that this was the first trip that the puppeteers had made outside of Japan's borders. Scholars, scientists and famous Russian artists too numerous to mention all visited Japan. In return, numerous groups of Japanese were invited to visit Russia.

Japan is a fully developed society, and Japanese are likely to recognize propaganda techniques when they see them. Even so, the Russians have made a serious propaganda penetration and are constantly working hard to enlarge it.

In the primitive and emerging nations the Soviet effort is proportionately much higher. Communist entertainers and artists and journalists flood to countries like Liberia, the Sudan, Ethiopia, Iran, Lebanon and all the Arab countries.

In Burma, Russian circuses and Chinese entertainers went to tiny upcountry hamlets where the people had never before seen a foreigner. In some cases the Russian circus staff was larger than the village population.

Serge followed the established propaganda pattern closely. Once key people are cultivated and a mask of "friendliness" exhibited to the masses, the propaganda dagger is aimed at other victims. The next target group is students. They are invited to "fairs," youth festivals, cultural meetings and universities—all in Russia. Preparations are carefully made. For example, student delegations arriving in Russia from France and Great Britain and the United States, who have some knowledge of Communist techniques and are therefore likely to be suspicious, are housed in drab, ordinary dormitories. But the delegations from Africa, the Arab countries and Southeast Asia are housed and fed in plush luxury— candlelighted tables, a menu meticulously put together with careful attention to religious requirements and native food tastes, and cheerful waiters.

Perhaps the high point in the propagandizing of students took place in 1960 when Khrushchev, while visiting in Indonesia, announced that the Soviet Union had established a "University of Friendship of the Peoples." This university is designed to train engineers, physicians, teachers and technical experts from all over the world. If successful it might make it possible for Communism to capture the intellectual elite of most of the countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Fortunately the first few classes did not go well. But the Russians are experimenting; the curriculum of the Friendship University has just been changed.

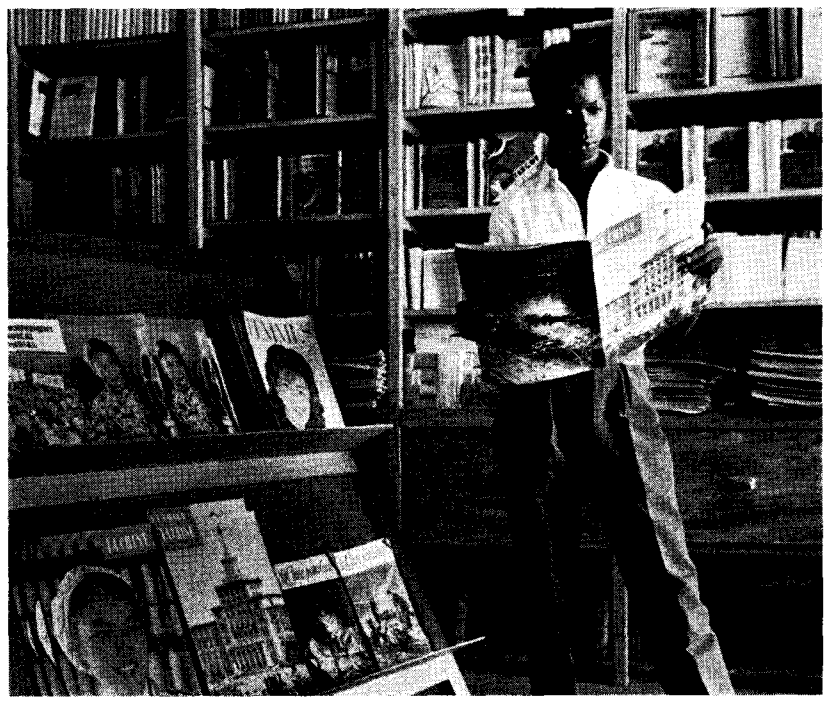
The countless festivals and youth congresses in the Soviet Union are carefully and generously subsidized. Students from the poor nations pay little or nothing. But the Soviet aid is always carefully presented as a "fellowship" or as a reward for winning a contest or some such face-saving device.

Once an atmosphere of friendliness is established with the intellectual elite and the organization of students in underdeveloped countries is under way, the next step is a careful wooing of the leaders. With a shrewd eye for protocol, the Russians first send a high-ranking diplomat to call on leaders such as Sukarno, Haile Selassie, Nehru or the Shah of Iran. The foreign head of government is then invited to the Soviet Union. There is no limit to costs.

Take the visit of Nasser, the ruler of Egypt, to Russia. He was flown in a luxuriously equipped Soviet jetliner, the TU-104. When he arrived in Moscow, he was greeted by orderly files of people cheering as he drove down the street. Scrubbed school children threw flowers at him wherever he went. At small, intimate parties Nasser was shown examples of Egyptian and Arabic works translated into Russian, some of them consisting of his own speeches, which had been catalogued as "masterpieces." He met Soviet Moslems who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. While traveling in Russia he was shown factories making the most sophisticated military equipment, parts for guided missiles and earth-moving equipment. The implication was clear: The Soviet Union was not only powerful in war but able to supply the kind of equipment needed to build the Aswan Dam; and she could supply seed and farm machinery for the lands to be irrigated by that dam.

At a splendid "state dinner" Khrushchev assured Nasser of the support of "the whole socialist world" in his "struggle for independence." Nasser was also informed that the Soviets had just established a Society for Friendship and Cultural Relations With the Countries of the Arab East.

The usual concluding flourish to such a trip is making a gift of the jet plane in which the foreign leader has traveled. Haile Selassie, the Shah of Iran and Sukarno have received such "gifts," U Nu of Burma flies in a plane presented by the Russians. (*Continued on Page 54*)



Conakry, Guinea: This young Guinean comes under the influence of Red Chinese literature which costs practically nothing in his local bookstore. Russia and China distribute billions of books and propaganda magazines around the world yearly.

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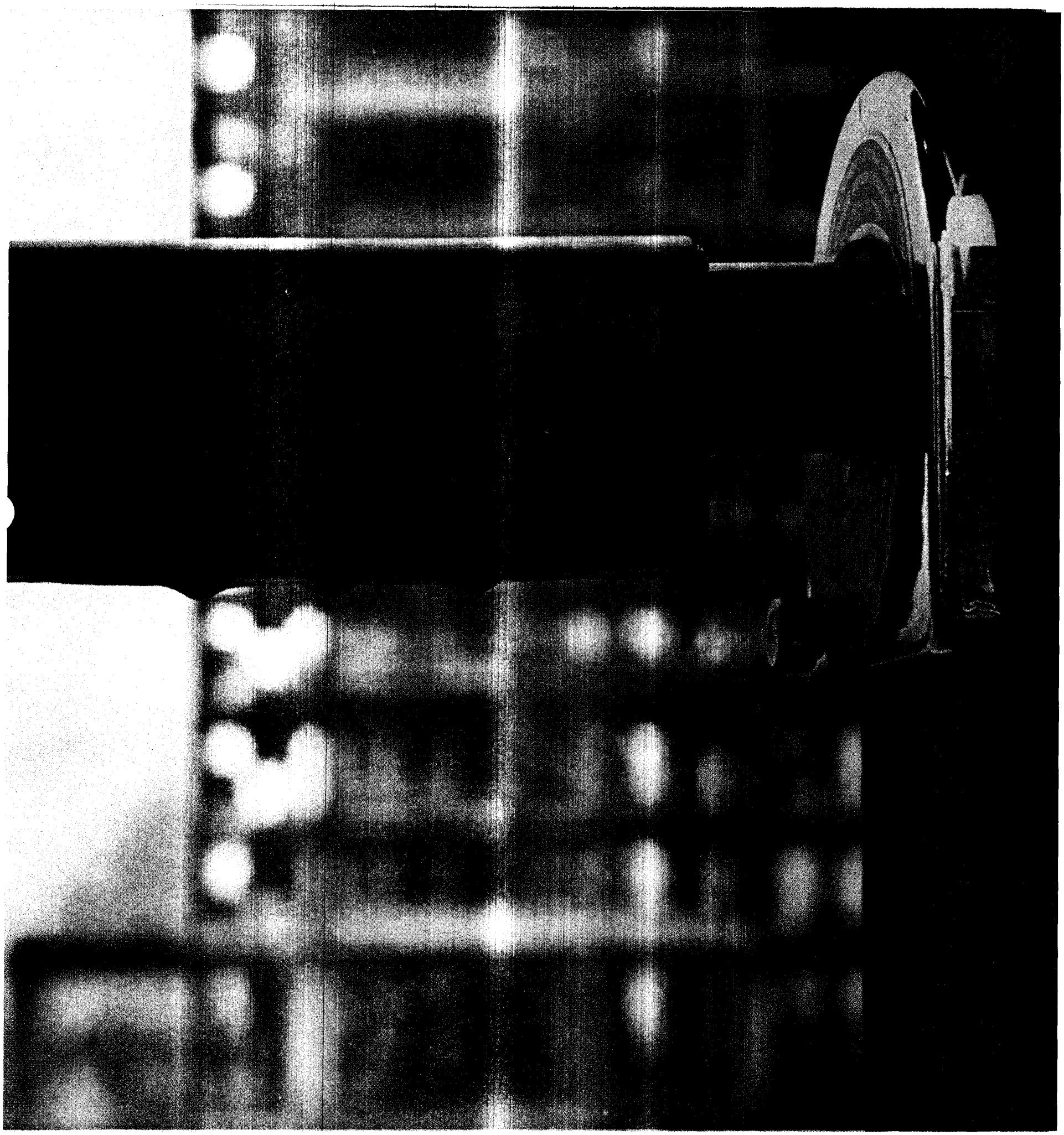

New buildings seem to shoot up before our eyes these days. One reason is an extraordinary tool that actually shoots fasteners into steel or concrete with a powder charge. The Ramset® tool fastens steel to steel, wood to steel, steel to concrete and wood to concrete fifteen times faster than ordinary methods, with no wires, no drilling, no plugging — and with a powerful saving in human effort. With this new, completely portable power behind his skill, a worker can shoot a threaded stud into steel in a single second. He can secure a thousand square foot house to its foundation in ten minutes. He can fasten the miles of ducts needed for heating and cooling a skyscraper fifty stories high (ordinarily an eight-week job) in three days. Look! There's another new building! ■ Another creative solution to a problem . . . from the Winchester-Western Division of Olin.

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(*Continued from Page 50*) The Russians pay special attention to local customs. They know, for example, that Indonesians prefer lengthy movies. The longer the show, the more the Indonesians like it. It is no accident that President Sukarno exhibited the three-hour motion picture of his trip to Russia in preference to the thirty-minute movie documentation of his visit to America made by our United States Information Agency.

The foreign leader, thus manipulated, sometimes leaves the Soviet Union with the impression not only that the Russians are deeply interested in his country, but that Russia is the "coming" economic and military power. No one lectured him on the "inevitability of world Communism." He has met the real leaders of Russia and may have the impression that he can "do business with the Russians" without compromising his position.

The results are alarming. Today in Egypt there are thousands of Soviet technicians, military advisers and engineers. Instruction in the Russian language has begun in secondary schools of the United Arab Republic. Three hundred of her best students are being sent *annually* to Russia to study.

Now Russia is ready for the last stage of propaganda: "the socialization of the masses." This means a penetrating and widespread propagandization of the citizens of a foreign country. The blueprint of action is clear. In most of the emerging countries where Serge—and a thousand others like him—serves, the public-communication system is either primitive or nonexistent. One of Serge's first steps in socializing the masses will be to see that small radios are distributed to the outlying villages by the native Communist party. These radios have one peculiarity: They receive only one station—Radio Moscow or Radio Peking. Powerful broadcasting stations in Russia and China fill the air with programs in Amoy, Tonkinese, Tibetan, Pashto, Bengali, Berber and hundreds of other languages. In deserts, deltas and farm areas the entire population of tiny hamlets will squat around the radio in the evening hours. As the young people crank the hand generator, the village listens to Bing Crosby, the Red Army Chorus, classical music, folk music of their own land—and a carefully edited version of world news. American press reports are rewritten to make us look as bad and unhappy as possible.

The Communists also realize that intense "literacy drives" among the emerging nations creates a new market for books, magazines and newspapers. Today the Russians and Chinese are the biggest publishers of books in the world. Between them they produce more than 2,000,000,000 books a year, which surpasses the entire output of all other nations. A large fraction of these volumes are published in foreign languages, ranging from obscure African languages, like Fang-Bulu and Kabyle, to Japanese and German. Children's books which successfully convert Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood into Communist heroes are put out in fine editions, beautifully illustrated. Millions of magazines are distributed throughout the world, each of them aimed at a specific audience: the peasant, the trade-union member, the city worker, the disgruntled intellectual.

Today the world's best-selling author is Joseph Stalin. His books are followed by the Bible, but the next three most widely read authors are Communists. A bookseller in Cairo or Djakarta or Bangkok or Singapore finds it financially attractive to stock Communist literature. First, he pays for the books in the local currency, directly to the Russian or Chinese Embassy. Secondly, their cost is low and the profit is high.

The accumulated local currency resulting from local payments is used by officials like Serge to establish native newspapers and journals. Normally there will be an "overt" Communist newspaper, which concentrates on lengthy analyses of Marxist theory. It is usually turgid and has a small circulation. But Communist money also flows to the "covert" newspapers. They carry neutral titles such as "The Star" or "The Chronicle" and are jammed with popular features attracting a mass circulation. With no visible Communist connections, these papers carry on bitter campaigns against "white colonialism" and the presence of American troops overseas.

Hand in hand with books and newspapers, the Communists have been engaged since 1955 in a stepped-up production of motion pictures. Among other advantages, use of this medium assures that illiterates are not overlooked. In five years the number of Communist propaganda films has quadrupled.

Serge is familiar with all these techniques. He has the personnel and assets to use instantly whatever method he judges most effective. Serge can order any Russian in the area to take on a propaganda project; and each receives a specific assignment in addition to his normal job. Whatever money or equipment is needed Serge can get quickly from Moscow. Films, money, printing presses, newsprint, books, a grand ballet—these will be flown in at his request. The Russian Government is organized for this kind of operation. The propaganda agency in the U.S.S.R. has a status equal to that of the Foreign Service or Department of Defense.

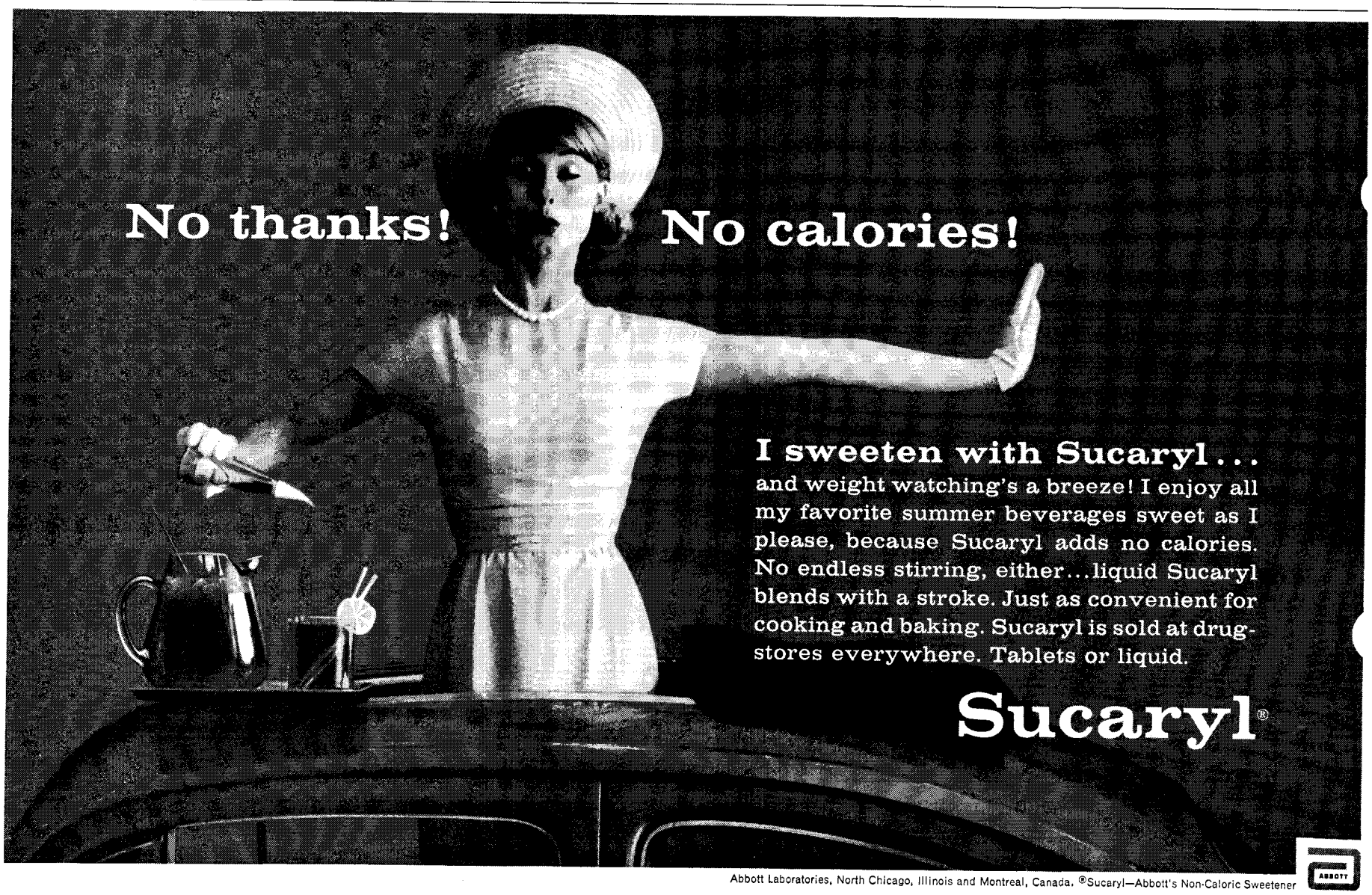
There is only one thing Serge may not do: He may not fail. If he makes one major mistake, he is ruined. He will be recalled and placed in a minor post for life. The same applies to everyone involved in Russian strategy and tactics.

Compared with the Communist effort the American venture into propaganda is anemic. Not only is the USIA budget severely limited, but so is its statutory function. It can only "project the American image abroad." It is paradoxical that America, where the communications arts are most highly developed and where the technical skills are so far advanced, should be such a slow starter.

Our USIA people are on the whole as intelligent and perceptive as their Russian counterparts. But they are paralyzed by inadequate funds, too frequent shifts in posts, and sketchy training in the language and customs of the area they serve.

The Communists are not infallible. They have made great mistakes. Their ruthless suppression of the Hungarians, the inhumanity of the collective farms in China and other events have nullified many of their propaganda drives. Then, too, the Soviet Friendship University is by all accounts a dismal place that offends many students. Yet few Asians or Africans are aware of these facts. All in all, the Russians make more mistakes than Americans do. But the Communists have the funds, trained personnel and organization to take advantage of—or create—American fumbles. We are slow to act.

There is nothing at this moment to prevent Americans from creating the intellectual and technical weapons required to win the great battle for exposing the minds of men to the truth. The Communists already have a formidable machine at work telling lies. Americans can overcome it. All that is lacking at the moment is an awareness of the danger and a determination to do something about it. THE END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What Europe Thinks of Us Now

(Continued from Page 30)

peoples as well as their governments will respond with equal toughness.

Liberal opinion in Europe on the Administration has changed more rapidly than that of the conservative governments. From the outset the latter took the attitude that although they wished the President well, they had to wait and see. The liberals saw him as a savior. "If this government is as good as some of our people think," a Labor Party politician said early in February, "then we've nothing to worry about." Of course it wasn't, indeed it couldn't be, and there's plenty for Europeans to worry about.

The Left in Europe cherished the conviction that the return of a Democratic Administration would produce a shift in American policies toward its own views. President Kennedy's inaugural address, imaginative ideas like the Peace Corps, the appointment of Adlai Stevenson evoked thunderous applause. Solemn fellows in cabinet offices and foreign ministries who suggested that the cheering be deferred until the Administration proved itself provoked liberal anger. Conservative statesmen who hinted that the problems facing Mr. Kennedy were those that had faced Mr. Eisenhower and that the ultimate American reactions to the problems would be about the same were scorned as pessimists.

Europe's initial views scarcely had jelled before they were shaken by the failure of the invasion of Cuba, the civil war in Laos, the worsening of the pro-American government's position in South Vietnam, the racial troubles in Alabama, and the harsh reality of the Soviet bid for Berlin. The mood now is a questioning one.

Not long ago a Conservative member of Parliament, a man known for his unvarying loyalty to the United States and the Atlantic Alliance, was asked some difficult questions about the Administration at a political fete in his constituency. Voters not often interested in anything beyond prices and taxes wanted to know when he thought President Kennedy and his team would start to produce. The American President, they said, sounded like a man of ideas and action. They knew what the ideas were—when were they going to get the action?

As far as the Administration is concerned, Europe has recovered the skepticism that is the beginning of political wisdom. Henceforth both governments and public opinions over here are going to be harder to convince. This is not a sign of weakness. The alliance America leads endures because it is one of allies and friends. If it were one of vassals and puppets, it would crack under Communist pressure.

President Kennedy's visits to Paris and London and his talk with Premier Khrushchev in Vienna created a great deal of interest, but it is doubtful if they sold Europeans as solidly as the Administration's cheerleaders have insisted. Mr. Kennedy's words could not be faulted since he invariably praised the countries, peoples and governments who were his hosts. But in these parlous times Europe wants something more. It may want more than America can give. But it has been told by our President that the United States has a great deal to give.

As I discovered in a trip across the United States last autumn, Americans' ideas of what they can do for Europe and what American leadership means to Europe are exaggerated. This is an area for caution. American views of America and European views of America differ greatly.

For example, the President has outlined a policy that is largely progressive—one that a German editorial writer described to me as "essentially social-democratic." Social legislation proposed for the United States, the Administration's attitude during the racial troubles in Alabama, the President's appeal for aid to Latin America—all counted to the Government's credit. These were expressions of the liberal America. But the European who makes political speeches or writes political editorials knows there is another America, an essentially conservative, right-wing nation.

This is the America he believes is dominant. President Kennedy identifies the United States with a continuing revolutionary process. The European sees American society as one that rejects not only revolution but all but the most gradual changes. He sees a nation that, while periodically throwing up a Jefferson, a Lincoln, a Franklin Roosevelt, still remains conservative politically. Left and Right may be in eternal conflict, as they are in European democracies. But from the European viewpoint the political dice are loaded in favor of the Right in an affluent, satisfied society.

In the words of Prof. D. W. Brogan, a leading British authority on America, most Americans don't know that the outside world exists as a political force. Europeans are pleased by American respect for the Continent's cultural heritage. They would be happier if Americans paid more attention to their political ideas.

We must recognize, too, that no matter how resolute we Americans sound to ourselves in our defiance of Russia, the old Continent has her doubts. Three Presidents—Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy—have announced the willingness of the United States to fight Russia over certain issues, of which Berlin is the most urgent. But a European of sixty-five has lived through two world wars. No matter how tough we talk, he will recall that America came late to the battlefields in both wars. The presence of American troops is some reassurance. But the European may doubt if the United States would any longer risk a war in Europe, for Europe, if this inevitably meant—as it would mean—great destruction in the United States by thermonuclear weapons.

Why has President Charles de Gaulle insisted upon a French nuclear weapon? Because he was clearly unsure of American willingness to risk the destruction of New York or Detroit in the defense of Lille or Paris. What was the reason the then minister of defense, Duncan Sandys, gave the House of Commons for maintaining Britain's nuclear weapons? It was the fear that in some circumstances America might withdraw, leaving Europe alone to face the Russians. This doubt—whether at the climax of a European crisis that involved the risk of war an American Administration would go all the way—will be a constant factor in assessing European attitudes toward American policies in the next six months.

In its first few weeks the Administration had the enthusiastic support of Europe's liberals and the more restrained endorsement of her governments. How do our friends over here regard the series of setbacks since? Most Europeans would begin by admitting that these affect them quite as much as they affect us.

Curiously, the failure of the Cuban adventure worried our friends abroad less than it worried us. They were more concerned about what didn't happen afterward. They cannot understand why, when "someone had blundered" so obviously, that a person or persons did not pay for the blunder by resignation. Europeans don't believe the Administration suffered a mortal reverse over Cuba. They do feel that the ineptitude ought to be punished.

"It was all very well," a retired English statesman told me, "for Winston to tell the House in 1940 that if we opened a quarrel with the past we might lose the future. But that was in a war crisis. You're not in that sort of crisis yet—the kind where the existence of the state is at stake. But unless you take a sterner attitude toward the blunderers, you very soon will be."

The Englishman's words reflect the view that Washington should not allow Cuba to become an obsession. Frenzied concentration on that issue, it is argued, can prevent Washington's taking an objective global view of infinitely more dangerous problems raised by the duel with Russia. In the first weeks of the Administration's life Europe saw a movement away from the sterile arguments of the cold war and the development of more flexible tactics in dealing with the Soviet Union. An exaggeration of the Cuban danger, they fear, may lead the United States back to the old, unprofitable cold-war stalemate.

Since last spring the Administration has been involved in three international meetings. Each was important. Each was different in scope and objectives. Success in each was essential to the carrying forward of the Administration's foreign policies.

The talks among the North Atlantic allies at Oslo in May were talks among friends. Often in the past the inability of the Eisenhower Administration to understand the temper of European peoples and their governments led to disputes that invariably ended with rather ingenuous assertions of American strength as the reason for American leadership. American delegations got their way, but not without some cost to our reputation for tolerance and courtesy.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk went to Oslo determined to speak for a government which, if it was infinitely more powerful than any other member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, was also prepared to discuss NATO's problems on terms of equality. He did not try to push the American line on every issue. Nor on the question of Portugal's behavior in Angola, the most explosive issue before the allies, was there any bullying.

The United States delegation refrained from issuing the kind of self-righteous pronouncement that in the past has infuriated our allies. But the Administration made the point that the United States and its NATO allies were alarmed by reports of atrocities in Angola and that the western position in Africa would be weakened if these continued. The American view was put—as such views should be put—in private. The alliance was not embarrassed by public bickering. It may be no stronger as a consequence of the conflict of views, but it certainly has not lost prestige as a consequence of a public row.

Geneva presented another set of problems. Here the Administration faced allies with different views on the approach to the future of Laos and the hostile delegations of the Soviet Union, Communist China, Poland and North Vietnam.

The Americans faced an almost impossible task. They had to negotiate the neutrality and independence of Laos, with the Communists aware that Laos had become a virtual pushover for the pro-Communist Pathet Lao, backed by the Soviet Union. They knew, too, that American efforts to build military resistance to Communism had failed on the battlefield. To beat the Communist forces in Laos they had to shift United States policy from military aid to economic assistance, coupled with a deeper understanding of the Laotians than that shown thus far. This sort of understanding, as Anthony Hartley wrote recently in *The Spectator* of London, "has frequently been lacking even in the case of a Western European country such as France."

The Americans also found that some of their allies, notably Britain and France, strongly opposed military intervention in Laos. In these circumstances Secretary Rusk and Averell Harriman resorted to a conventional diplomatic maneuver. They insisted that the terms on which the United States had agreed to attend the conference be met. The terms were the existence in Laos of a *de facto* cease-fire. Despite the howls from the Communist delegations, this was a legitimate procedure. We were playing for time in a situation that couldn't be worse, but

"Say when . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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that might conceivably improve. This is exactly the type of tactic the Soviet Union has used in the past in similar circumstances.

To their credit the Americans refrained from open criticism of the Eisenhower Administration, although they were convinced that the previous regime's support for Prince Boun Oum's government had placed them in their predicament. This absence of recrimination won applause from the other Allied delegations.

So did the flexibility, patience and precision—those essentials of effective diplomacy—displayed by the American delegation. The skill with which the Administration's spokesmen played a bad hand excited the admiration of our friends.

Diplomats abroad see the contest with the Soviet Union as a continuing struggle rather than one that can be won at any conference. Cervantes's admonition "Patience, and shuffle the cards" is one that most European diplomats would like to see the United States take to heart. They noted a trend in this direction at Geneva.

The President's test came at Vienna. This was a proving ground of his stature as a statesman, not an opportunity for negotiation. Mr. Kennedy left Vienna a bigger man in European eyes than when he arrived. This was because the President enforced upon his antagonist a more formidable image of American leadership. Before the meeting Premier Khrushchev had told an American that President Eisenhower, although an "admirable man," had not known what he, Khrushchev, was talking about at their meetings. After their first encounter, at the Geneva Summit Conference in 1955, Khrushchev said he had been surprised to see that the President answered him only after Secretary of State Dulles had passed him bits of paper with, Khrushchev assumed, the answers written on them.

Whether this is true or whether this is only another reflection of the Soviet premier's supreme egotism, President Kennedy's impact was entirely different. The Russian leader told his associates that his new opponent knew the subjects before them by heart and that he spoke without reference to his advisers. None of this changed Soviet policy, but it is the sort of thing that impresses Nikita Khrushchev.

Our President impressed President Charles de Gaulle, though this, too, is unlikely to lead to any changes in French policy. The aging general was struck by Mr. Kennedy's intellectual vigor and by his grasp of all problems. De Gaulle's state of mind, however, is in some respects not unlike that of Khrushchev. Here was a leader so convinced of the historical justice of his policy and of the destiny of his nation that everyday considerations were of minor importance. If the French President admired Mr. Kennedy's grasp of world problems, he did not admire the President for doing what came naturally—speaking as the leader of an alliance whose capital and source of power is Washington.

The one capital where President Kennedy won an unqualified success was London. There was something startling in the manner in which the elderly prime minister and the young President found themselves intellectually at one. The reason, of course, is that although they are commonly considered statesmen they are pragmatic politicians at heart. What suits Kennedy and Macmillan is what works. They deal in results, not ideologies.

"D'you know why they clicked?" a British politician asked. "They didn't have to explain. The President would mention 'Korea and our China policy' and Harold knew at once what he meant. The P.M. didn't have to go into a long song and dance about the row he's going to have with the Tories over the Common Market. All he had to say was, 'You know what our people are like when it comes to the Commonwealth,' and the President did know. This is the most realistic relationship we've had since Attlee and Truman."

In the first six months of its life the Administration has been helped immeasurably among European governments by a circumstance most Americans will find hard to understand. This was the absence of high-pressure salesmanship and the refusal of United States delegations or embassies to hog the credit for every western advance. In the past the tendency to brand every Allied position "Made in America" needlessly irritated our allies.

Any American abroad, of course, must always question whether previous administrations' intense tub-thumping to impress Europe had the intended effect. After more than twenty years abroad I have concluded that Europeans like or dislike Americans for deeply rooted reasons unaffected by day-to-day pronouncements on policy. The European is more concerned with results than with words. If he follows us it will be because our policies seem to him to be just and reasonable, not because he thinks America is God's own country with a divine right to lead.

The crisis the West faces on Berlin today is the most acute it has faced since the Berlin blockade of 1948–1949. This also will be a crisis of American leadership in Europe—the first major confrontation of East and West since America's major allies recovered their economic strength and stabilized their politics. In 1948, France and Britain, weak, beset by social ills and impoverished, "went along." Our Administration's task today is infinitely more difficult.

The wisdom of American leadership has been questioned by recent events from Cuba to Japan. The western position has plainly worsened in the contest with Russia. Finally, the American in Europe often encounters the belief that Europe needs America somewhat less than she did a decade ago, not because Europeans have any illusions about Soviet policy, but because the mutual possession of nuclear deterrents has created a balance of terror that rules out war.

The mood of Europe is not particularly favorable, therefore, for the exercise of American leadership in a really critical situation over Berlin. Yet there are factors in our favor that properly exploited can strengthen American influence over the Allies and restore the Administration's leadership. But we cannot and should not expect Europe to follow us as blindly as it did ten or twelve years ago.

As I see them the elements in our favor are these:

The image of the President: Mr. Kennedy is the first President to impress the European generation that has matured since the war. Despite Cuba, they believe in Kennedy. His youth and vigor are only two factors. More important is the impression he gives of recognizing that the contest with Russia will be fought and won on economic, political, diplomatic and propaganda battlefields. Nor has the President neglected the basic truth that success on these battlefields can be won by a nation whose military establishment commands respect.

The image of the Administration: With one or two exceptions, the men around the President are admired in Europe. Again this esteem is notable in the new generation of politicians abroad. Men like Chester Bowles, Dean Rusk, Adlai Stevenson have created the impression of an Administration that is reasonable, open to new ideas and genuinely concerned with the feelings of its allies. In Europe's eyes the recruitment of intellectuals to the Government is a virtue. After all, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom was a distinguished student and is now Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The President of France is a master of French prose, the Chancellor of West Germany is a man of deep culture.

The image of United States policies: Aside from Cuba, the development of the Administration's policies has won considerable praise. The acceptance of neutralism as a status that is not only natural to some nations but often beneficial indicated a new maturity of American policy. The terms in which the aid bill for Latin America was framed appeared to herald a period in which the United States was prepared to use its resources for something more than the establishment of right-wing military governments whose ability to resist Communism is questionable. The devaluation of the Pentagon in the making of policy relieved and encouraged our allies. A last and vital factor has been the tact with which American delegations at international meetings have developed their policies step by step with those of their allies.

The image of America: America and American policies have been sharply—often bitterly—criticized in the last five years. Because they know they cannot survive in a new world crisis without wise, strong American leadership and policies, Europeans have felt impelled to be critical, in the interest of their own survival. But no one who listens to all kinds of men and women in Europe can believe that the bright promise of America has vanished from their minds. There is envy and malice, of course. But there is hope and admiration too.

Late one night I listened to four students of the University of Geneva arguing furiously. Our racial policies, Cuba, our tendency to accept European leaders as representative—all were criticized. But at the end everyone agreed with the view of one young woman that "lots of America is bad but much more is good. The Americans want freedom, they want liberty—and not for themselves alone. Evidently they make mistakes. The others, the Communists, what do they seek? The end of liberty, the death of freedom."

Tests of the utmost severity lie ahead. The Administration will have free Europe with it as long as it remembers that it must be with Europe. The great movement for European unity has not yet been completed. Had it been completed—if there were but one European economic and political bloc—Europe alone could defy the Russians this autumn. But Europeans and Americans must play the game out to the end under the conditions of 1961. Unless they play it together, a good deal more than the reputation of the Administration and the hope of European unity will be lost. THE END

NEXT WEEK

AN EX-CONVICT'S ARGUMENT:

I SAY PRISONS ARE A FAILURE

By Hal Hollister

In Color:

ENGLAND, EVER ENGLAND

By James Morris

NEW GLAMOUR THERAPY FOR MENTALLY ILL WOMEN

By Milton and Margaret Silverman

THE REVOLUTION IN WESTERN THOUGHT

By Huston Smith

A NEW TUGBOAT ANNIE ADVENTURE

By Norman Reilly Raine

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The Clubwoman's Best Friend

(Continued from Page 25)

a captain stationed in California and the Northwest, the resolve crystallized.

Sarah Robert told us how *Robert's Rules of Order* began and much about its author. Ever since her husband's death, twenty-three years ago, she has been a very busy woman. She serves as parliamentarian or parliamentary consultant for all manner of national organizations, and reviews scores of proposed bylaws and manuscripts of books, booklets and charts whose authors want permission to cite her father-in-law's *Rules* as authority.

There is an incredible diversity in the organizations with which she has worked: Engineering societies, labor unions, departments of public information, church trustees, the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution—she is a past president general—and various patriotic, medical and special-interest societies in the fifty states. When we met her, she was preparing to leave for an American Nurses Association convention. Even a sampling of correspondents seeking to be put on the right procedural paths is breath-taking: Rotary International, the Rural Letter Carriers Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Young Women's Christian Association, Zonta International, the American National Red Cross, the Army Language School, the National Council of Jewish Women, the Guild for the Hard of Hearing, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the League of Women Voters, the Women's Auxiliary of the Tillimook County Sheriff's Mounted Posse.

Some of the inquiries she deals with are amusing; most of them are complicated. Here are a few, condensed into question-and-answer form.

Question: An honorary state regent has been elected regent of her own chapter, which means she occupies two voting offices. Can she cast two votes in state conferences?

Answer: She cannot. Only one vote is permitted to a person.

Question: A city council has seven members. Six are present, together with the mayor, who has no vote except in case of a tie. On a controversial issue three votes were cast for the proposal, two against; one councilman declined to vote. The mayor ruled that the member who abstained should be counted as being against the measure, thus creating a tie, which he broke with his own vote, a no. Is this proper?

Answer: No. The mayor had no right to rule the abstention as being either for or against the matter.

Question: The chairman of a meeting, in hot dispute over election of officers, accepted a motion that nominations be closed while a member was trying to get the floor to make a nomination. Should the chairman have accepted the motion?

Answer: The chairman should not have done so. Until a reasonable time has been given to make nominations, the motion to close them is out of order. Normally—except in very large meetings—when there are no further nominations, the chair will declare them closed.

Question after question. What do you do in case a club is tied on the election of a president and there is no provision to break a tie? Can an organization spend money before it is actually earned? Can the chair vote when an assembly is one person shy of a quorum? Does a membership have to be notified in advance of a proposed amendment or abolishment of a standing rule?

"Even lawyers have consulted me on parliamentary matters that have come up in their conventions," Mrs. Robert says. "The starting point for every solution is to find the principle involved. Take, for example, the common misconception that members of the nominating committee are automatically barred from becoming nominees for office. If that were true, it would mean that serving on the nominating committee would carry a penalty. And besides, appointment to the committee could be used to prevent a member from becoming a nominee. It boils down to the principle that service to an organization should not deprive a member of a right open to other members who decline such service."

What are the greatest obstacles to the smooth running of organizations?

"The two that probably outweigh all others are bad bylaws and the failure to think through in advance the results that are likely to follow a specific action.

"The new president of a state organization once asked me, 'What are the duties of a jurisprudence committee? The bylaws say I must appoint one, but they don't say what it does. I couldn't help her. I thought that if this society didn't know what its committee was to do, it was likely that there was no need for it. The average organization should stick to the simplest wording that will meet its needs, without copying the specialized machinery sometimes necessary for professional groups."

But Sarah Robert would rather talk about General Robert and his work than about her own. South Carolina-born, a member of an aristocratic Huguenot-descended family, General Robert was appointed to the United States Military Academy from Ohio—his antislavery father had moved to the Middle West when Henry was a youngster—and was graduated as an engineer in 1857. After a year of teaching science at the academy, the studious lieutenant was dispatched to Washington Territory with a detachment of soldiers to build a military road from Vancouver to Puget Sound.

To reach the far West, Lieutenant Robert and the thirty men under him had to sail to Panama, cross the Isthmus by rail and take another ship on the Pacific side. On this journey he contracted Chagres Fever—a virulent malaria—which would return to handicap him many times afterward. During the Civil War, suffering intermittently from attacks of the fever, he constructed harbor defenses at Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. and in New Bedford, where he was made chairman of the fateful meeting at the Baptist church.

In 1867 he was made chief engineer of the Division of the Pacific. From then until his retirement in 1901, he directed some thirty-three military engineering enterprises, among them the improvement of the harbors of New York, Philadelphia and Pensacola, and eventually became chief of the United States Army Engineers. He died on May 11, 1923, in Hornell, New York, leaving a widow, the former Isabel Hoagland of Owego, New York, his devoted assistant in revising of the *Rules;* and three daughters and a son by his deceased first wife, Helen Thresher.

Mrs. Robert is proud that throughout her father-in-law's career as soldier and parliamentary authority he found time to serve his church and his convictions. In San Francisco, as chief of the Division of the Pacific, he founded the Chinese Rescue Mission to aid destitute Orientals after the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869. He was treasurer of the Society for the Rescue of Fallen Women, of whom there were many; his associates sought out the streetwalkers night and day to persuade them to change their way of life.

It was in California that his resolve to draw up a guide to orderly procedures began to take shape, prompted by experiences in San Francisco, where he had plunged into civic life. Other new citizens had varying ideas of how to run meetings. For their guidance Robert wrote in 1869 a preliminary parliamentary digest of eight pages, printed from type he himself had purchased. He revised his text for four more years before he was ready to bring forth the *Rules*.

"He decided that what was needed most of all was simplicity and uniformity," Mrs. Robert explains. "So he set about adapting principally the rules of the United States Congress to everyday use. When there was no rule, he would make up what he thought was a logical one to meet a particular need."

The road to eventual publication was a rough one. Transferred from the West Coast to Milwaukee, Henry Robert arrived just before New Year's Day of 1874 and found a few weeks of leisure to write the *Rules*. The next autumn he revised his manuscript. A 40,000-word version was curtly rejected by a New York publisher. Major Robert then made a tentative agreement with the proprietors of the leading bookstore in Milwaukee to publish 1000 copies of the *Rules*, with the privilege of publishing 10,000 additionally if the book caught on, the profits to be divided equally. But the booksellers backed out before the manuscript was ready for the printers.

"He wouldn't give up," says Sarah Robert. "Instead he decided to have his book printed under his own direction and at his own expense." So, early in 1875, he arranged for a job-printing firm in Milwaukee to print 4000 copies, with type he would select and on paper he would furnish.

And now Major Robert was ready to turn from his role as soldier and logician to that of publicity man. He sent one copy of the *Rules* to S. C. Griggs of the Griggs Publishing Company of Chicago, parent company of the present publishers, Scott, Foresman and Company of Chicago. With the copy went a note: If Mr. Griggs cared to publish the book, Major Robert would meet him in Chicago.

The book was returned two weeks later, with a letter saying the publisher would be glad to see him. Disconcertingly, the leaves of the returned book were still uncut. Major Robert went to Chicago anyhow. Mr. Griggs told him he would like to publish the book if he could figure out a way to sell it. But the major was unknown to the public, and an existing book, Cushing's *Manual*, was all but synonymous with parliamentary law. And 4000 copies! No publisher would dare print more than 500 copies of a work by an unknown author, especially such

... ...

Compensation

By Irene Magee

Eroded by the constant flow,
The rocks in midstream go
Sooner to sand than those that lie
Shore-safe, sun-warm and dry;
Yet, polished by the water's thrust,
Perhaps they make a brighter dust.

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Men's $1.25

Munsingwear

Only Brief made of eighteen pieces with the patented "Male Pouch" for healthful comfort and flexible fit. Only Munsingwear is scientifically designed for the male, incorporating the important benefits of masculine support and the wearing ease of "kind-cotton." Enjoy the big difference... buy Munsingwear at fine stores everywhere.

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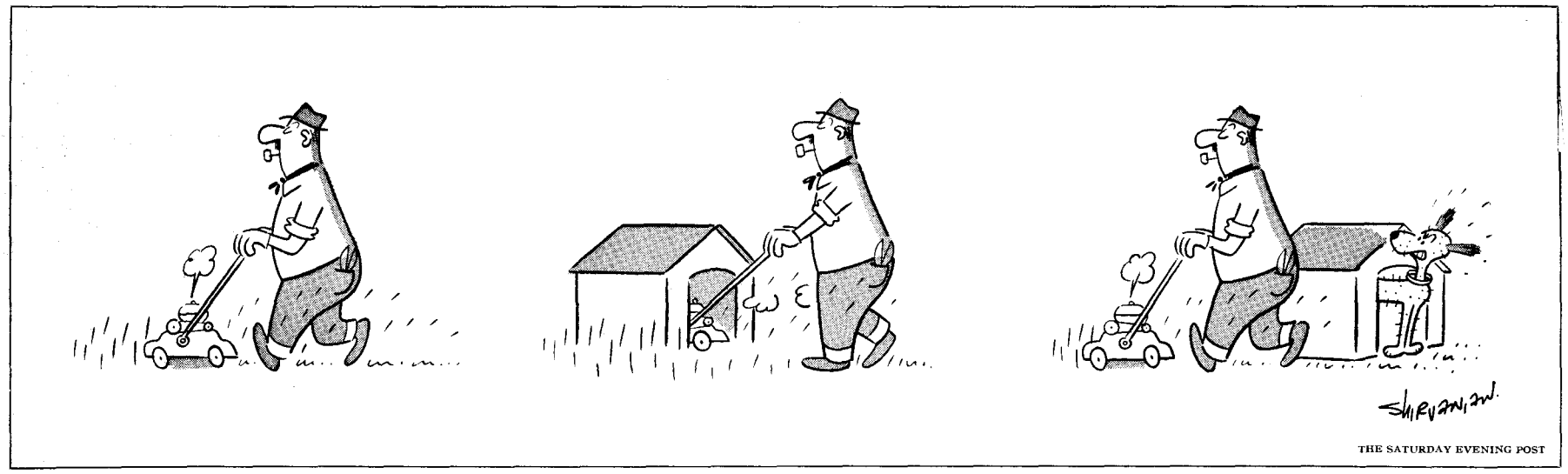

a work. It would be mighty difficult selling indeed.

Major Robert had a suggestion, one which he would delight in recalling to the end of his days. He told Mr. Griggs that he had printed 4000 copies because he intended to give away 1000 copies and he wanted enough more to last two years, so as to provide ample time for public criticism—useful in later revising. The 1000 books would be sent to 1000 of the best parliamentarians in the nation. If he was mistaken as to what the people needed to guide their deliberative assemblies, he would hear from the experts. The publisher would lose nothing, since the major was paying for the books anyhow. On the other hand, if the sample copies evoked favorable comment, Mr. Griggs and the author would be off to a flying start.

Mr. Griggs was impressed. He drew up a contract which the major found agreeable. By February, 1876, the *Rules of Order* was ready, two years after Major Robert had commenced writing it.

On February sixteenth the 1000 review copies were mailed to governors, legislators, university presidents, attorneys and the like, throughout the nation. Enthusiastic comments began to pour in. Within six weeks Griggs asked the major to prepare copy for an expanded new edition; the *Rules* had already been adopted as a textbook in several colleges. Major Robert expanded the new edition from 176 to 192 pages. The first edition was exhausted a month before the new one was ready.

Many years later, when he had retired from the Army, General Robert settled with his second wife Isabel in her home town of Owego. The general was now famous, and so was his book. The first year, he and Isabel took an apartment on one side of a house overlooking the Susquehanna. A family named Corbin lived in the rest of the house. Sarah Corbin was the younger daughter.

Listening to Sarah Corbin Robert today, you get the feeling that it was the old general—his bearing still erect, his eyes still bright, his beard neatly cropped—who was her first love. But it is only a guess; for while she told us all we asked about the father, his son and the *Rules*, it was not easy to learn as much about her. At Eastertime that first year Henry Jr.—years older than Sarah—came to visit his father. That was the only time she ever saw her future husband until 1918.

When the two did meet again, Sarah was teaching history at Atlantic City High School, and Henry Jr. was instructor in mathematics at the United States Naval Academy. Later, as professor of mathematics at Annapolis and a nationally noted parliamentarian, he would demonstrate the family's versatility by teaching parliamentary law at the summer sessions of Columbia University.

Between her first meeting with Henry Jr. and her marriage to him in 1919, Sarah Corbin had become a warm friend of General Robert and his wife. During that first winter in Owego the general would spend entire evenings telling stories to her brother and herself. He taught them how to make military maps and how to build pontoon bridges and how to get along in Indian country and how far a horse could travel in a day in flat country.

When Sarah was in college at Syracuse, her fellow students thought she must know something about parliamentary law because she had an autographed copy of the *Rules*, the general's gift.

"That was their idea," she told us. "My serious involvement began a year or so after I was married. The general—this was near the end of his life—asked me to go over the manuscripts of his last two books, *Parliamentary Practice* and *Parliamentary Law*, for my reactions as a former high-school teacher. A little while after these were finished, I began to study under my husband at Columbia."

She must have been an apt pupil, for during the summer of 1933 Henry Jr. sent her to Columbia as his substitute when he could not leave the Naval Academy.

Twenty years before Henry Robert Jr. died, the general made him trustee of *Robert's Rules of Order Revised*. At the death of Henry Jr., in 1937, his sisters and the general's widow asked Sarah Robert to carry on as her husband's successor. And so she has, for twenty-three years. Since Isabel and the sisters are all now dead, Sarah keeps up the work on behalf of the general's grandchildren, among them her son, Henry III.

When she speaks today on the principles underlying the *Rules*, she punctuates her explanations with such solid aphorisms of the general—many of them to be found in the *Rules*—as these:

The chairman should never forget that to control others it is necessary to control oneself. No rules will take the place of tact and common sense on the part of the chairman.

A two-thirds vote should be required for any action limiting a parliamentary right of any individual member in an assembly.

The great lesson for democracies to learn is for the majority to give to the minority a full, free opportunity to present their side of the case, and then for the minority, having failed to win a majority to their view, gracefully to submit and to recognize the action as that of the entire organization and cheerfully to assist in carrying it out, until they can secure its repeal.

The man who wrote these maxims left a valuable legacy to his fellow citizens. His *Rules of Order* offered, for the first time, a sound parliamentary system adapted to the needs of all types of organizations and to occasional meetings where no such system existed before. Throughout his lifetime, until his death at eighty-six, he added to the success of the *Rules* by answering every letter asking for parliamentary aid. So did his son, and so does his son's widow, Sarah Robert, today. Excepting her father-in-law, Sarah Corbin Robert probably has quieted more verbally embattled Americans than anyone else in our history. In her view, the *Rules of Order* "provide the guideposts by which a free people can proceed fairly to voluntary decisions in matters great and small."

My club-president wife agrees, and in our house that's as good as a motion to adjourn.

The Base That Never Was (Continued from Page 33)

Air Force started looking for a site to base interceptor planes to protect the Chicago-Milwaukee area. In 1954 it settled on an area about midway between the two cities, eighteen miles inland from Lake Michigan. The following year Congress appropriated $16,608,000 to start construction—a mere down payment on the estimated $103,000,000 it was to cost to build and equip the base.

The 5500-acre field was named for Richard I. Bong, a Poplar, Wisconsin, farm boy who shot down forty Japanese planes in World War II, won a Congressional Medal of Honor, then was killed in California while testing a jet. When the base was planned, our defense depended largely on airplanes. No one could then be sure when missiles would replace them.

The fact that the base was to be built on $300-an-acre farm land and beneath one of the nation's busiest air corridors brought grumbling from farmers and airline officials, backed up by some congressmen, state legislators and newspaper editorial writers. But it was hard to argue with a military decision that here was the best place to locate planes which might someday rise to save Chicago and Milwaukee from destruction.

In the spring of 1955, all was uncertainty around Kansasville, Wisconsin. Some of its 100 residents hurried over to look at a marker that had suddenly sprouted behind home plate in the town baseball field. It warned of a $250 fine if anyone tampered with this symbol that the United States Government was surveying the land. As farmers planted corn, they weren't sure that they would ever harvest the crop. Leo Walker, whose 150 acres had been in the family for four generations, recalls how he turned his mower just in time to save a mallard's nest in his field that spring, then wondered whether the duck would soon be driven away by bulldozers.

In the town of Brighton, south of Kansasville, Mrs. Matt Weiss remembered how she had once cajoled a highway-department crew into sparing the handsome old oaks in front of her farmhouse. Now the trees were threatened again. Her husband wanted to know how, at seventy-nine, a man could put down new roots elsewhere. He looked out toward the rolling hills that he loved and demanded, "Where else can you get a view like that?"

At a meeting that fall, 800 farmers filled Dover Town Hall, standing five deep around its walls and overflowing into an adjacent garage. Each had one question to ask Brig. Gen. William H. Wise, head of an Air Force information team: "Will you take my farm?" But Wise didn't know. The Government would require a little over half of the 9000 acres being surveyed. Most of the farmers, he told them, would be able to harvest their winter wheat next summer.

As it turned out, many of them were still working their land two years after that meeting. The Air Force ran into problems. The Civil Aeronautics Board, concerned about the effect Bong's planes would have on commercial air traffic, held a series of conferences with the military. It was agreed to move the site about a mile south to reduce interference with civilian flying, particularly on the Milwaukee-St. Louis run, and to redesign the runway pattern. Even so, the CAB approved the plans reluctantly, capitulating to the necessity of defending the cities from attack.

It was early 1957 before the Government began buying land from fifty-nine owners, most of them Brighton farmers. Nearby residents still had misgivings, despite assurances by an Air Force colonel that the jets would "just go swish"

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over the cities and that cows and chickens could get used to the noise. The colonel admitted that minks could no longer be raised near the base—minks are more sensitive than they look. And turkeys, alarmed by jet engines, are apt to pile themselves against a fence and smother.

Some of the neighbors were all for Bong. They could see prospects for profit, with 5000 airmen to be stationed there, plus dependents and civilians. Estimates of the total population increase resulting from the base ranged as high as 20,000.

As the land for Bong was gradually acquired, nearby residents found their property taxes increasing. The town of Brighton lost nearly one fourth of its tax base, and the remaining property owners had to help make up that loss. Brighton elementary school district No. 1 lost more than 27 per cent of its taxable land. A century-old one-room school which the district had hoped to replace was kept in service. After the base was closed, the Air Force sold the district a $100,000 building, built for Bong engineers, for just one dollar. But no one could predict such a windfall then, and at one point schools were so crowded and money was so scarce that children of construction workers attended classes in an old bus, fitted out with seats and desks.

It is now clear that even before the land was bought, a major decision had been made in the Pentagon. Bong was no longer to be used primarily for fighter planes. The Strategic Air Command's bombers, our principal means of fighting a nuclear war, were to be dispersed to minimize results of a sneak attack on the United States. Bong would be used by these bombers.

Word of the decision leaked out of Washington in early 1957. The local farmers were too busy feuding with the Government over how much their land was worth to pay much attention. But Bong's critics, some of them in Congress, began asking why it was necessary to build the base so near Milwaukee and Chicago if it was to be used mainly by SAC. In Northern Wisconsin, they pointed out, there was plenty of nearly worthless land where bombers would not interfere with civilian planes and a base would not destroy a prosperous farming area.

But once a project like Bong gets rolling, its course is not easily altered. By autumn of 1957 the site had taken on a new look. Farms were deserted. Silos were empty. Pens on a nearby mink farm had been cut into sections and moved away. Even those farmers who were still dickering with the Government knew they would soon have to move. They hated to go. With many it wasn't just a question of money.

"Some of these farms have been in the same families for generations," said a farm wife, Mrs. John A. Kerkman. "City people have no idea what that kind of separation (from the land) can mean."

Some families found new homes in the area, but most moved a considerable distance away. Some were bitter over the prices they got for their properties, although Washington could point out that it spent $1,700,000 for real estate with an equalized assessed valuation of only $1,240,891. Condemnation proceedings were necessary to force the last families from their land. And a Federal court order was obtained so 100 skeletons in a pioneer cemetery on the site could be moved elsewhere.

In mid-1958, finally, a Minneapolis firm made the low bid of $13,500,000 to construct the runway and associated facilities. A vantage point for sidewalk superintendents was established on a hilltop. Homes and other buildings were razed, except for a few used as temporary offices. Several minks, inadvertently left behind when their pens were moved, were seen hiding among the few trees left standing.

Then Congress appropriated another $18,500,000 for Bong, but only after listening to some harsh words about the base. Rep. Melvin Laird, Marshfield, Wisconsin, Republican, considered it "ridiculous" to build there. The late Charles A. Boyle, Democratic congressman from Chicago, demanded, "How in the name of heaven can you throw money into a project that is obsolete and superannuated before it leaves the drafting board?" Another Democrat, Rep. Henry S. Reuss of Milwaukee, predicted Bong would be a "white elephant" and asked President Eisenhower to investigate whether construction should be halted.

But such critics were in the minority. Congressman Gerald T. Flynn, the Racine Democrat who represented the Bong area, had at first opposed the base, but changed his mind after he became convinced it would benefit his district. Harry R. Sheppard, California Democrat, chairman of a House appropriations subcommittee, called the base a key installation in the SAC dispersal plan. The Air Force insisted its Bong-based bombers would not seriously interfere with civilian flights.

By the fall of 1958, 500 men were working around the clock at Bong. Money was being spent at the rate of $1,250,000 each thirty days. More than 14,000,000 cubic yards of earth had to be moved. The target date, once mid-1958, became 1961.

As the months wore on into 1959, the base began to take form. Wells were drilled, sewers laid, huge storage tanks made ready to hold fuel for the giant planes. Construction started on a power station. With the base rapidly becoming an accomplished fact, even Congressman Reuss despaired of being able to halt its construction. So he shifted his attack. He spoke out against "frills" planned at Bong—an indoor swimming pool, a steam room, a squash court—making headlines with the slogan: "Billions for defense, but not one cent for squash courts."

Flynn hurried to Bong's defense. Funds for recreational facilities, he said, would be well spent. Airmen with a convenient place to relax after hours were more apt to re-enlist. Reuss countered by telephoning the Turkish Embassy and sharing with Congress the information that in all of Turkey's military installations there was not a single Turkish bath. "If the Turkish Army can get along without Turkish baths," Reuss thundered, "certainly American airmen can."

The Air Force, unknown to Reuss, was also considering an eighteen-hole golf course for Bong, but this fact never became public. Finally a compromise was worked out. The indoor pool and squash court were eliminated. In turn, Reuss withdrew his opposition to the steam room after he was told it was needed to reduce nervous tension and fatigue after long missions. He also agreed to allow any airmen who wanted to play squash to do so as his guest at Milwaukee's University Club.

While the winds of controversy were blowing in Washington, the bulldozers were having their problems in Wisconsin. Some of the peat bogs on the air base turned out to be twenty feet deep, and costly extra work was required. Estimates of Bong's total price climbed from $65,000,000 to $83,000,000, plus an additional $20,000,000 to equip it.

"I'd take it easy on that foot for a while."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Not that it really mattered, for the base's history was rapidly approaching a climax, although no one yet knew it. As late as September 16, 1959, President Eisenhower signed a military appropriations bill including another $16,000,000 for Bong.

Then, barely two weeks later, came the moment referred to by local barroom comics as "the day Bong went boin-n-n-n-g!" On October second, with no advance warning, Air Force Secretary Douglas announced that the base was canceled, effective at once. Money already appropriated for it would be used elsewhere. The B-58's would be accommodated at bases to be made available by elimination of certain obsolescent B-47 wings. Bong was no longer needed.

Word reached the air base at 2:30 P.M. that Friday, while work by 800 men was going full speed. Lt. Col. Stanley Wilber, base engineer, took the call from SAC headquarters in Omaha. He was acting base commander in the absence of Col. Charles E. Lancaster, who was on leave. Wilber, understandably surprised, telephoned 2nd Air Force headquarters in Shreveport, Louisiana, to ask for orders. But 2nd Air Force didn't yet know the base was closing.

Colonel Lancaster, on a hunting trip in northern Wisconsin, got the news on a radio broadcast. He jumped into his car and headed back toward the base that had been shot out from under him. As for Bong's neighbors, William Beyer, chairman of the Racine County Board, spoke for most of them when he said, "I'm flabbergasted."

Ted Kostro, a former Milwaukee house painter, felt an even more acute sensation. He had sold his home, borrowed heavily and built the Bow and Arrow drive-in restaurant on a road that would have been used by Bong personnel on their way to nearby Burlington, Wisconsin. By an ironic coincidence, the gala opening of his $60,000 gamble was scheduled for the night of October second, a few hours after the bubble burst.

Congressman Flynn, soon to be engaged in a losing fight for re-election, in which the Bong situation played a secondary role, blamed high-level politics for the closing. He declared that the base was now a "blight on Racine and Kenosha counties." Representative Reuss credited the Air Force with an intelligent decision, but regretted it hadn't come earlier. With admirable restraint he avoided the phrase, "I told you so."

Only a few nearby residents were able to discern silver linings. Robert Ruedebusch, president of the Burlington Chamber of Commerce, pointed out that few business places had gone up on a speculative basis, perhaps because the predominately German residents of Southeastern Wisconsin are cautious with their money. A Burlington filling-station operator, Frank Voss, said he was glad the base had been canceled, even though he'd expected his business to boom when it opened. "I was in the service," Voss said. "I saw what big bases did to small towns nearby. I like this town the way it is."

The largest proposed private development in the area was a $50,000,000 community to be called Upland. It would have been built from scratch on 1800 acres between Kansasville and Union Grove, Wisconsin, by an Evanston, Illinois, firm, Scope Associates, Inc. Three thousand houses were planned, plus a thirty-three-store shopping center, a golf course and an industrial park.

The cancellation came the day before Scope Associates had intended to start buying land it had optioned. Even so, according to M. J. Becker, a Wisconsin real-estate man associated with the venture,

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several thousand dollars had already been spent on plans for Upland.

When I went to Washington to ask questions about Bong, so many months had elapsed since the afternoon when the base was canceled that I was surprised how vividly that Friday was still remembered around the Pentagon. John M. Ferry, for example, recalled it at once as the day "we got a lot of static." A veteran of both World Wars, Ferry was special assistant for installations to Secretary Douglas and his successor, Secretary Dudley C. Sharp, and was responsible for construction of all Air Force bases during the Bong controversy.

"No one came right out and said they thought we were stupid when we canceled Bong," he said, "but they sure intimated it."

He admitted it is now clear, with the benefit of twenty-twenty hindsight, that Bong was a mistake. "I'm sorry we ever started the base," he told me. "But at the time we began it I thought we were doing the right thing. Maybe we should have shut it down sooner. If it wasn't very good judgment, you will have to attribute it to just one thing—the human fallibilities."

"How can we prevent such mistakes from happening?" I asked.

Ferry allowed himself a wry grin. "Get smarter people," he said.

If the future could have been predicted more accurately, the base would not have been begun or would have been canceled sooner, he said. "We started Bong for what we thought was a need that had to be filled. Then the need evaporated. Hindsight is easy. But foresight—foresight is so obscure. Who could have told us four years ago that we'd be building Minuteman right now?"

"Couldn't Bong have been used for missiles?" I asked.

"Missile sites are dispersed around—not necessarily on—existing Air Force bases. The personnel commute between the sites and the parent base. At Bong there wasn't yet a completed base on which missile installations could be centered. Besides, there are special problems in converting a base for missile use. The water table is important. The silo for a missile goes down 185 feet below ground."

Admitting that the decision to close the base was correct, hadn't there been a temptation in 1959 to let the work go on and avoid criticism?

"There would've been no criticism if we'd spent the rest of the money, because no one would have known it was being wasted," Ferry said. "It was an unpopular decision, closing the base; a courageous decision. But I'm convinced it was the right one. It was not easy. It really tore the secretary to have to make it, with the implications of all that money wasted."

I'd heard various versions of how the decision was made. Maj. Gen. Augustus M. Minton told me what happened. As Air Force director of civil engineering, he is responsible for spending $1,500,000,000 annually on construction projects.

While Bong was being planned and built, the general said, the possibility of canceling the base was discussed a half dozen times. On each occasion but the last it was decided the base was needed. Then, late in September, 1959, the question came up again. Lyle S. Garlock, Assistant Air Force Secretary for Financial Management, asked General Minton for recommendations on how to pare expenditures to meet the soaring cost of new programs, particularly missiles.

"I made several suggestions," the general said. "Bong was the biggest. I was told to find out how much we'd save if we closed the base out. Several of us flew to Wisconsin to inspect Bong. Secretary Douglas wanted to find out how far construction had gone.

"I came back and reported there were important potential savings. The grading had been done, but the big dollar cost was just ahead. They were almost ready to pour concrete on the runway. A delay of three or four weeks would mean we'd have another ten million dollars committed.

"Bong would have been in minimum operation by July 1, 1961. But by then we knew our manned-aircraft facilities would be cut back. We would be dedicating Bong at a time when we'd be announcing the closing out of other bases. It left us no alternative."

With the report from General Minton on his desk, Secretary Douglas discussed the matter with other top Air Force brass, asking for advice. By the Wednesday after the Saturday inspection trip, the word came back: Close Bong. Douglas advised Defense Secretary Neil H. McElroy. Then he announced the decision to Wisconsin congressmen and the press.

Reaction varied. Representative Flynn threatened to seek a court order to force resumption of construction. Reuss asked the Federal Aviation Agency to study conversion of Bong to an international jet airport, with helicopters ferrying passengers to Milwaukee and Chicago. The FAA let it be known that it had been ready to schedule hearings on whether to permit B-58's to use Bong at all. And those hearings, it was pointed out, would have given Bong critics, notably the airline spokesmen, a chance to speak up.

Within a week Douglas was in Racine, trying to explain what had happened. The decision to cancel Bong, he told a meeting there, had been "one of the most difficult and unsatisfactory ones" he'd ever been required to make.

"I wish the decision had been made sooner," he said. "But I am confident it is the right decision today in the interests of national defense."

In trimming the Air Force budget, Douglas explained, a number of "highly desirable" items had to be eliminated. One of these was the F-108 long-range fighter program, which cost the taxpayers seven times as much as had been spent at Bong, with $200,000,000 committed for development of a plane that probably never will be built.

Investigators for the House military-operations subcommittee reported some months later that FAA concern over Bong's potential interference with civilian flying played a larger role in the decision than the Air Force would admit. The FAA, which had not been in existence when the base was begun, said it told the Air Force about a month before the base was closed that the change from interceptors to bombers at Bong might create "intolerable airspace problems" in the Milwaukee-Chicago area.

Every Air Force official I asked, however, denied that the FAA's position played a determining role in the Bong decision. In any event, the decision was made. The base is closed. The problem now is: What can be done with it?

There has been no shortage of suggestions. It has been proposed that the nine square miles be used as a wild-goose refuge, a new state fairground, a Midwestern Disneyland, a national sports center with fifteen golf courses (but no squash courts), an airline maintenance center, a college campus. The one thing it can't be used for, everyone agrees, is farming. As a Wisconsin assemblyman put it, the Air Force has stripped off the topsoil and created a "big, flat surface where you can't raise anything but airplanes."

A land-use committee, appointed by Wisconsin's Gov. Gaylord Nelson, studied the matter. With bipartisan support, a bill was pushed through the state legislature enabling Wisconsin to purchase Bong or, if the area is bought by private interests, to control its redevelopment. A state corporation has been created, empowered to issue bonds and to buy or lease the 5500 acres. Governor Nelson and David Carley, director of the Wisconsin department of resource development, told me they view Bong as a potential blessing—in the long run.

"It's the biggest single piece of undeveloped land between here and Texas," Carley said. "It has a spur of the Soo Line Railroad. There's a four-lane express highway just four miles east." He envisions Bong as an industrial park, surrounded by recreation areas which would serve the most populous part of Wisconsin. If the state can acquire the base from the General Services Administration, the Federal agency charged with disposing of the property, Carley expects eventually to sell all but the park areas to private firms or individuals, with strict zoning to make sure the redevelopment is orderly.

He considers it possible that Bong may eventually become a new Wisconsin city, its industrial area centered on a highway and the Soo spur line, with plenty of green space and housing developments on the outskirts.

Before such ambitious plans can be realized, the state and GSA must agree on a price. Negotiations are now under way. Details are still confidential, but it appears that Wisconsin may be able to obtain the nine square miles for about one third of the $1,700,000 the Air Force spent for the real estate alone. This would be less than the $860,000 which state and local highway departments are asking from the Air Force to restore roads and highways on the base.

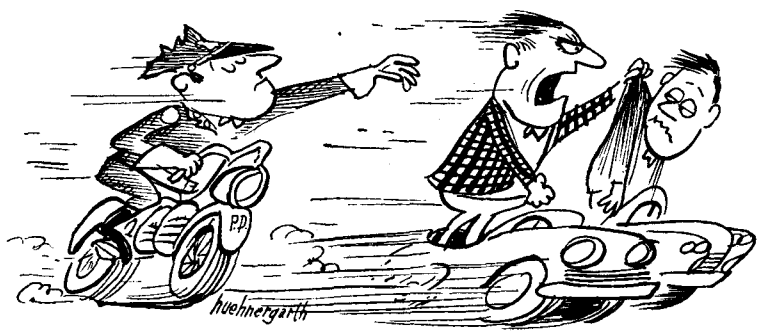
Acquisition of the land is the first major hurdle in the state's plans to restore the Bong area to usefulness. Meanwhile, a similar plan to rehabilitate abandoned acreage is being tried at Malden, Missouri, where late in 1960 Malden Air Force Base was acquired from the Government by that city of 5000 persons. It has been converted into a 2800-acre industrial park. The Malden Industrial Development Commission, formed by local businessmen, is advertising the abandoned field as an ideal place to locate industry. The response has not yet been overwhelming, but Malden residents remain optimistic.

In the farming area around Bong there is skepticism that any ultimate good will come out of the $29,000,000 mistake. Resentment lingers, resentment over the wasted money, over the inconvenience caused both those who left the land and those who stayed behind, and over the uncertainty that has racked the area for so many years. And there is something else that hurts worst of all.

I encountered it again and again, perhaps most memorably on a recent drive around the town of Brighton. I stopped my car to ask a farmer how he felt about Bong now. He pushed back his battered hat, put one foot on the wooden fence around his farmyard and gazed off across the fields.

"I'll tell you the thing that gripes me most," he said. "It ain't the money. It ain't having to drive out of my way to get to town because they've blocked off the roads. It ain't even the extra taxes. It's just that I can't figure why they took all that good land and ruined it, when a few miles away there's gravel land not worth a hoot."

THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Public-spirited Freddy was driving along the highway when a car shot past as if he were standing still. Indignantly Freddy started in hot pursuit, intending to make a "citizen's" arrest. Just as he caught up with the speeder, a traffic officer caught both and arrested them for speeding. Freddy pleaded not guilty.

"Any citizen has a right to arrest a lawbreaker," Freddy maintained. "Therefore, it follows that I was entitled to speed up enough to overtake this violator, just as a traffic officer does. I ought to get a medal, not a ticket."

"The fact remains, Freddy was speeding as fast or faster than the other fellow, and his action constituted fully as much of a menace to the public," the prosecutor retorted.

If you were the judge, would you exonerate Freddy?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Freddy was found guilty. While conceding that he would have been justified in making the arrest without speeding, the court said: "To allow private persons to convert their automobiles into authorized police vehicles and take off in pursuit of traffic violators would result in a chaotic and dangerous condition on the highways."

Based upon a 1960 New York decision.

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"My Island" (Continued from Page 21)

deep for nourishment. When the *voyageurs* came this way in the seventeenth century and pushed their birchbark canoes past my island, the dead white pine that now stands gaunt and naked was flourishing. Jack pine had also taken hold and then perished in mid-life. New trees followed—ash, more jack pine and white pine—putting my island in partial shade. A few small willows about two feet high decorate the fringe.

This beautiful and primitive spot lies in the great Quetico-Superior wilderness region along the central northern boundary of the United States. On the Canadian side it is called the Quetico Provincial Park; the American area is the Superior National Forest. The international boundary follows a zigzag course, cutting up the center of Basswood Lake. The most convenient entry into the Quetico-Superior region on the American side is Ely, Minnesota. A Canadian ranger station is located on Basswood Lake, and it was there that Sigurd Olson (canoeist, naturalist, author) and I received our entry permits and our Canadian fishing licenses. Most of the lakes which we visited on our journey—including Sarah, Robinson and Elk—are in Canada.

My island lies mid-channel a hundred yards or so below the lower falls of Basswood River. Four falls fill the place with a roar. Torrents of water boil with rage, forming a mist. No canoe could survive them. Granite ledges run across the middle section sending the waters into angry sluiceways. I saw the island first in moonlight when Sig Olson and I camped upstream and paddled down to see the falls. That was at the start of our 100-mile canoe trip. When we portaged those falls the next day, the full light of the sun was upon the island. A thick mist was rising from the waters. I then knew that my island gave choice seats for the great wonders of the northland. That is why, when we finished our great circle and returned to Basswood River, Sig and I decided to make this our last camp.

We got wood from the dead snags on the little island and built our fire in a large indentation in the sloping granite rock. We brought birch poles from the mainland and pitched our tent. Two casts with a spoon into the water below the falls brought a walleyed pike to shore. Sig served its steaks with sweet, crumbly cornbread. Dishes were done, beds were made and the canoe was high and fast for the night—all within two hours of the time we first landed.

Then a full moon rose, and the roar of the falls, which I seemed not to notice during our busy two hours, suddenly filled the place. A chill settled over the waters. A thin mist started to rise at the foot of the falls. Moonbeams danced on waters at the head of the pool. A loon called somewhere in the darkness behind us. I put wood on the fire, buttoned my parka and relived the journey.

Not far below the island we had stopped in Crooked Lake to see historic Arrow Rock. The pine and spruce were somber. But this was late September, and color had come to the north. Touches of red from oaks and maples and splashes of yellow from aspen, birch and poplar lifted the heart.

Arrow Rock is a cliff a few hundred yards long and perhaps 100 feet high that drops straight to the water on the upper end of Crooked Lake. It gets its name from an event that is probably not legendary. This lake country was the land of the Chippewas and often invaded by the Sioux. Once the Chippewas evaded their enemies, who hunted for them in vain. The Sioux on their retreat stopped at Arrow Rock and shot their arrows into a long diagonal crack across the face of the granite cliff. Thus they showed their derision. The story gains credence from the early chronicles of travelers who reported finding arrows there. But the arrows had disappeared by 1850. Today Arrow Rock is famous for the pictographs painted there centuries ago. The paintings evidently mark the site of an old camp where the Indians could paint in leisure. Red paint was used here, as it was in most of the pictographs we find in the Pacific Northwest. The red paint was made by grinding iron ore and mixing the powder with fish oil. A thin solution of resin from pine or spruce trees was added to give the paint a varnishlike quality and make it practically impervious to weather. The paint on Arrow Rock is bright red to this day and gaily outlines moose, caribou, and pelicans. The pictographs also include red disks apparently representing the moon.

In the early years this was almost exclusively pine and spruce country. Its swampy lands, rimmed by cotton grass and filled with bulrushes and lilies, were ideal for moose. The lichens that the woodland caribou eat go with spruce and pine. Thus this vast lake region was part of the range of that arctic animal. When the lumbermen came and started cutting, the vegetation changed. Aspen, oak, birch and maple replaced the pine and spruce, and the caribou moved north. That trend was accelerated by the fires that haunted this area once man came.

The second growth of trees that comes in after a fire makes wonderful browse for deer. And Sig explained how, as the caribou retreated on the disappearance of the pine and spruce, the deer moved up from the south. The cycle is changing now that the area has been stabilized as a wilderness. About 2,000,000 acres are guarded against the saw and the ax and patroled for fires.

We turned east on Crooked Lake and passed through Moose Bay to Robinson Lake, making a pleasant portage. Beavers

The World We Made

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Before we met, my world
was incomplete,
And I could find no way
to make it whole.
It needed spice, or
something tart or sweet
I could not name to save
my troubled soul.
And then you came, and
what a world we made,
And gazed upon with our
believing eyes!
A world we savored, glad
and unafraid,
And found so full of stars
and lullabies
That even now we speak
of it in tones
Of two young dreamers,
and it fires old bones.

Casual

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Rugged for man-style activity.
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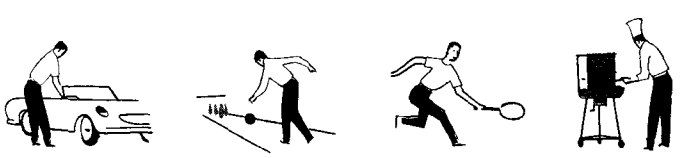

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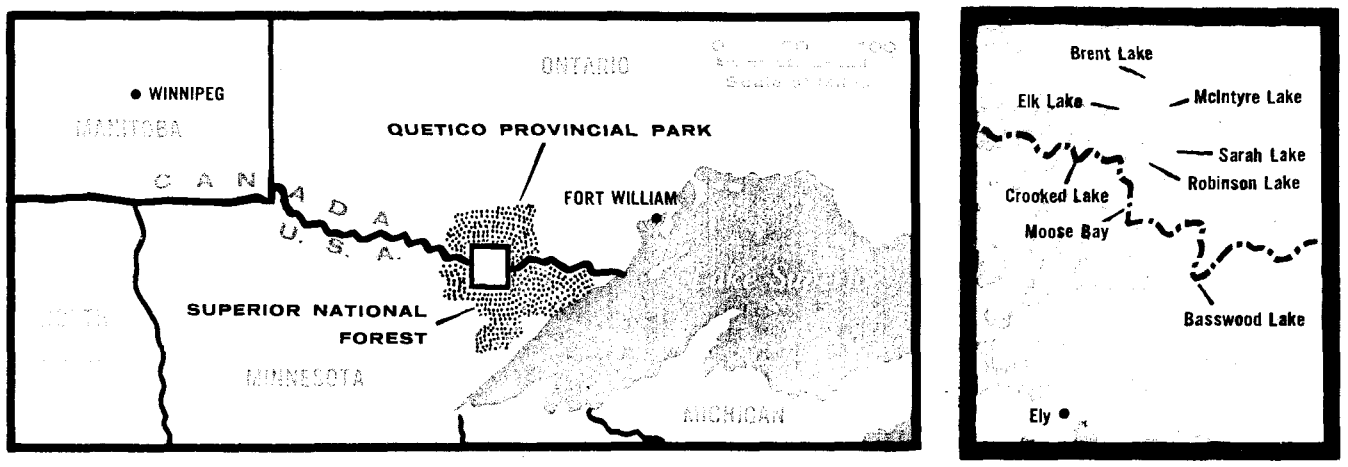

The Quetico-Superior preserve, once the hunting ground of the Chippewas, is dotted with thousands of lakes. Justice Douglas canoed through the area outlined in red. Detail at right.

had built a dam across the outlet of Robinson Lake, raising the water level a foot or so and creating a pond that was important in the ecology of this country. There ducks would find refuge; deer and moose, forage. We sat on the shore watching the beavers at work. We were not alone, for a great blue heron standing on one leg was also a spectator. The beavers had built the dam to raise the water to flood stands of aspen and birch that otherwise they could reach only by land. Now they were busy building canals into the newly acquired stands and bringing back choice branches for their winter food supply. Soon their house at the dam would be eight feet or more high. They worked in comparative safety, for few predators would reach them if they stayed in the water. Their chief predator—man—was now effectively restrained. Only Indians are allowed to trap on the Canadian side of this wilderness region, and few of them do so.

"That's the ideal life—being a beaver," I said to Sig as we put the aluminum canoe into Robinson Lake.

"Not so," said Sig, who is one of our foremost experts on the northland. He went on to explain that great tensions develop in animals as well as in people. Studies made at the Wilderness Research Center—which Frank B. Hubachek of Chicago founded on Basswood Lake and which is run as a co-operative project by several universities—show that once the population of mice and shrews mounts on the mainland the animals move to the islands, crossing in the winter on the ice.

Other animals have like tensions. Rats, mice, muskrats, rabbits and deer also know the deadly effects of stress. Sig told me, as we paddled slowly across Robinson, of the study which the biologist Lowell Sumner made of beavers. When the beaver community is young and newly established, there is food for everyone, homes for all the families and work opportunities unlimited. Young beavers raised in that environment have wide horizons; there are stands of willow, aspen and birch to be flooded, dams to be erected. The aggressive predators are at bay, for the dams and the canals built into the newly flooded areas of the trees give good protection. As Lowell Sumner states, "For beavers this is history's Golden Age of self-expression, of freedom from want and fear." As years pass and the population increases, the food supply per beaver diminishes. Young beavers leave home in search of new frontiers, new food supplies, new opportunities. Those that remain have to work harder for their daily food, travel longer distances and get fewer rewards. Diminishing supplies of trees mean that existing dams cannot be repaired properly. The result is a lowering of the water level and a further contraction of the supply line. Malnutrition increases; as it is prolonged, fertility declines; infant mortality reaches an all-time high. But the greatest killer of all—more potent than malnutrition, disease and predators—is stress. When that reaches its peak, the beaver population drops at once, vast numbers dying quickly. Lowell Sumner has shown from post mortems of beavers the damage that stress has done: inflammation and ulceration of the digestive tract and permanent metabolic derangements.

"The beaver is like man," Sig added. "Stress is the greatest killer of all."

Every wilderness trip has its shining moments that persist in memory when all else is only dimly recalled. One such was the few hours Sig and I spent on Sarah Lake. Up to that morning the sky had been overcast, the air heavy. The north woods seemed gloomy except as the red and yellow leaves of the deciduous trees lighted up the landscape. But this morning as we finished our portage out of Caribou Lake (sometimes called Tuck) and across to Sarah, a west wind picked up and the sky brightened. Dark clouds fled before the freshening gusts. Now the waves sparkled in the September sun and fleecy clouds raced across the sky. A new spirit seemed to possess the canoe. Now our paddling was not work—a grim affair—but an exciting lark. The strong west wind and the sunlight pouring through broken clouds gave zest to our journey. White sandy beaches under somber green coastlines that would have been lost on a dark overcast day extended tempting invitations.

The red or Norway pine, whose color had been lost in rain on Robinson Lake, now stood in full glory. Its tall, bare trunks with red-brown bark and its sparse graceful limbs gave color and character to many points and cliffs. The famous white pine, too, now stood at fine advantage. Sometimes it was mixed with red pine, its rather constant companion in the north woods; sometimes it had taken full possession of a point. I had known this five-needle pine in the Far West, where it grows on high ridges, the last tree one sees as he passes into the arctic zone. There it is windblown and bent, twisted and gnarled. There it gains character and beauty from the adversity of the alpine ridges where it takes hold. In the northland the white pine has a different distinction. Here it is a stately queen of dignity and grace. Smooth bark and tall straight trunks mark the tree. Its branches grow almost straight out, turning slightly upward at the tips. From a distance they seem to be tier upon tier, shaping up into a pagodalike structure. The early history of America could be written around this tree. No commodity was ever exploited more. It was the source of great industries and great fortunes.

We paddled around a point studded with white and red pine and beached our canoe in a warm cove lined with soft white sand. A pine snake lay dozing in the sun and reluctantly left at our arrival. Dwarf bearberry—a midget compared with the lush bearberry of the Olympic Peninsula—grew thick above the sand. Behind it were a few paper (canoe) birch and a thick stand of black spruce towering eighty to 100 feet. This spruce—which used to supply the market with spruce gum—likes to have its feet near water. Black spruce are spirelike trees with stiff, flat branches. We started a fire with birchbark and heated water for tea. Sig used a paddle as a cutting board for cheese and sausage. We ate our lunch in sunshine as warm as June's, while gentle waves washed the sand at our feet.

The struggle to keep this a wilderness had been long and painful. Sig Olson, who sat in silence at my side, was one of the stalwarts. There were many, starting with Teddy Roosevelt, who joined in the battle both in the United States and in Canada. It was a struggle long in years and bitter in intensity. A vast acreage had to be protected against the lumberman. Private interests wanted to submerge these lakes for hydroelectric projects. These proposals had to be defeated. Roads had to be kept out so that moose, deer and caribou could thrive in solitude, so that the lonely cry of the loon would not be broken by the automobile horn. The greatest struggle of all was to ban the airplanes. Amphibian planes could put down easily on almost any lake. They came by the dozens, returning men to their comfortable homes before dark of the same day. No more portages, no more hard struggles against a head wind, no more need to camp out under dripping trees—the airplane made this wilderness easily accessible. Record catches of fish promised to deplete the lakes. The roar of motors robbed this sanctuary of its quiet and solitude. So in December of 1949, President Truman signed an executive order which banned private flights by making the airspace below the altitude of 4000 feet above sea level over Superior National Forest an "airspace reservation." The courts sustained his action, and more than 1,000,000 acres of wilderness regained the quiet and solitude it had known when the *voyageurs* traveled it in their birchbark canoes.

We had fair fishing on our canoe trip, but not the fishing of June and July, when the waters are alive with insects. This was nearly October; May flies, black gnats and all the other bugs that hatch in these waters had laid their eggs and died; the fish had gone deep; the frogs were silent. We used casting rods with spoons or plugs weighted with lead to comb the bottoms; and our rewards, though not munificent, were ample for our needs.

The smallmouthed black bass is an old friend from New Hampshire. When the first one came to the canoe on Robinson Lake I was flooded with memories long forgotten of the pools and sandbars of New England's waters. I scaled these Quetico bass as a storm broke over Robinson, a storm which drove us into the tent as the heavens opened. When finally we cooked them over a cedar fire they were as sweet and tender as any I ever had eaten.

We caught more northern pike than any others. This great fish is not considered choice by many, but Sig made a chowder of them that was the tastiest I have known. In one pot he put diced potatoes and onions. He parboiled the pike in another pot to remove the bones and skin. When the potatoes and onions were about done he added milk made from powder and the fish, letting the chowder simmer a while. Served piping hot, this dish is my choice for the night when one is dead tired and ready for the sleeping bag.

Even so, steaks of the walleyed pike which we had at Crooked Lake and steaks of the lake trout which we ate at Elk Lake head my list. These fish are skinned and preferably fried or broiled. The walleye seems sweeter to the taste; the trout, fatter and of finer texture. The preference is a close decision. Perhaps I chose the trout for aesthetic reasons. When the eight-pounder came to the canoe in Elk Lake it flashed every color in the rainbow.

Other bright memories of the canoe trip came flooding back on this last night of our journey. The portages had been vivid this fall. Those lined with aspen and birch were golden colonnades. Mountain ash showed crimson. The red maple was a plume of wine red. There were red and yellow leaves underfoot, smooth granite rocks fringed with lichens, down logs covered with moss, small bogs fed by underground springs, rich stands of ferns. The shift from water to land gave more than relaxation from the confined positions in the canoe. It gave a closer view of the life of the north woods.

Near one portage on Basswood was a large field of wild rice growing in shallow water. It was turning golden. Soon the Indians would come to reap it. One will paddle a canoe, a squaw sitting amidships. As the canoe passes gently through the rice, the squaw will use a stick to bring the heads over the canoe and then beat the kernels off. This precious cargo will be blanched in kettles over a fire, the rice being continuously stirred to prevent burning. Then will come the threshing and winnowing, the product selling on the wholesale market at $1.50 a pound.

At the end of one portage we put the canoe down in a stand of sweet gale, whose leaves are fragrant, whose waxy berries make sweet-smelling candles. And on many shores we found a large species of the horsetail, from which whips were once woven and which the deer like when this plant first comes out of the water. Once we saw cranberries and near them the winterberry that seems to keep fresh all winter long. I saw two partridges, or ruffed grouse, on one portage, the male making a big fan of his tail and ruffing his collar. Where one portage climbs a sharp hill a spruce grouse, or fool hen, went out ahead of us. We saw ravens, flickers, Canada jays, pileated woodpeckers, the horned lark, kingfishers and white-throated sparrows. Some of these were on migration, but the woodpecker stays all winter—and so do the chickadees, which were common to most portages and were singing their hearts out with their plaintive song.

Each portage is filled with expectancy whether it be short or long, steep or flat, winding or straight. Somewhere ahead is

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a new sapphire lake with a personality of its own. The first sight of it through the trees is always a joy. It stirs the imagination, beckons one onward. It promises the prospect of beavers slapping the water with their tails, loons calling, mergansers skimming the water, graceful points painted red and gold, a lake trout flashing color in the depths, moose feeding on lily pads in a bog. Every lake is a new chapter with its own theme, its own challenge. Portages bring the expectancy of high adventure ahead. Every streak of blue seen through stands of pine and spruce of the northland has the magnetism the *voyageurs* felt. It invites one on and on—to flaming sunsets, moonlit nights and majestic white pines murmuring in the wind.

There are bear in the north woods and every night when we made camp on the mainland we collected our kitchen and pantry and put all the supplies within easy reach of the tent. But we had no marauders. There are timber wolves and lynx in the Quetico, but we saw no sign of them. Although the great migration of birds had already taken place, the ducks were still to come. Only a few black mallards and some teal were present. But once when we rounded a sharp point on Sarah Lake a flock of bluebills went out from under our bow with a roar like that of jet planes. There were a dozen in the flock, but they flew as one, barely skimming the water for a half mile and then whirling in unison to disappear over a stand of red pine that adorned the next point.

We received many scoldings from the red squirrels that frequent the Quetico. But the severest of all was when we finished a portage through birch, maple, hazel and jack pine at Sarah Lake. The squirrels, very active in the jack pines, seemed possessed at our presence.

The two-needle jack pine that we use for lodgepoles in the Far West has many legends attached to it in the northland. It is supposed to make women who come close to it sterile, to poison the soil, to bring ruin to livestock. Its magic is so potent that the *voyageurs* would not cut it down. This jack pine is a stubborn, knotty, stunted tree that thrives under adversity and dies in about 100 years. Although good only for lodgepoles and pulp, it does the northland great service. It covers thousands of square miles of cold, sterile ground where nothing else so tall might grow. And it performs heroic service in the cause of conservation when forest fires come. The jack pine is jealous about its seeds, keeping them in the cones for twenty years or more. But when great heat comes, the seeds are discharged. That is why the jack pine comes in first after a fire, serving as ground cover when the risk of depletion is greatest. And when June comes the waters of Sarah Lake will be covered by its pollen.

One day on Brent Lake we had lunch in a lovely grove of red pine. We used for fuel some dry pussy willow that is locally called diamond willow. It is a reddish wood with diamond-shaped knots—a hard wood that the northerners like to whittle. And it makes a bright fire. After lunch we fished near several beaver houses and logs protruding from the shore, landing a few northern pike. We had put up our rods and traveled a few hundred yards when a mother otter surfaced on the starboard side. She had nothing but vituperation for us; every utterance was a hiss as she glowered at us, her eyes dancing with anger. The otter is the fastest-swimming mammal in these waters, able to overtake any trout. She would disappear, only to reappear fifty yards on the opposite side of the canoe. In a jiffy she would pop up in front of us, then behind us. The game—which was to conceal her young—kept up for a half hour or more. Sig and I, sure that the young ones were beached somewhere on the rocks, searched up and down for them. The picture prize, had we made the discovery, would have been invaluable. But mother planned well; we did not find her babies. And as we headed west, she came almost halfway out of the water to give us a farewell hiss.

The night we camped at McIntyre was blustery and chilly. We built a fireplace, gathered wood and pitched our tent. The sun was low and supper was cooking when a seagull suddenly put down a respectable distance from us and sat there filled with expectancy. Then a loon swam by the point. Loons have four calls: (1) the "talking" call, (2) the "wail," (3) the "yodel" and (4) the "tremolo," or "laughing" call. The calls we had heard on previous nights were the yodel calls. This loon in McIntyre Lake was making the talking call. He must have been talking to himself, for no other loons were in view. His was single chatter, one-syllable notes uttered in a calm voice—the kind of talk old cronies sitting in a canoe might exchange. Suddenly he changed his call. He had seen us and was excited. He picked up speed and sounded the alarm with the tremolo call. This call announces danger—the presence of an intruder. It expresses worry and concern. It was a high-pitched tremolo, the half dozen notes coming fast and with precision. Our friend did not cease calling until he was far away and out of sight.

These days in a canoe brought life a new dimension. In calm waters we seemed to glide somewhere between earth and heaven, silently and gently. When the wind picked up or changed its course, the canoe seemed to stiffen like a spirited horse, only to relax when we established a new rhythm with our paddles. As our strokes settled to a steady beat, the canoe once more bent to our will, and paddling became a routine effortless exercise. But when the big blows came, the contest between man and water became intense. Then it seemed we were in an elemental battle requiring all of our ingenuity and most of our strength.

Singing while paddling was the manner of the *voyageurs:*

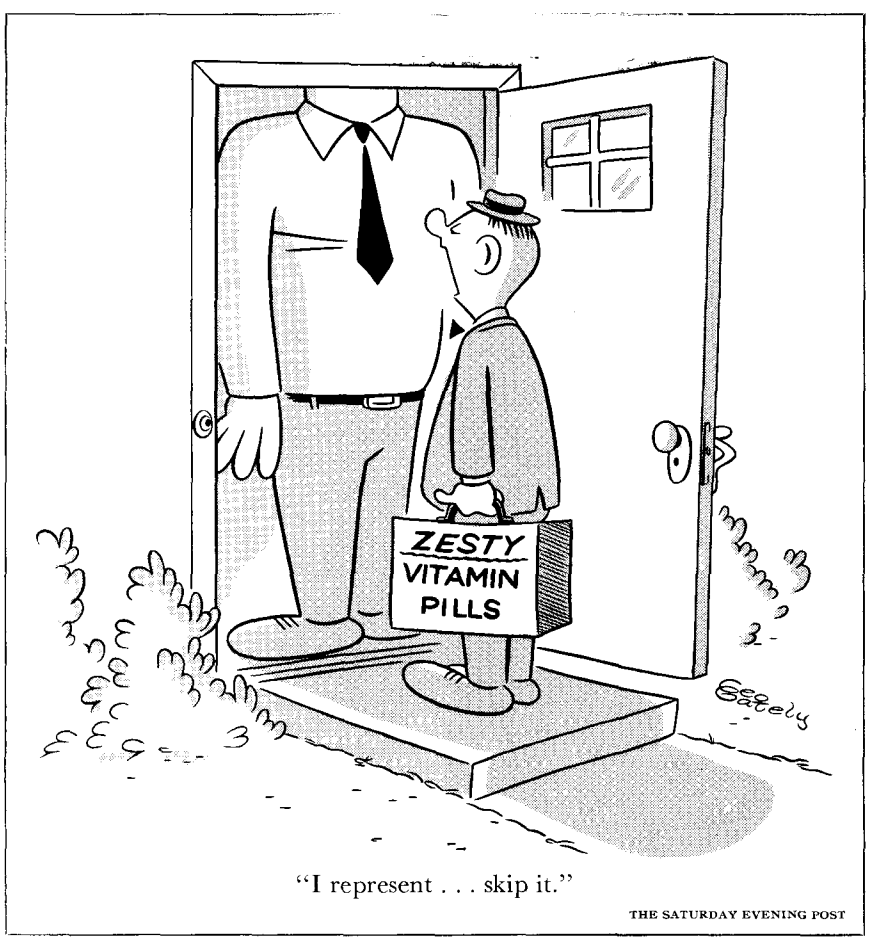
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

These *voyageurs* were the heroes of the early days. They paddled their bark canoes to Winnipeg, singing as they went. The paddlers received rations of rum and corn—that was all. Meat and fish, of course, went into the pot, including bear meat, which they liked because all fresh meat was at a premium. But there was precious little time for hunting and fishing. They traveled until after dark and were on their way again by two o'clock in the morning. Their birchbark canoes were not too tight. Hard blows, high waves or fast currents would cause them to leak. The *voyageurs* carried a pitch pot with them and often beached for repairs, lighting a fire and melting the resin.

When we were in Brent and Crooked we were on their highways. And the cadence of our strokes made me feel I knew them better. They, too, loved the feel of the canoe in water, the sound of loons, the splashing of moose in bogs, the whir of mergansers going out from under the bow and turning at right angles to show a broadside view. They loved the mysterious shape of woods in morning mist, dancing moonlight on calm waters, the roar of the falls ahead.

They were very much on my mind the last night of our trip when we camped on the tiny island below the lower falls. I sat into the night until the mist had enveloped the falls, wiping them from sight. I went to bed only to get up again to revisit the moonlight and to see the mist embrace the entire island. When I finally retired I lay for a while listening. Above the roar of the falls I seemed to hear voices—snatches of old French songs, a shout, a command, indistinct words and phrases, laughter, the scraping of canoes on granite, heavy packs hitting the ground. Those were the *voyageurs* who had passed this way 300 years before my arrival. Now I was with them as they finished their portage and headed their canoes down Crooked Lake.

THE END



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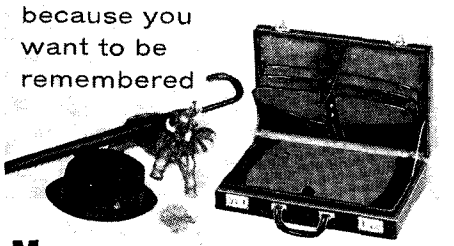

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The Case of the Bigamous Spouse

(Continued from Page 31)

at this time offers to stipulate any testimony defense counsel will state in good faith he expects Mr. Baxter to give."

Mason turned to the court. "If the court please," he said, "we submit that offer of stipulation is made simply for the purpose of embarrassing counsel; first, in getting the defense to disclose its case in advance; second, because Mr. George Belding Baxter has filed a suit against me, asking $100,000 damages for interfering with his business by abusing the process of the court and serving a subpoena on him."

"There is such a civil suit?" Judge Laporte asked Hamilton Burger.

"I believe there is, your honor."

"In that case," Judge Laporte said, "Mr. Baxter has elected his remedy. He can't eat his cake and have it too. If he's going to sue Mr. Mason for damages, he can't ask to be excused as a witness on the strength of a stipulation. In view of the motion, I suggest that he elect which he wants to do, whether he wants to ask to quash the subpoena or whether he wants to proceed with his suit for damages."

Hamilton Burger turned to where George Belding Baxter was seated in the courtroom.

"I stand on my rights," Baxter said with cold savagery. "I also demand to be excused."

"Motion is denied," Judge Laporte snapped. "Proceed with your case, Mr. Burger."

Perry Mason walked over to where Paul Drake was seated just inside the bar and whispered, "That's the whole secret of the thing, Paul. Hamilton Burger is going to handle this very adroitly so that he'll help Baxter build up his damage suit against me. That's why he's here."

"The grapevine is, he's got a terrific surprise," Drake whispered back.

Mason grinned. "Well, we'll ride along and see what happens."

Farley Nelson called as his first witness a surveyor who introduced in evidence a map of the grounds of the Baxter estate and the house, all drawn according to scale.

Mason declined to cross-examine.

The next witness was Lieutenant Tragg, who testified to receiving a telephone call from Perry Mason advising him that there was a body at the Baxter estate; that the witness had instructed radio officers to go to the place and preserve all evidence; that the witness himself had made all possible speed to Perry Mason's office, hoping to catch the person who had been Perry Mason's source of information; that they had arrived too late; that they had, however, taken steps to intercept all taxis which had picked up passengers from stands near Mason's office building; that, in addition, they had instructed parking lots near the building to delay getting cars for all persons who had parked within an hour: that, as a result of these instructions, they had picked up the defendant, Gwynn Elston; that subsequently they had taken her to Mr. Mason's office; that he had advised her to say nothing; that she had in her purse a checkbook showing the stub of a check payable to Mason for five dollars; that subsequently they had arranged with the bank to Photostat the check when it cleared, and that he had a Photostat of that check, which had been duly endorsed by Perry Mason and cashed.

Lieutenant Tragg then went on to state that, after questioning Miss Elston briefly, he had gone to the Baxter estate and had personally investigated the case. He described the position of the body, what he had found; that thereafter, upon being advised by the police watchman at the gate that Perry Mason had appeared and had done certain things, Tragg had instituted a search of the premises and had uncovered a gun. The gun was offered for identification, a Smith & Wesson .38-caliber revolver which bore Tragg's mark etched on the handle.

"Cross-examine," Nelson said.

Mason said, "What were the certain things that I did?"

"I only know them by hearsay," Tragg said.

"Let's not be technical," Mason said. "Let's get on with the case. What were the things I did?"

"According to the officer at the gate," Tragg said, "you appeared at the gates and, when you found the officer wouldn't let you inside, you opened a silver cigarette case, took out a cigarette, then tossed the cigarette case over the fence to within a very few feet of the place where the gun was found. Thereafter you tossed a cigarette lighter in the same general direction."

"You recovered those?" Mason asked.

"I did."

"You placed your initials on them?"

"I scratched my initials on them, yes."

"You have those objects with you?"

"I do."

"Produce them, please."

Tragg produced them.

"I ask that they be marked for identification," Farley Nelson said.

"No objection," Mason said.

"So ordered," Judge Laporte said.

"No further questions," Mason said.

Nelson called a photographer who had taken photographs of the body. This witness was followed by the autopsy surgeon who had recovered the fatal bullet from the body of the deceased and who fixed the time of death as between nine o'clock and midnight.

Mason declined to cross-examine either witness.

Nelson said, "Your honor, it now becomes necessary to introduce evidence showing the identity of the corpse. This is rather painful and embarrassing but, since it is necessary, I am going to call Mrs. Frankline Gillett to the stand."

Mrs. Gillett, attired in black, took the oath and testified to her name, the fact that she had married Frankline Gillett eight years earlier, that she had been called on to identify the body at the morgue and the body was that of the man she had married.

"Cross-examine," Nelson said.

Mason said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Gillett. I will try to make this as brief and as painless as possible. You state that you married your husband approximately eight years ago?"

"Yes."

"At that time, what was his occupation?"

"He was a salesman."

"Do you know the amount of his income?"

"It was not high. He worked on a guarantee and commission."

"And then?" Mason asked.

"About two and a half years ago he announced that he was going in business for himself."

"And after that, what about your financial affairs?"

"After that our financial affairs were very much better. He apparently made good money."

"Do you know anything at all about the nature of this business?"

"No."

"Since his death have you been able to discover the nature of his business?"

"I have learned nothing about it," she said. "My husband was very close-mouthed about business affairs. He didn't want to discuss them with me. After his death I have been unable to find any books of account; I have been unable to find anything that would indicate the source of his income. There is a joint checking account in which there was a balance of approximately $3000 at the time of his death. I have since been given to understand that all deposits in this account were in the form of cash."

"Any other assets in the estate?" Mason asked.

"Certainly. We were buying a home on Tribly Way. We have that about two thirds paid for. There is also a family car, which I drive for the most part, and another car which my husband drove."

"Did you," Mason asked, "find a gun in your husband's suitcase?"

Nelson said, "Objected to as not proper cross-examination."

"Overruled," Judge Laporte snapped. "She was asked about what property her husband left. The court frowns upon calling on a witness to give only a part of pertinent information. Answer the question."

Mrs. Gillett said slowly, "At a time after my husband returned from his last business trip, I discovered a revolver in his suitcase. It was a .38-caliber Smith and Wesson revolver. I wrote down the number on it. That number was C232721.

"I asked my husband about it. He said he had found the gun lying near the side of the road about three blocks from the house. I didn't want to have a gun around and told him so. He promised he would keep it in the suitcase and away from our son. When he left the house on his last trip, he took that gun with him."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

"Now, your honor," Farley Nelson said, "this, of course, is one of the aspects of the case which has made it spectacular and has resulted in a great deal of newspaper notoriety. I think, however, in order to explain the circumstances in the case it will be necessary to call, rather reluctantly, Nell Arlington."

Nell Arlington came forward and was sworn.

"Where do you live?" Nelson asked.

"At 367 Mandala Drive."

"Did you go under the name of Nell Arlington while you were living there?"

"No, sir."

"Under what name?"

"That of Mrs. Felting Grimes."

"You considered Mr. Felting Grimes your husband?"

"Yes."

"You went through a marriage ceremony with him in Las Vegas, Nevada?"

"Yes."

"That was generally some eighteen months ago?"

"Eighteen months and ten days."

"You have seen the body that was identified as Frankline Gillett?"

"Yes."

"Was that the body of the man you married, the one whom you knew as Felting Grimes?"

"Yes."

"Are you familiar with the defendant in this case?"

"Yes. She had been my closest friend for some years."

"Where was she living on the tenth of this month?"

"With us, at 367 Mandala Drive."

"Will you please relate the events of that evening as nearly as you can remember them, Miss Arlington?"

The witness recounted Gwynn's story about the officer who had insisted on a ride and had given her his gun.

"Did you," Nelson asked, "see the body of the murdered man?"

"Yes."

"On the morning of the eleventh, do you remember when the defendant arose and came into the kitchen for breakfast?"

"Very well."

"Did you at that time know where the man whom you knew as Felting Grimes was?"

"No."

"When had you last seen him?"

"The day before, when he left on one of his trips."

Nelson said, "Are you familiar with the manner in which the defendant carried on her business transactions?"

"Oh, yes. I helped her a good deal in those matters. I acted both as a friend and as a secretary."

"Can you explain what you mean by acting as a secretary?"

"She would get lists, sometimes phoned in, sometimes mailed in, of the prospects on whom she was to call. I would take down those lists when they came over the telephone in her absence or see that she got the letter when the names of the prospects came by mail. Sometimes she called in, and I would open a letter and read her the list of names."

"Our E bonds will mature about the same time you do."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Do you know about how the name of Mrs. Frankline Gillett was received by the defendant?"

"Yes, it was received by mail. After she—well, after she was arrested, I found in the living room the list of prospects which contained that name. Here it is. The name, Mrs. Frankline Gillett, 671 Tribly Way, is the one here at the bottom. There are eleven names on the list."

"Was that list left where the man you knew as your husband, Felting Grimes, could see it?"

"It was in the living room when I found it. Presumably it had been left there by the defendant."

"We ask that this be introduced in evidence," Nelson said.

"No objection," Mason said.

"Now," Nelson said, "I am going to ask you if, on the morning of Wednesday, the eleventh of this month, Mr. Mason called on you."

"He did."

"Who was with him?"

"His secretary, Miss Street."

"And what, if anything, did Mr. Mason try to get you to do at that time?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Mason said. "It makes no difference what counsel for the defense may have tried to get the witness to do. Moreover, the question calls for a conclusion of the witness."

"If the court please," Nelson said, "Mr. Mason was the attorney representing the defendant."

"Of course I was representing the defendant," Mason said. "I was also acting on my own. The defendant doesn't tell me how to try a case. I do what I think is best. If the prosecution wants to show that the defendant is bound by something that I did, let the prosecution show that the defendant knew about it and participated in it."

"I think that is correct," Judge Laporte said. "I'll sustain the objection."

"You may cross-examine," Nelson said.

"No questions," Mason said casually.

"No cross-examination?" Nelson asked in surprise.

"None whatever," Mason said.

Nelson conferred briefly with Hamilton Burger, then said, "I will call Peterson L. Marshall to the stand."

Marshall gave his name and address, stated that he was the proprietor of a sporting-goods store, that he was well acquainted with George Belding Baxter, that Baxter had been a customer of his for some time and had a charge account there.

Nelson said, "I am going to show you a Smith and Wesson revolver, Number C232721, and ask you if you recognize that revolver."

"I would like to check the number personally to make certain."

The witness checked the number, said, "Yes, I am familiar with that gun."

"Who sold that gun?"

"I did."

"To whom did you sell it?"

"To George Belding Baxter."

"Personally?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then what did you do?"

"Well," the witness said, hesitating, we're not supposed to deliver guns the same day that they're purchased. We're supposed to hold them, but—well, under the circumstances, I simply dated the application back three days and delivered the gun to Mr. Baxter."

"And that is this same weapon?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may cross-examine," Nelson said.

"No questions," Mason said.

"I will call Mrs. Minnie Crowder," Nelson said.

Mrs. Crowder identified herself as the housekeeper for George Belding Baxter.

Nelson said, "Now, on the evening of the tenth of this month, please tell us what you did."

"I finished up my work at about nine o'clock. The eleventh was my day off. I had been told that I didn't need to stay all night on the tenth, so I left the house prior to 9:30 in the evening. It was around 9:20. I had planned to return early on the morning of the twelfth. However, the police located me and interfered with my plans."

"What time did the police locate you?"

"Around two o'clock in the afternoon of the eleventh."

"I am going to show you this gun that has been marked for identification and ask you if you are familiar with it."

The witness took the gun, looked it over and said, "Yes, I am."

"Did you ever have that gun in your possession?"

"I did."

"Who gave it to you, if anyone?"

"Mr. George Belding Baxter."

"And what happened to the gun?"

"I kept it in my bedroom, and I took it with me when I walked at night. It fell from my coat pocket when I was walking on the night of the third. After I missed it, I returned to look for it but couldn't find it. So I said nothing to anyone."

"After the third of this month, or approximately the third of this month, you didn't see this gun again until when?"

"Until it was shown me by the police."

Mason said, "I dislike to interrupt counsel, but I think I am entitled to examine the witness on *voir dire*."

"Go right ahead," Nelson invited. "However, I am just about finished with the witness, and perhaps you would prefer to do this on cross-examination."

"It makes no difference to me," Mason said.

"Well, I'll ask just one more question. You saw this gun again on the eleventh of the month?"

"Yes."

"Where did you see it?"

"It was in the possession of Lieutenant Tragg. He showed it to me."

"Cross-examine," Nelson said.

"How do you know it's the same gun that Mr. Baxter gave you?" Mason asked.

"Well—well, I can tell it's the same gun. Mr. Gillett found it where I had dropped it."

"Do you know where you dropped it, the exact spot?"

"Not the exact spot."

"You know *when* you dropped it?"

"Yes. It was the night of the third at about 9:30. I was taking a walk. I had the gun in my overcoat pocket. I slipped the coat off after I got hot walking and, when I got back, the gun was missing."

"Now think carefully," Mason said. "Did you at any time while on that walk approach the hedge near where this gun was found by the police?"

"No."

"But you could have lost the gun near the hedge?"

"I don't think so. I must have lost it when I slipped my coat off and folded it. I remember that was 100 yards or so after I had left the gates and while I was walking along the pavement."

"Did you at any time make any note of the number of the gun given you by Mr. Baxter?"

"Of course not."

"There were no distinguishing marks on the gun then, no scratches, no blemishes?"

"Certainly not. It was a brand-new gun."

"Are there any scratches or blemishes on the gun now?"

"I notice there are scratches on the handle. I believe those are marks made by Lieutenant Tragg."

"When did you first notice these marks?"

"After Lieutenant Tragg pointed them out to me."

"You have no independent recollection of any distinguishing marks being on the the gun that was given you by Mr. Baxter?"

"Well—no."

"You don't know whether this is the gun given you by Mr. Baxter or whether it is simply one of the thousands of guns manufactured by the Smith and Wesson company and sold throughout the nation, do you?"

"Well, if you want to put it that way, all I can say is that it looks like the gun Mr. Baxter gave me."

"Thank you," Mason said. "I want to put it that way. That's all."

Nelson called Alexander Redfield as a firearms and ballistics expert and asked Redfield if he had examined the fatal bullet and if he had made tests to determine whether the fatal bullet had been fired from that weapon.

Redfield testified that he had made such tests.

"What can you state, with reference to the fatal bullet having been fired from this particular weapon?"

"The fatal bullet was fired from this particular gun which I am holding in my hand, this Smith and Wesson revolver, Number C232721," Redfield said.

"Now, if the court please," Nelson said, "I move to introduce this weapon in evidence."

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, no proper foundation laid," Mason said.

"What is your point?" Judge Laporte said.

"Simply this, your honor. There's one connecting link which is missing. George Belding Baxter took possession of this gun on the day it was purchased. Let *him* show that he gave the gun he purchased to the housekeeper."

"If the court please, that doesn't make the slightest difference," Hamilton Burger said. "This weapon was found on the grounds where it had evidently been thrown into the bushes by the murderer. Actually, we don't need to show anything except that the gun was found on the grounds and that it is the murder weapon. That is all we need in order to get the weapon introduced in evidence. Anything else is simply for the purpose of showing the background and history of the weapon."

"The court is inclined to agree with the district attorney," Judge Laporte said, "but why not simply call Mr. Baxter and have him testify that the gun he purchased was the gun he gave the housekeeper? Then you have connected up this weapon with its particular serial number."

"Because it isn't necessary," Hamilton Burger said.

... ...

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Mason grinned and said, "Because George Belding Baxter is suing me for $100,000 damages for serving a subpoena on him to testify on behalf of the defendant. If he should be called as a witness for the prosecution, it would appear that his presence here had been necessary, and I wouldn't have damaged him by asking him to remain over to testify for the defense. That's the sole reason Hamilton Burger is here in court, to try and guide this case through the court so that it doesn't require the presence of George Belding Baxter as a witness."

Judge Laporte smiled faintly, then frowned thoughtfully. "Of course," he said, "the ordinary procedure would be to connect this weapon up, but—under the circumstances, I am inclined to agree with the district attorney that all that is really necessary in order to introduce the weapon in evidence is to show that it is the gun which was used in the murder and that the gun was found in a certain place.

"That lays the foundation for the introduction of the gun. Now then, if we are to go further than that and try to connect the gun up with the defendant, there is, of course, a certain element of hiatus there."

"We understand that, your honor. We'll cover that all right," Hamilton Burger said confidently. "In fact, I believe we have a witness who will cover that."

"Well," Judge Laporte said, "the court is inclined to agree with you that a sufficient foundation has been laid to introduce the weapon in evidence. It will be received and marked an appropriate exhibit number."

Hamilton Burger couldn't keep a triumphant grin from his features. "Thank you, your honor."

Nelson called Corley L. Ketchum to the stand.

Ketchum, attired in a dark suit, seemed ill at ease. He testified that he was the caretaker and gardener for the George Belding Baxter estate; that it was customary for the housekeeper to remain on duty until ten o'clock; that it was his duty to close and lock the gates at ten o'clock; that on the evening of the tenth he had not known that the housekeeper had left early in accordance with permission given by Mr. Baxter; and at two or three minutes before ten o'clock on that evening he had gone to the gates and had closed and locked them; that at that time he saw no car parked anywhere near the gates; that he had performed the simple routine act of closing the gates and seeing that they were securely locked; that he had then returned to his caretaker's cabin and gone to bed. That prior to ten o'clock he had heard no car drive into the grounds, but that, on the other hand, a car could have driven in without his hearing it.

"Cross-examination?" Nelson asked.

Mason shook his head.

An expert on *moulage* testified that he had acted under instructions of Lieutenant Tragg in making casts of tire treads on the car of the defendant as well as casts of the impressions left where the body was found; that he had matched those impressions; that he had also made impressions of foot tracks found near the body. Those impressions were introduced in evidence along with the impressions of the tires.

Again there was no cross-examination.

"I notice that it is approaching the hour of the noon adjournment," Judge Laporte said. "Do you have many more witnesses, Mr. Prosecutor?"

"I think one or two more will be all," Hamilton Burger said.

"Very well. Court will adjourn until two o'clock in the afternoon. The defendant is remanded to custody."

Judge Laporte left the bench. Paul Drake came pushing forward, said to Mason, "They've got a mystery witness, Perry. They're keeping him in the witness room. He's heavily guarded, and no one can get in to see him."

"You're sure?"

"I got just a brief glimpse of his head, neck and shoulders as they hurried him in there. They've got a cordon of officers around the place."

"Can you describe him, Paul?"

"Well, he's about—oh, medium height, rather stocky build. I noticed he had quite a mop of dark, wavy hair."

"Wait a minute," Mason said, "wait a minute."

"What is it?" Della Street asked apprehensively.

"That," Mason said, "is the man who gave Gwynn Elston the gun. I told you they'd found him, Paul. That's the reason they weren't covering the service stations trying to trace the person who might have been called to go out and change a tire on that disabled car."

"There wasn't any disabled car, Perry," Drake said doggedly. "There couldn't have been. I tell you they've got some big surprise. They're getting ready to lower the boom. There's something here that's going to blow your case clean out of water."

"Well," Mason said, "we'll eat a light lunch and go into court and sit very lightly on our chairs. There may be an element here we don't know anything about but, once we get our hands on it, we *may* surprise Burger."

Drake shook his head. "Not on this one, Perry. You can bet your bottom

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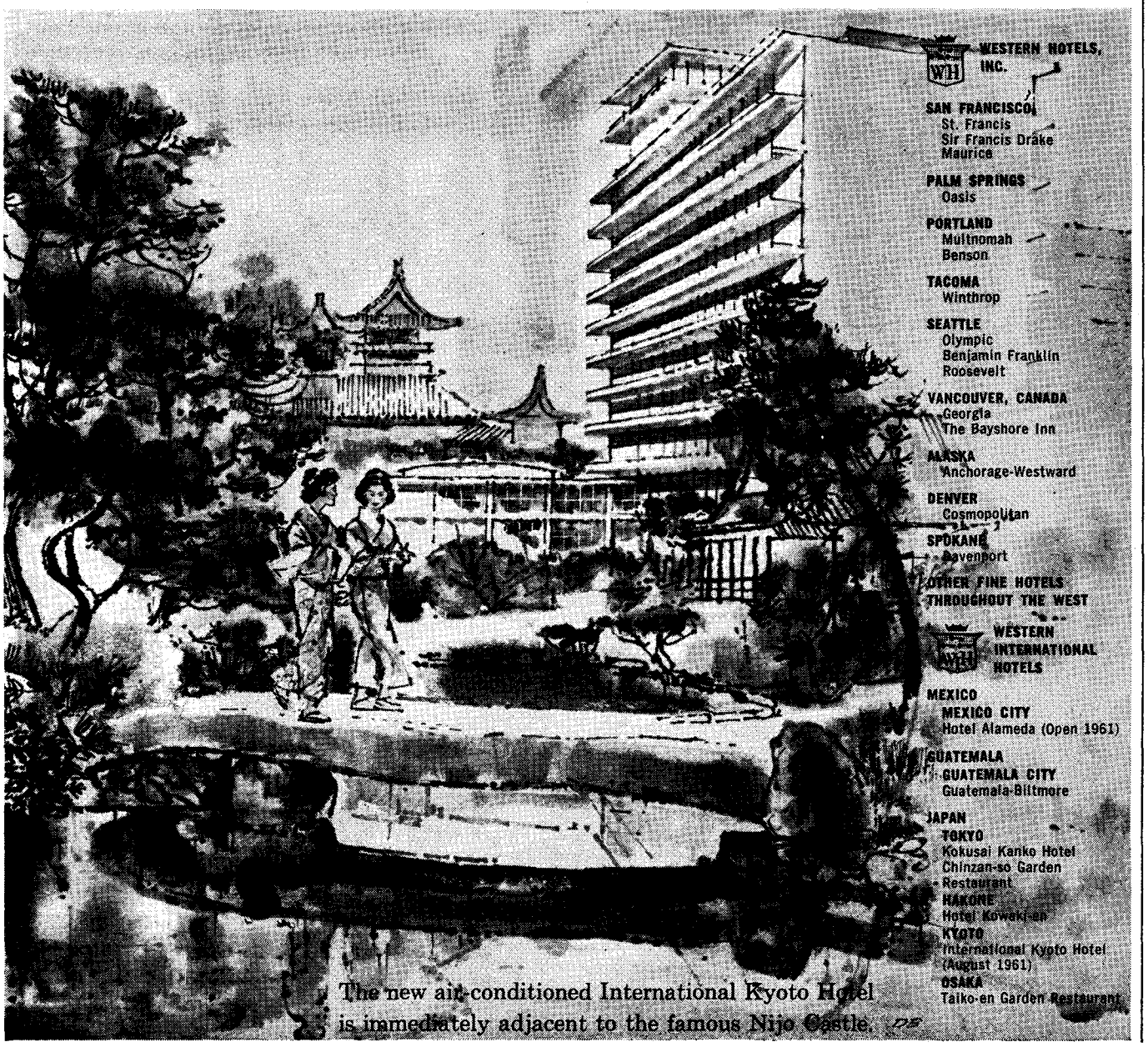

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dollar they've checked and double-checked. There's an atmosphere of triumphant jubilation they simply can't conceal."

"We'll take things as they come," Mason said.

Immediately after court convened for the afternoon session, Hamilton Burger rose to his feet with a triumphant air. "I wish to call Carl Freeman Jasper to the stand," he said.

An officer stepped to the door of the witness room and held it open.

Mason, keeping a poker face, whispered to Gwynn Elston, "Be careful, now. This is going to be a shock."

The door opened, and an individual in his late twenties walked rapidly into the courtroom. Gwynn Elston's fingers dug into Mason's arm. "It's him! It's him!" she said.

"Shut up," Mason whispered.

"He's the man who gave me the gun," she whispered.

Hamilton Burger, not unaware of the commotion and enjoying it immensely, said, "Step right up to the witness stand, Mr. Jasper. Take the oath, give your name and address to the court reporter and be seated." Burger strode importantly up to the witness stand. "Mr. Jasper," he said, "what is your occupation?"

"I am a duly licensed private investigator."

"And you were such on the ninth of this month and on the tenth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have any employment on that date?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"And who employed you?"

"A man who gave me the name of Felting Grimes."

"And the address that he gave you?"

"It was 367 Mandala Drive."

"And did he give you a telephone number there?"

"He did."

Hamilton Burger turned to Mason with something of a bow. "If court and counsel please," he said, "I would like to interrogate this witness so that I can make a consecutive sequence of events. In that way there will be less confusion. Strictly speaking, it might be necessary for me first to show his connection with the murder gun and with the defendant and then go back, but I trust court and counsel will appreciate the advisability of having the narrative follow a certain sequence."

"By all means," Mason said, matching Hamilton Burger's suave courtesy.

Hamilton Burger, who had evidently expected some objection and hoped to have an opportunity to argue that objection, said, somewhat after the manner of a man whose first bomb has turned out to be a dud, "Thank you," and turned to the witness.

"You were employed by Mr. Grimes, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did that employment start?"

"On the afternoon of the ninth."

"And what did Mr. Grimes tell you to do?"

"If the court please," Mason said, "I am willing to give the prosecutor a certain amount of leeway, but I certainly see no reason for permitting a lot of hearsay evidence."

"It is part of the *res gestae*," Hamilton Burger said.

Judge Laporte shook his head. "Not unless it is first shown to be a part of the *res gestae* by better evidence than this, Mr. Prosecutor. The objection is sustained."

"Very well," Hamilton Burger said. "What did you do?"

"After receiving instructions from Mr. Grimes, I went to a house at 671 Tribly Way near Vista del Mesa, a house which was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Frankline Gillett."

"Did you know at that time that Frankline Gillett and Felting Grimes were one and the same person?"

"No, sir."

"When did you find out?"

"After I was called upon to identify the corpse which had been found at the estate of George Belding Baxter."

"And when was that?"

"That was on the evening of the eleventh, after the body had been removed to the morgue."

"Now then, as a result of your employment, what did you do?"

"I went to the Gillett residence, concealed my car in a place where it would not be conspicuous and kept the residence under surveillance."

"What were you looking for, if anything?"

"I was keeping the place under surveillance so that I could describe all the people, particularly women, who went in and get the license numbers of the automobiles that were parked out in front of the place or that turned in at the driveway."

"And then what were you to do?"

"As soon as I had any license number of any car or as soon as there had been any developments, I was to telephone my office, and my office was to report to Felting Grimes."

"When did you make your first telephone call to your office?"

"On the evening of the tenth."

"And what car did you report at that time?"

"I reported the car which I have since ascertained is owned by the defendant, Gwynn Elston. I reported the license number and gave a description of Miss Elston."

"How long was that after Miss Elston had driven up to the house?"

"Within about three minutes."

"Where did you make the report? That is, where did you find the telephone?"

"I had a communications system in my automobile, and I was able to relay a message to my office so that the message could, in turn, be relayed to Felting Grimes."

"And how could Felting Grimes reply to you?"

"Only by giving instructions to the person in my office, who in turn could relay them to me in my car over the short-wave communicating system."

"And then what happened?"

"While Miss Elston was still at the house and within approximately twenty minutes after I had finished placing the call over my short-wave communications system, I saw Mr. Felting Grimes drive up—that is, the man whom I had come to know as Felting Grimes drove up."

"Now then," Hamilton Burger said, "I think this definitely is a part of the *res gestae*. What did your client instruct you to do at that time?"

Judge Laporte looked down at Perry Mason. "Any objections?"

"I think not," Mason said. "If the court please, I think we should go into this. It is becoming exceedingly interesting."

"I thought you would find it *quite* interesting," Hamilton Burger said.

The witness said, "Mr. Grimes, as I knew him at that time, instructed me to leave my post and to follow him."

"Now, your post was there on Tribly Way?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far is that from the gates of the estate of George Belding Baxter?"

"Around a quarter of a mile."

"And it is along that road that the defendant drove, in going and coming?"

"It is along that road she would drive. I didn't follow her."

"But that is the road she would necessarily follow?"

"Yes."

"And the Baxter estate—that is, the gates to the Baxter estate are within easy walking distance of the house on Tribly Way?"

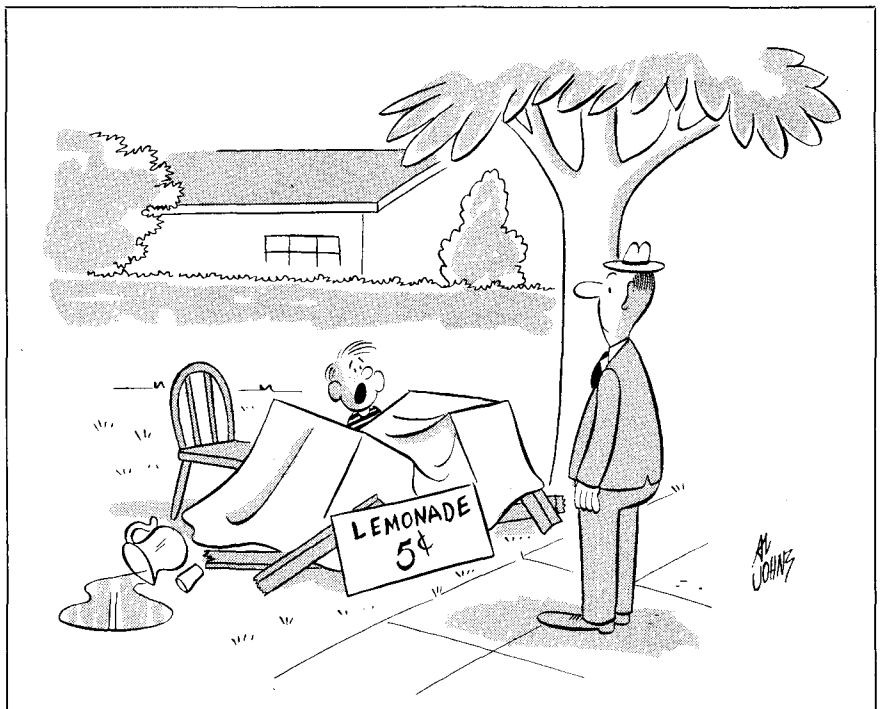
"Yes," the witness said.

"What did you do?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"I followed the car driven by Felting Grimes to the George Belding Baxter estate."

"Then what?"

"I may state," the witness said, "that at this entrance to the George Belding Baxter estate the road widens as it is joined by the driveway from the Baxter estate, and that was the first place where we could conveniently park our cars off the road where we would not be in danger of being hit."



"We're temporarily closed for repairs."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Very well, go ahead," Hamilton Burger said. "What happened?"

"We stopped our cars. My client told me that it was absolutely necessary that I devise some excuse to stop the person whom I had seen go into the Gillett house when she started back toward the city. He said I simply must get in the car with her and remain with her until she reached a telephone booth and that I must learn the number she called. He said she was rather friendly and that I was to win her confidence. He said I was to spend the night with her, if possible."

"What did you do?"

"I protested the assignment would be difficult. My client brushed aside my protestations. He asked me if I had a gun. I said I did not. He thereupon handed me a revolver and said that, if I had to do so, I was to shoot out a rear tire as the car went past. He said she wouldn't be able to tell what I had done, that the report of the gun would be considered the sound of a blowout."

"Did you agree to do this?"

"I let him give me the gun. I had mental reservations as to what I would do, but my client was so agitated I decided not to argue with him."

"What *did* you do?"

"I parked my car on the side of the road. I raised up the lid of the trunk. I tried to make it appear I was having tire trouble. I decided that if I could get a ride with this girl I would do so."

"What did your client do?"

"He said he would follow along behind us after I had secured a ride with the woman, who, by the way, I now know was Miss Elston, the defendant in this case."

Hamilton Burger said, "Your client gave you a gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you planned to win the confidence of the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"And get her to confide in you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You took this gun your client gave you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a gun was it?"

"A .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver with a two-inch barrel."

"I show you the gun which has been heretofore marked as People's Exhibit G and ask you if this is the gun."

"Now, just a moment," Mason said. "I submit that that question calls for a conclusion of the witness. I would like to be permitted to ask questions on *voir dire*."

"You may ask your questions on *voir dire*," Judge Laporte said.

"Did you take the number of the gun when Mr. Grimes handed it to you?" Mason asked.

"No, sir."

"Did you look the gun over carefully?"

"I looked it over carefully."

"Were there any distinguishing marks on that gun which would enable you to swear that this gun, People's Exhibit G, is the same gun that he gave you?"

"I failed to find any distinguishing marks."

"And you cannot state positively that this gun, People's Exhibit G, was the gun that Felting Grimes gave you?"

"No, sir, I can't swear to it. All I can swear is that it was a gun identical in appearance."

"That concludes my *voir-dire* examination," Perry Mason said.

"Very well. . . . Go on, Mr. Prosecutor," Judge Laporte said, leaning forward with his elbows on the bench, peering down at the witness, his manner showing his extreme interest.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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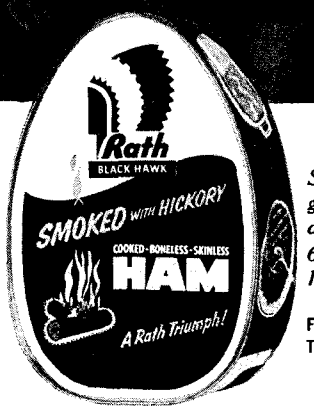

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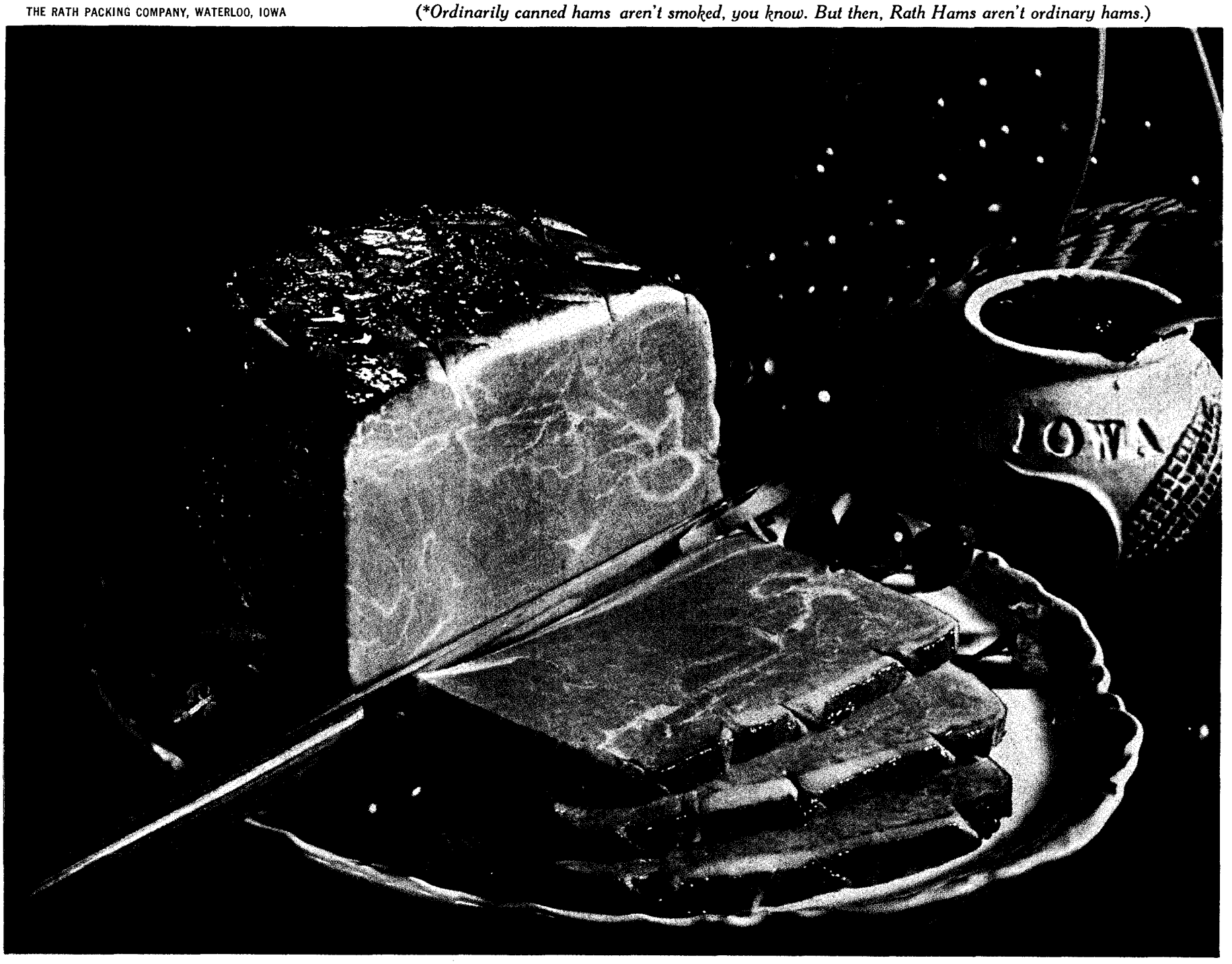

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Forgive Me (Continued from Page 24)

of her own, she sometimes played tennis with the undergraduates and gave them tea on Sundays.

Hendy came only once to those teas. Chad Karrel brought her, a thin, pale girl, her large eyes outlined with kohl and her lips done lavender in the new way.

"Are they beats?" asked Margaret. "Somehow you don't expect them to talk, do you?"

"It's the effect of outer space on the young mind," the professor said.

They could hardly believe their eyes when Chad had shown up with Hendy that afternoon. He was the large blond approximation of godhood on campus, track star and football captain and not too bright. At twenty-three, finally, he was a senior. Hendy was an insignificant sophomore.

"What *is* this?" asked Margaret, presiding behind the tea urn while Howard shuffled sandwiches. "I've seen him snub her at dances."

The professor nodded. They watched Chad, his big hand on Hendy's little waist, steering her around like something he got for Christmas.

"Don't forget her mother's an actress; and Hendy pulled down most of the praise in the Christmas play."

"Oh," said Margaret. "Anyway, I don't like it."

"I don't like Chad Karrel," her husband said.

That had been early in January, more than a month ago.

"Howard," said Margaret Smedley now, "do you think it would help if I went down and saw her?"

"I don't know. They've sent for her mother—divorced, remarried; one of those things."

She looked at him with her kind, worried eyes. "In fact, nothing about it is very pretty, is it?"

"That's right; maybe you'd better stay out of it."

"I can't," said Margaret.

The cinder-block walls of the matron's office were painted a sea-blue-green, and music was coming over the intercom.

"I've come to see Hendy Barker, if I may," said Margaret.

The matron looked something like a wrestler in skirts. "If you'll please be seated, I'll get her."

Margaret stood. She did not face the door through which Hendy would come. She started at the matron's voice.

"Here she is, ma'am."

Margaret turned, "Hello, Hendy."

The girl looked at her. She didn't speak.

"I'm Margaret Smedley. You came over to tea one day; remember?"

"I stole something. I hit a man. He's going to die because I hit him. I killed a man." The words ran all together in a monotone.

"I keep telling her," said the matron, "the hospital will inform us if he dies."

"Come sit down by me, Hendy," said Margaret.

She didn't move.

"Do what the lady asks you," said the matron.

She came and sat down, and Margaret took her hand. Quietly Hendy withdrew it. She locked it with the other between her knees, and there were the dark, stiff stains of blood on her cuffs. She was shaking, shaking.

"We want to help you," said Margaret. "You won't be here long."

No answer. She looked straight ahead, and her eyes had a flat, mindless luster. Margaret waited. Then she said, "It wasn't your idea, was it, to take Professor Curran's car?"

Hendy looked at Margaret like someone waking up. "No," she said.

"Are you sure you were driving, Hendy? Think hard; are you sure?"

"Oh, yes."

"Why were you driving?"

"I didn't want to; he made me. He was drunk."

"Were you drunk?"

"A little—not on anything I'd been drinking. It was something else—a feeling you were glad you were wicked. Oh, I don't know. To drive fast like that was like paying somebody back for something. Chad kept talking—about what a drip I was to think he loved me. He was talking like that when I hit the car."

"What did he do when you hit it?"

"I don't know. There's a lot I don't know. I was kneeling there by this man—his blood was all on my hands. Then I heard the sirens, and Chad was gone."

"Do you want to go home?" said Margaret.

"I haven't a home. And now I can't stay in college. Where will I go?"

"You have a father and mother."

"They don't want me. They never wanted me."

"I want you, Hendy," said Margaret.

She left the jail and drove back across town to Wakefield College. But instead of taking the short cut to their house, she went in the main gate, circled and parked in front of Tower Hall. Although she still was mortally afraid of Dean Kirk, this didn't even diminish her intentions. She ran up the twenty-five steps and came to the office window a little breathless.

"Is Dean Kirk free?"

The girl in charge was a junior; she smiled at Margaret. "I'll see, Mrs. Smedley." She was back in a minute. "Dean Kirk says to come right in."

He glanced up as she entered. "Hello, Margaret; sit down." He signed three more papers. "Now, what can I do for you? Everything all right with Howard? Just saw him this morning."

"Yes, he's all right."

In the pause she glanced at the pictures on his desk and tried to realize Dean Kirk as a family man. It was difficult.

"I've come about Hendy Barker," she said and remembered that he had been up since two this morning.

"Yes?"

"I—I went to see her; she wasn't hurt."

"Physically, no."

"But Dean Kirk, she does need help! Won't anybody ——"

"Her mother's New York manager has sent bail."

"Manager!" Margaret cried. "What about her mother?"

"Her mother," said Dean Kirk wearily, "is Gizelle Suisse."

"Is who? I don't care who! Why isn't she here?"

"She's doing a movie in Italy."

"Then what about the stepfather?"

"It seems he's in California."

"Which isn't exactly the African bush!"

"Margaret." Dean Kirk looked unspeakably tired.

"I know. I'm sorry. It's all here in a capsule, isn't it? The whole ugly story."

"I'm afraid you're right."

"Dean Kirk, if she stays with us, will you let her come to classes?"

He passed a hand slowly over his eyes, then looked at her. "If Hendy has the plain Anglo-Saxon guts to go back to classes—yes, I'll permit it."

"Thank you." She stood up.

"And now I would like someone to tell Hendy something." Dean Kirk rose to his full height of five-feet-six. "Someone, that is, besides myself. I've told her so much since last night I think she doesn't hear me anymore. She doesn't seem to."

"Tell her?" Margaret's hands closed hard on her purse handle; she wet her lips. "Yes?"

"Just before you came in I had word from the hospital; tell her that the man she hit will not die."

Hendy came to the Smedleys on Sunday afternoon. They drove down for her. Margaret herself had gone to the dorm and picked up some things.

"I hope I got what you needed, Hendy."

"Yes, thank you."

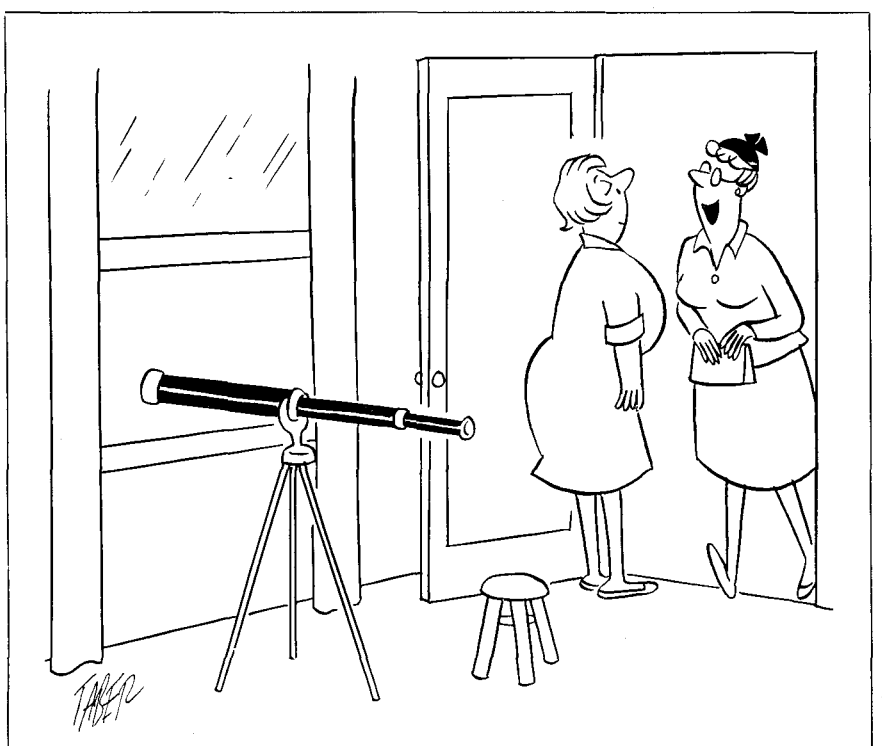
After supper Margaret asked her, "Are you going to classes tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Hendy.

By five o'clock on Monday she wasn't back. Margaret came in from the kitchen and found Howard reading in a bad light. "Darling, you'll ruin your eyes! What's become of Hendy?"

He smiled at her. "Maybe it's just as well we haven't children."

Margaret walked to the glass wall. "I couldn't stand another day like this; I feel so sorry for her."



"Hello, Mabel, what's new?"

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"The first day will be the hardest," he said. "Trawbridge won't die; they've caught Chad Karrel in Chicago. I've seen other things as bad as this forgotten in a few weeks."

"Here she comes!" cried Margaret. "Act natural, Howard; turn on some lights. I'll put on the kettle for tea."

She disappeared into the kitchen. Presently the front door opened and closed. The soft steps were on the stairs before he called to her.

"Hello, there. Come in. Margaret's fixing tea."

Hendy left her books and coat on the stairs and came back.

"Yes, sir?" She stood in the door looking summoned, and Margaret came in with the tea tray.

"Hello, Hendy. How did things go?"

"It was terrible."

"But it's over." Margaret poured the tea out steadily. "Every day will be easier."

"Yes," said Hendy and took the cup held out to her.

Upstairs she put her books on the desk and hung up her coat. It was a small, pleasant room and might have belonged to the Smedleys' child if they'd had one. Hendy went to the window and stood there quietly. The drab March dusk had driven everyone indoors. In the old brick buildings lights came on, singly and in clusters, and she thought of her friends there who now were not her friends; she thought of Chad. She was here alone, and he was in jail alone. It was strange to think of, and only nine days since they walked out of commons that awful night.

It was cold and clear, she could see the stars, beady and sharp. Wind struck them, and Chad drove his arms in under her coat and kissed her. He and two other boys had been drinking whisky; his breath was strong of it.

"How 'bout a lark?"

"What kind of lark?" asked Hendy, trembling with fear and happiness to be held like this.

"Joyride; O.K.?"

"But we haven't a car."

"That's easy, baby."

His big handsome face was blurred with drink and darkness, and she felt a peculiar unknown cold drop through her like the diving mercury of a thermometer. Chad was steering her down the walk toward Lundy. They met no one. It was only ten-thirty of a Saturday night.

"Where are we going?" asked Hendy.

"Trust Uncle Chadwick." He laughed a little thickly, and his hand roved with purpose beneath her coat as they headed toward the back of Lundy, where the professors left their cars. There were five there. One of them was Professor Smedley's old black sedan, and there was a light on in some room above them.

"Let's take Curran's; that's fastest getaway." It was a light-blue hardtop.

"But you can't; that's stealing!" Hendy said.

"Just borrowing. Often borrow. Made this little gimcrack; unlocks 'em all."

When the gimcrack worked, Hendy felt a strange stab of evil; not Chad's, her own.

"No, I won't go. I won't steal anything!"

"Cut that word!" He reached out and caught her arm and twisted it.

"Don't, Chad—don't!"

"Then be careful what you say to me."

"I love you."

He drew her in under the wheel. As he leaned to kiss her, his arm listed against the horn, and the single bleat froze them together. They waited, and nothing happened. Chad said, "You drive."

"I don't want to."

"Drive! You heard me. And don't use your lights till we're out of here."

(*Continued on Page 73*)

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YOUR PRIVATE GATEWAY TO WHEREVER

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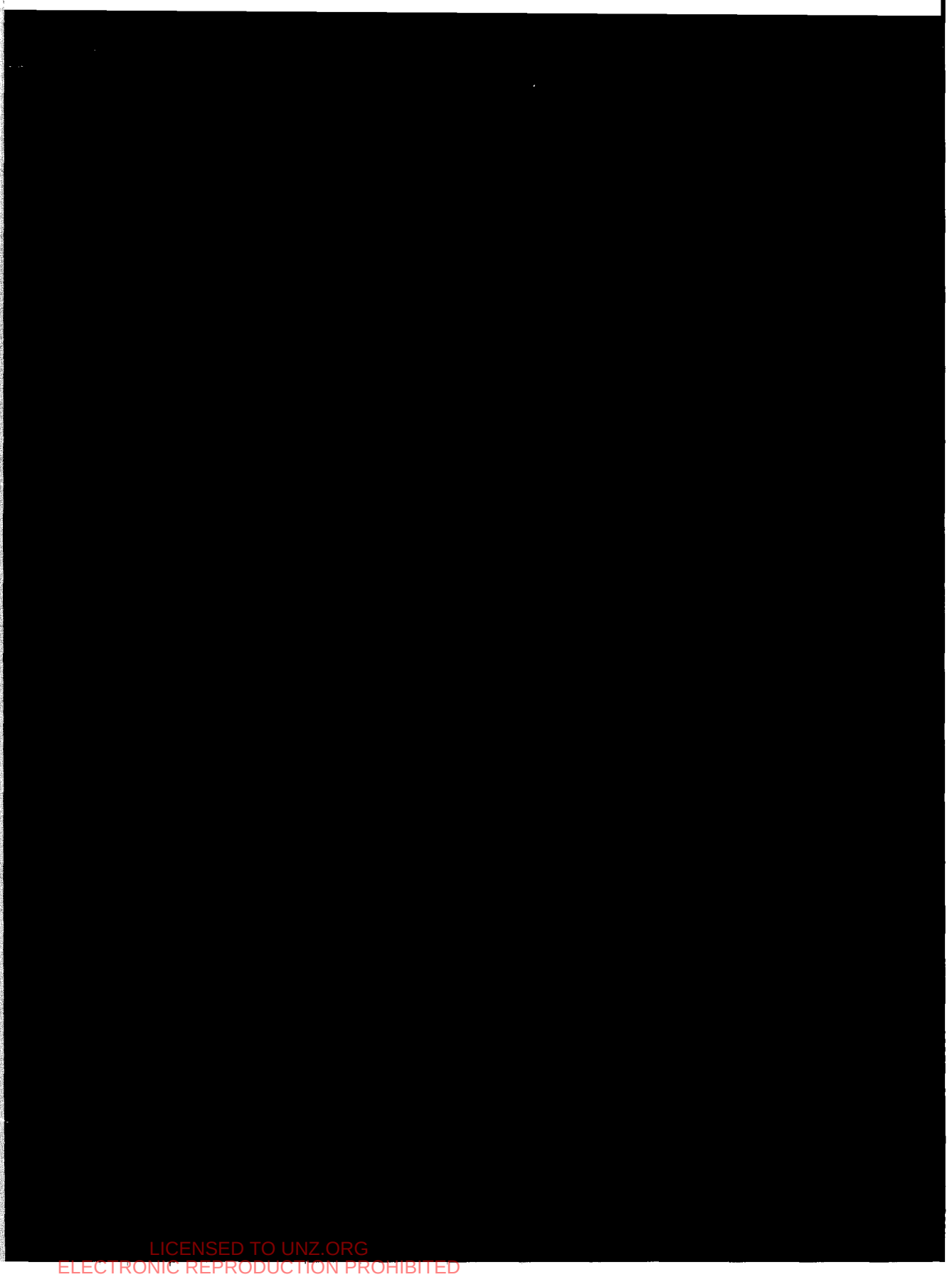

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(*Continued from Page 69*) What she couldn't believe was how little different it was from what you always did. The cold bare hands on the wheel were just her hands; even stern old Lundy didn't look any different. She started the motor. A man came to the lighted window and stood there smoking. Her heart stopped.

"Take it easy," said Chad. "Sit steady."

She obeyed him.

The man opened the window and flipped his cigarette in a small red arc that petered out. Then he closed the window and disappeared.

"O.K.," said Chad.

When they were beyond the gates of Wakefield College, things seemed better. "Turn left," he said. It was a four-lane highway.

"Where are we going?"

"Out to Joe the Rat's."

She laughed. "It sounds awful."

"It is, baby."

It seemed gay to be whirling along this highway with its neon-mad motels, its restaurants and bars. Beyond plate-glass walls she could see the people; it was Saturday night. Then suddenly the lights and buildings were chopped off and it was country.

Chad went to sleep. She drove with the weight of his head lumped on her shoulder, and tenderness enlarged her heart. Then Joe the Rat's showed up ahead like a mirage, a low log cabin with neon run along the eaves.

Hendy parked. "We're here," she said.

Chad woke up and grunted.

It was almost as dark inside as out; and it smelled, thought Hendy, as it would have to smell—whisky and smoke and cheap perfume. They took a table. A jukebox moaned, and out on the little smoggy floor couples moved like sleepwalkers. She and Chad danced; then Chad began to drink again. He saw the blonde then.

She was alone at the bar. Chad talked to her there, then steered her back to the table, where she sat between them with her fleshy body and easy smile.

"You married, you two?" she asked Chad.

Chad laughed. "Me marry her?"

"She's pretty." The woman talked as if Hendy weren't there. "Refined, if you get me."

Then she looked at Hendy with sad, blowzy blue eyes and said in a flash of drunken clarity, "You're in love with him, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Hendy.

She wondered. She had thought about love so long before it happened to her, but what she thought wasn't like this—oh, not at all! She never had seen Chad drunk before. She drank her coffee and stood up.

"It's time to go."

"Run along; I'm staying," said Chad, his arm around the woman.

"No you're not, buster; you're going back with this kid."

Hendy drove fast. In some way the feel of the car's power eased her. Chad was very drunk. "We're late," she said.

"Take short cut at Ed's gas station."

"What will we do if Professor Curran's missed his car?"

"Oh, shut up, can't you?"

Hendy made the turn at the gas station, and the tires squealed. After that she could only remember speed until it happened—the frenzy of headlights and then the crash.

When she knew anything again she knew she had been thrown clear of whatever was out there on the road. Her hands touched rough frozen grass. She turned her head—it felt weighted—and saw the headlights of the two cars crossed strangely in mid-air. Then trying, failing, trying again, she stood up. Waiting till things stopped spinning, she half-ran, half-stumbled toward the road saying, "Chad . . . Chad."

The man was in darkness, and yet she saw him. He had a mustache; it wasn't Chad. He lay with his head against a culvert, looking almost obscenely comfortable. Hendy knelt down by him and touched him; there was no response. Her cold hands explored his face and came away with something warm and dark on them. The knowledge of what had happened was like an unalterable madness that settled over her, more to do with her body than a mind thing, clutching her arms and chest like a coat too small for her. Where was Chad?

This was not a main road. It may have been a long time before a car came; Hendy never knew. In that black time, those headlights crisscrossed above her like further madness, Hendy began to know that she was alone with this man she had never seen. All she could feel in the dark now was his life and hers. Was Chad dead in that wreckage? She got up and ran on and pawed through the twisted mess of cars like a little animal, whimpering, biting her cold hands. But there was no sign of him. She ran back and knelt by the man again. Had he died while she left him? She held her fingers against his mouth. When the faint breath warmed them, it sickened her and made her weak with thankfulness.

But would no one come? Leave him and look for help? She couldn't leave him. It was so cold. He could die of cold. She lay over him, spreading her coat, holding him in her arms as best she could; he was a large man and she was little. She pressed her face to his face where the blood spread slowly and steadily.

"Don't die . . . don't die . . . don't die." She said it over and over.

That was how they found her.

Hendy washed up and went downstairs. Professor Smedley was reading by a goosenecked lamp that looked rather like him. He glanced up and smiled.

"Sit down, my dear."

Hendy perched. In the dark clothes her hands and face had a way of looking uncommonly white and breakable. "Would you tell me some things about Mr. Trawbridge?"

Smedley closed his book with a calm that betrayed him. "What do you want to know about James Trawbridge?"

"That night, before anyone came, it seemed I knew him—and now I don't."

"Well, he's president of the Union Paper Mills."

"Yes, it said that in the newspapers."

"Of course he's rich."

"Yes, I know."

"For one thing," said Smedley, warming to his subject, "he's not very interested in Wakefield College; won't give an endowment; sends his own children east."

Hendy was quiet.

"Why do you ask?"

"I want to see him."

The professor blinked and looked thoughtful. "Now maybe you'd better talk that over with Margaret. The hospital's way on the other side of town and ——"

"I want to go."

"My dear"—he leaned forward as if he might take her hand if he could reach it—"you've been hurt enough. Trawbridge won't see you. Why should he?"

"They would let me in at the hospital?"

"Probably; but consider his family—what they must feel."

"I know." Hendy got up and went to set the table for dinner.

Saturday afternoon she put on the jersey dress she saved for Sundays. Her coat had been cleaned since the accident; under it slim black legs ran into green skimmers. Margaret, watching her go down the walk to the bus stop, shook her head. "I suppose the dramatic instinct is just born in her."

"This isn't dramatics," said Howard. "She really wants to see Trawbridge. God knows why."

"Oh, poor little thing—putting on her best dress!"

"Mr James Trawbridge?" The receptionist flipped nimbly through the visiting cards, drew out one. As she gave it to Hendy a shocked, frozen look came over her pink face.

"Thank you," Hendy said and looked straight back at her.

The woman opened her mouth again, but nothing came of it.

"What's up with you?" asked the blonde on the telephone.

"That visitor for Trawbridge," said Dyed Red. "It's her that hit him!"

"Go on!"

"I guess I saw the pictures all over the front page."

They craned down the corridor to see her standing quietly at the elevator.

"What a cool one," said Blonde.

"Just wait five minutes; may be a litter case going out in those green shoes."

On the third floor Hendy showed her card at the floor desk.

"To your left," said the nurse, not looking beyond the thin wrist.

"Thank you." Now her tongue felt woolly and dry.

Quickly, quietly she skimmed down the hall, knowing that if anything stopped her now she could not surmount it; if she had to pause for a nurse or even an empty stretcher, she hadn't enough nerve left to get started again. She was saving enough to get into his room, and what happened then would have to take care of itself. If the door was closed—but it wasn't. Hendy stared at the number, 314. She put her hand on the door, and it moved a little.

"May I come in?"

"Yes," said the voice of a man who wasn't interested.

The room was almost dark. Some flowers seemed to float stemless, vaseless in the cloud of their own smell. Hendy's stomach felt pinched and faintly sick. She swallowed. "Mr. Trawbridge. . . ."

She turned to meet whatever there was in his face—hate, blame—but there was no face. On the white pillow lay the white resemblance of a head with heavy bandaging. Between nostrils and mouth she recognized the dark mustache.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello; who are you?"

"I'm Hendy Barker."

He put out his hand. "One of Julia's friends?"

She laid her hand in his and asked, "Who's Julia?"

"My daughter; she's off at school. Hendy? Haven't I heard that name?"

"I'm the girl that hit you."

She could feel the shock in his fingers. For a moment he almost dropped her hand, then kept it.

"Why have you come?" he asked.

"I wanted to." There he lay in a dark world she had imposed on him. "I wanted to say I didn't mean to. I've never hurt anything in my life, and once when my mother killed a mouse I hated her."

He fingered her hand as if to tell how small it was.

"You stayed with me," he said. "I understand the boy ran away."

"Yes, but they found him in Chicago. He's in jail."

"Did they put you in jail?"

"A little while. I didn't mind."

"Were you in love with him?"

"Yes—but he didn't love me; he told me so that night."

"Maybe you were hurt as badly as I was." He dropped her hand and turned away from her. "I'll be blind, you know."

Hendy sucked in her breath. "Oh, no! No, you mustn't be!"

"You had better go now."

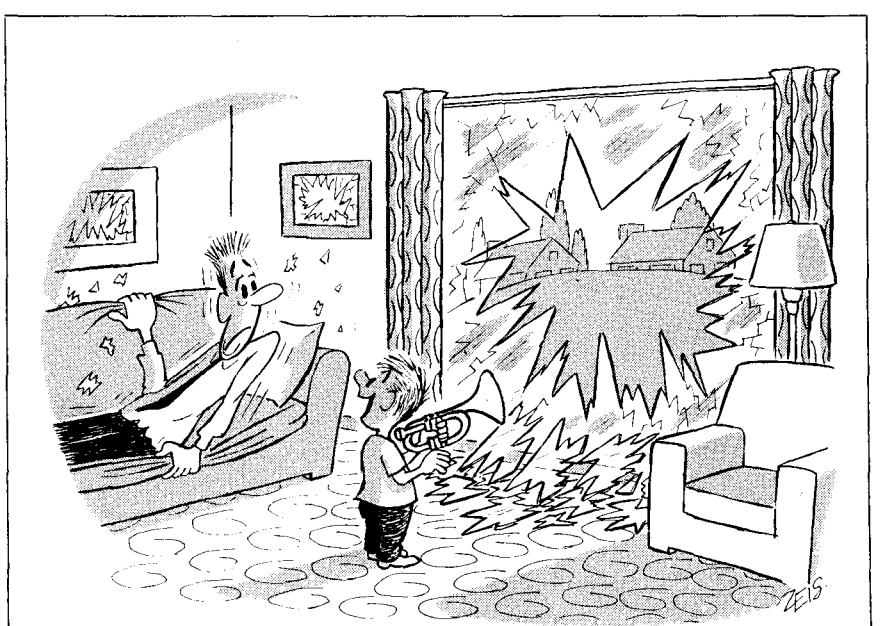
"May I come again?"

"If you like."

Outside in the squallish March day she stopped and covered her eyes with both hands. In the sudden dark it seemed she discovered something about herself. Then she opened them and started the long trip home.

Hendy came all through March to see James Trawbridge. The skies lightened and the wind blew more gently. Through the window of the bus she would notice men without overcoats, women standing at open doors with their sleeves rolled up and children bareheaded. In yards there were yellow splashes of jonquils, and she thought of the man who could not see spring coming.

They didn't speak of his blindness. Sitting beside him quietly with her eyes open, Hendy prayed for the first time in her life. *Let him see . . . let him see!* Sometimes as she watched him, the unforgettable features would come back to her, pillowed against the culvert. It would seem she could see through the bandages, and her heart stirred as if in love. She had



"That's a note I don't hit very often."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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thought that she understood her heart, that she had given it to Chad in a lump sum. There was no such thing. To love was to break into many parts and know which to give and which to hold back.

They spoke of the trial that was due soon. Chad Karrel was being brought down from Chicago.

"Have your parents come to help you in this trouble?" Mr. Trawbridge asked.

"No," said Hendy. He turned his head, normally he would have looked at her. "My mother is doing a movie in Italy. She can't come."

"What about your father?"

"My father's dead."

Mr. Trawbridge felt over the coverlet till he found her hand. Most visitors had left. There was the prefive hush as patients in various rooms composed themselves for supper.

He asked, "Is it evening yet?"

"Almost," said Hendy.

"Then you'd better go. You shouldn't be out alone this far from school after dark."

The day after the trial it snowed, great wet blobs of it that mounded on everything and dripped. Going to the hospital, Hendy stopped at a flower shop and bought some freesias because it ought to be spring and wasn't.

The receptionist cut her an icy look still fresh from last night's headlines. "Mr. Trawbridge, I suppose."

"Yes, please," said Hendy.

"His wife's with him," she said menacingly.

"Thank you." Hendy took the card.

As she waited for the elevator two interns passed and stared at her; one of them said, "It's her all right." She raised her chin and stepped into the elevator. But in front of 314 something that had sustained her until now was taken from her. His wife was there; it was only the barest luck she hadn't been before. Hendy heard her voice and heard him answer her, and felt alone. She turned and went slowly back along the hall, then remembered her flowers. They were a clear, jubilant yellow under the oiled paper. She went back and knocked.

A tallish woman opened the door. With her thin hips and heavy bust she looked like a large, shy bird, and she had been crying. "I've come to see Mr. Trawbridge," Hendy said.

"I'm Mrs. Trawbridge." She wiped her eyes. "I don't believe I know you."

"I'm Hendy Barker."

For a moment nothing happened while they looked at each other. Then "You!" escaped from Mrs. Trawbridge in a long, shocked breath. "Why, how dare you?"

"Mary."

"Oh, please, James!"

Hendy saw past her. Mr. Trawbridge was sitting up in a dark robe, and his head was unbandaged except the eyes. His dark hair had gray in it. "Hendy, come here," he said.

"Don't go near my husband!" Mrs. Trawbridge put out a desperate, ineffectual hand and caught Hendy's sleeve as she slid past. The girl skinned out of the coat and lost her freesias.

"Bringing him flowers!" said Mrs. Trawbridge, beside herself.

"Hendy's my friend," her husband said.

"Oh, I don't understand you, James! I've never understood you!"

Weeping again, she took up her mink cape, her bag and gloves.

"Well, how was the trial?" asked Mr. Trawbridge, when his wife had gone.

"Chad got six months."

"And you were acquitted?"

"Yes," said Hendy.

"Sit down; there's an ottoman somewhere." He touched her face. "Why are you crying? You're free now."

"Because you're not."

"In a way I am. There are ways of being blind, Hendy, that you don't even realize while you have your sight."

"Who was that man that testified—that Doctor Hudson? He said I saved your life—that you'd have frozen."

"A friend of mine; I sent him because I couldn't come. Now, could I have my flowers?"

Slowly Hendy gathered them up. "She stepped on them."

"She didn't mean to. Poor Mary. You know, Hendy, I haven't made her very happy. I'd like to, though—here, let me hold them—and I never really have known my children, my son and daughter. Funny, when I've given them everything; everything except what you've given me."

She looked at his hands holding the bruised flowers.

"They're freesias, aren't they?" he said. "They smell like spring. Are they white or yellow?"

"Yellow," said Hendy, swallowing.

"I can see them; they're shaped like bells."

"Yes."

"I can almost see you sometimes," he said.

Her heart made a hollow booming sound in her ears.

He said quietly, "I may see you, Hendy. The surgeon told me this morning I've got a chance."

She was silent. Then she caught his hands, and between them they finished the freesias. She knelt by his chair a long time and cried it out.

After that crazy snow, spring came to stay, and it was almost Easter, warm, bright, everyone running out in the sun. Under the influence Hendy tied her hair with ribbons to match her dresses, yellow or blue or pink. Margaret had helped her buy them. She was going back to live in the dorm after Easter.

She and Margaret were out in the yard one afternoon painting Easter eggs when a car drove up, a large car. It was Mrs. Trawbridge. She leaned out and called, "Is that Hendy Barker?"

Hendy stood up, but held her ground.

"May I see you, please?"

Hendy laid down her paintbrush carefully and glanced at Margaret before she crossed the lawn.

"I'm Mrs. Trawbridge."

"I know."

"I wonder if we could talk. Could you take just a little drive with me?"

"We can talk here," said Hendy.

"I think not. Then I have to go out to the airport and get my daughter—Easter holidays."

"What do you have to tell me?" Hendy found that her hand was on Mrs. Trawbridge's arm. "Have they unbandaged ——"

"No, not yet, but very likely in a few more days."

"I'll go," said Hendy.

They drove through the meager little park and stopped by a pond where a willow hung greening and two disdainful swans ignored them. Mrs. Trawbridge switched off the motor. She looked at her hands and fiddled with an array of diamonds. "I wanted to say that we withdrew all charges—that is, there will be no civil suit. My husband wants it that way, and I agree."

"You do?" said Hendy.

Mrs. Trawbridge flushed. "I wasn't myself that day. And you've done so much for my husband, you'll never know—I can't tell you." The rings flashed nervously in the sun as she talked faster. "Why, for years he hasn't seemed to care anything about me—I mean to say—well, really, I don't know what I mean to say. Always business, business! Now he's human—that's it. He hadn't been human in twenty years!" She took out a handkerchief and dabbed her eyes. "What time is it?"

"Half-past three," said Hendy.

"Oh, my goodness; Julia's plane! Could you just run out to the airport? It won't take long."

They were late. Julia came bounding toward them like a Saint Bernard, kissed her mother and knocked off her hat. "Good old mommy! Who's this you've got?"

Mrs. Trawbridge collected herself. "This is Hendy Barker." But now she was flustered. "You know ——"

Julia stared. "You don't mean ——"

"I'll just see about your bags, Julia."

"Well," said Julia, "you really gave pop a shake-up, didn't you? Mom sent the papers. It was all over school. Wait till I tell them I *met* you!"

"But it was terrible!"

"Oh, he'll probably be all right. It was even good for him, mommy says. It's Jimmy that takes it hard, but Jimmy's like that."

"Like Mr. Trawbridge, you mean?"

"Well, yes—I guess."

Mrs. Trawbridge was coming back with the luggage in tow.

"And now, little Eunice Dooley will give her interpretation of the Mexican Hat Dance."

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Julia said, "Pop used to think he was God or something."

The day before Easter Hendy went to the hospital as she had on other Saturdays. She was early because the Smedleys, going Easter shopping, had driven her; she walked in from the gate. The grass was a green to sting your eyes, and each flower bed was a regiment of tulips. She was glad she had worn the pink dress and pink hair ribbon before she remembered the color wouldn't matter.

It was a big day for the hospital. Cars came in a constant stream depositing plants and people; the walks were crowded; a flag snapped its stripes against a postcard sky and, watching it, Hendy felt caught up into the day as if some nameless happiness lay just ahead of her. She walked slowly to make it last, smiling at people who smiled back.

Too soon she found herself at the reception desk. Dyed Red was talking to Blonde. She gave Hendy a cold eye and went on talking.

"Could I please have a visiting card for Mr. Trawbridge?" Hendy asked.

"He can have no visitors," said Dyed Red.

"But I ——"

"I've got my orders from upstairs; it's something critical."

"When will you know?"

"I can't say. You'll have to wait."

"But I'm sure he'd want me."

"Miss Barker, Mr. Trawbridge's family is with him."

She looked into the hard blue eyes and knew the woman had waited weeks for this moment. She turned and went out against the tide of plant-bearing visitors, out into the sunshine, the breeze, the whole hurting brilliance of spring.

Hendy walked aimlessly around for some time. Then she found an unoccupied bench and sat down. By the clock on the central building, ten minutes, a half hour, then an hour passed. In five more minutes she would go in again; if only there were someone else she could ask besides that woman. Over in the quadrangle some workmen were setting out a young tree. It had small hopeful leaves, and the sound of a pick was sharp and pleasant; she tried to listen.

Someone stopped in front of her. "Are you Hendy Barker?"

"Yes." She looked up at the man with an instant of startled recognition. "And you're—I *have* seen you somewhere, haven't I?"

She stood up to be nearer the puzzle of his face. He was tall and had grave brown eyes.

"You've never seen me."

Her eyes widened; under the fresh pink lipstick her lips went pale. "That night—he was lying against a culvert—do you think I'll ever forget his face?"

"I'm his son; I'm Jimmy."

She gave him a long, steady look, then covered her face with her hands. She wasn't crying; she was shaking, shaking the way she had at first.

"Hendy, look at me."

"No."

"I didn't come out here hunting you from idle curiosity. I have something to tell you."

But she wouldn't uncover her face, so he did it for her, gently, one hand at a time, and one of the workmen leaned on his shovel and smiled at them, two young people holding hands on such a fine day.

"They've taken the bandages off. Dad wants to see you."

"See me?"

"You've only been a voice to him." The smile broke over his face. "There—steady, girl; steady."

Then he folded her arm into his. They went in together. THE END

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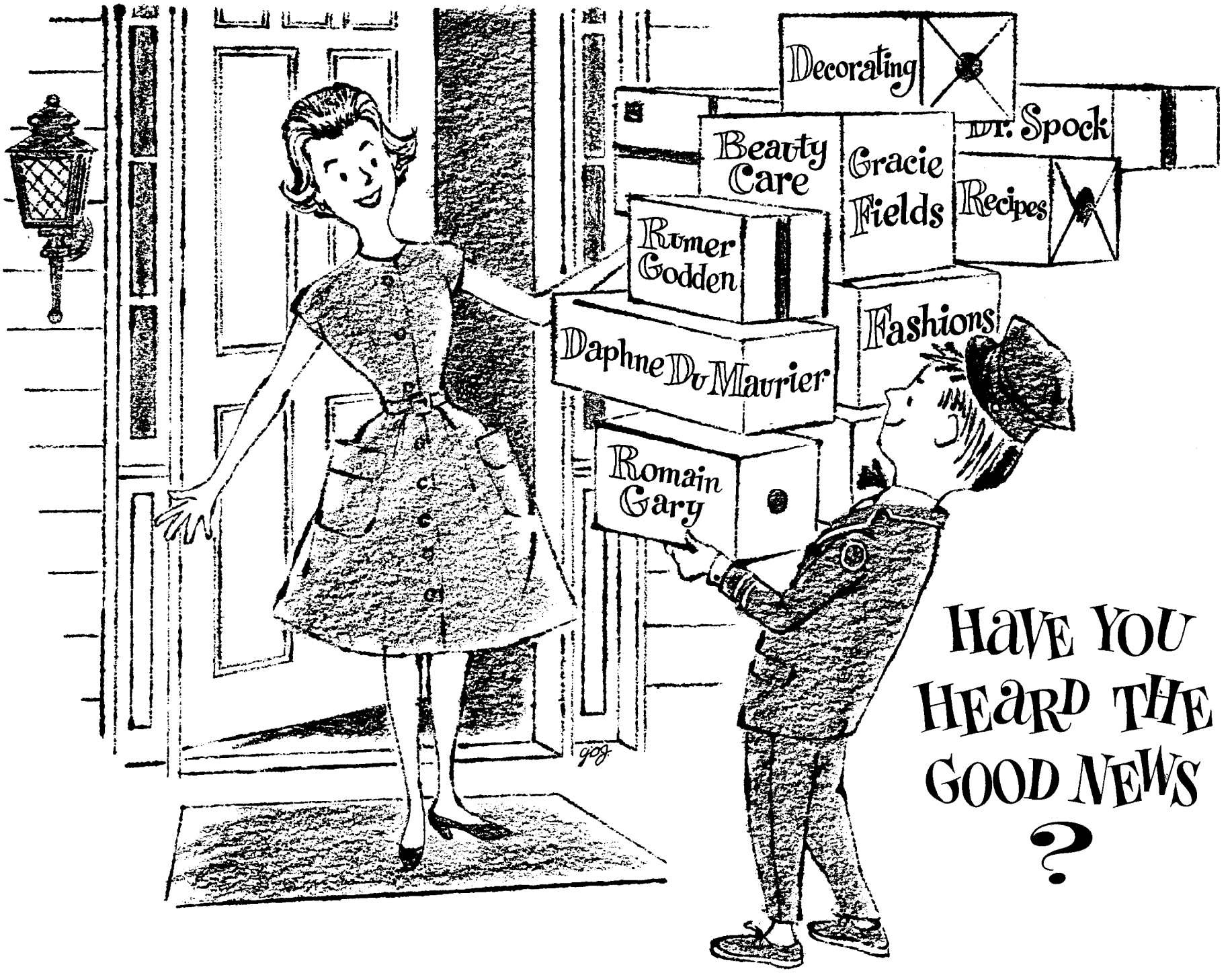

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Suicide (Continued from Page 19)

verdict of accidental death spares relatives, who might accuse themselves of neglect, and comforts religious people, to whom suicide is a mortal sin. It may even result in financial benefits, if the victim's insurance forbids payment for suicidal death. At the same time the autopsies provide the Shneidman-Farberow group with valuable research material.

Their "coroner's suicide team" has investigated more than 150 cases, and in most of them suicide clues abounded. Typical was the case of an investment broker's thirty-three-year-old butler, found dead in his bathtub. An autopsy revealed that he had taken barbiturates—perhaps enough to kill, perhaps not. Judging from the physical findings, he could have taken the pills, become drowsy and drowned accidentally. The key to suicide was missing: Had he *intended* to end his life?

Doctor Farberow interviewed the butler's employers, co-workers and friends, turning up revealing information bit by bit. During World War II the deceased had tried to shoot himself after the stress of a combat experience. After the war he had another shock—his fiancée, an airline stewardess, had died in a crash. Only two months before his death he had taken an overdose of sleeping pills and spent a week in a hospital. Shortly before he died he had been clearly depressed, and had told his employer and the cook that life was not worth living.

Here was a classic pattern. The most important clue was the butler's previous suicide attempts, for in one study of suicide victims Doctors Shneidman and Farberow found that 75 per cent had made other attempts or threats. Depression was the second major clue. The third one was the overt expression of life weariness. This is what the Los Angeles researchers call "the cry for help"—a clue too often ignored by those who could take action and save a life. It is simply not true that people who talk about suicide don't commit it.

Another common characteristic of the case was the butler's discharge from the hospital, after two suicide attempts, without further treatment by psychologists. He remained a serious suicide risk for at least ninety days after his release. Doctors Shneidman and Farberow have found that attempts at suicide are often repeated within that period, even by patients who seem much improved. Furthermore, the new attempts tend to be more deadly. The size of drug overdoses, for example, is likely to go up with each try.

Few cases radiate clues quite so clearly. Acute depression may or may not precede a suicide attempt. The "cry for help" may be subtle, or so disguised that the potential victim himself will not recognize its meaning. A troubled, pressure-ridden husband who asks his wife, "You really want that mink coat, don't you?" may be seeking the vital reassurance that his love is far more important to her. Other signals from a suicidal person may be more obvious. "I've had it," he may say. Or, "You won't be seeing me around." Or, "Here's my watch. I won't be needing it any more." Such statements may be important tip-offs, especially when accompanied by changes of behavior such as withdrawal from loved ones, persistent "odd" mannerisms, loss of appetite, loss of sex drive, or loss of interest in work or hobbies.

Doctors Shneidman and Farberow have examined the accepted notions about their specialty, and found most of them false. A tendency toward suicide is not inherited, for example. It is relatively more common among whites than among Negroes, but is not particularly prevalent in any economic group. And its incidence is not related to the seasons of the year, the weather or the moon.

These conclusions, and others to be discussed shortly, are the fruits of a decade of research. During that time Doctors Shneidman and Farberow have been in contact with more cases of suicide and suicide attempts than any other scientists who have probed the subject. "I don't think there are any people more knowledgeable about suicide than these two," says Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health and president of the American Psychiatric Association. "One cannot overestimate the significance of their findings."

The foggy trail that is slowly being illuminated by the Los Angeles team goes deep into history and into the human psyche. Men have committed suicide since Biblical times: Samson, Saul, Abimelech, Ahithophel and Zimri destroyed themselves. And an astonishing number of seemingly happy people have at some time flirted, however briefly, with the idea of self-destruction.

"Like practically everyone else, I've considered it," says Doctor Shneidman, "in the same sense that I, and most of us, have fleetingly thought of felonious activity."

Doctor Farberow believes, in retrospect, that he went through a period of suicidal behavior during World War II, when he was an Army Air Forces intelligence officer. Casualties among his friends were heavy. His job required no flying, yet he went along on thirty-three bombing missions. "I just didn't care," he recalls. "Nothing seemed important any more."

The signposts along the way to a clear understanding of this kind of behavior are few. We know, for example, that male suicides outnumber females by roughly three to one, largely because men tend to resort to guns and ropes, while women more often rely on methods less surely lethal—pills, for example, or slashed wrists. But death, like life, is charged with surprises, and the Los Angeles investigators have learned to take nothing for granted.

Two years ago the coroner assigned them the case of a twenty-eight-year-old Army veteran who had died in a grim game of Russian roulette (Rules: Remove all but one cartridge from a revolver, spin the cylinder, put muzzle to head and pull trigger). In almost any coroner's office such a case is automatically certified as suicide. In this one, interviews yielded the startling information that Russian roulette was the hobby of the deceased. He had entertained friends with this grisly game at dozens of parties. It was at such a party that he died.

Questioning of relatives and friends indicated that the victim was not psychotic, or unhappy, or suicide-bent. He had told his wife that he could not get hurt because he always glanced at his gun to be certain that the bullet was in a safe position before pulling the trigger. If he saw it one notch to the left of the barrel, the danger spot, he'd spin the cylinder once more.

What had gone wrong? The suicide team learned that the victim normally used his own Smith & Wesson revolver. Their cylinders turn counterclockwise. On the crucial night, however, he had borrowed a Colt. Its cylinder turned clockwise. Obviously the victim had checked his weapon, seen the bullet one space to the left of the barrel, thought he could not hurt himself, pulled the trigger—and died. The team recommended a verdict of accidental death. Doctor Curphey so ruled.

"Just think! If you can hold onto me for three more days, I'm yours!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The collaboration between Doctors Shneidman and Farberow dates back to 1950, when both men were psychologists for the Veterans Administration. Doctor Shneidman worked at the VA Neuropsychiatric Hospital in West Los Angeles; Doctor Farberow at the downtown mental-hygiene clinic. One day the VA in Washington asked Doctor Shneidman for information on two former Los Angeles VA patients who had committed suicide some years after their hospitalization. He called Doctor Farberow, a friend who had published some research on suicide. Together they descended into the vaults of the coroner's office in the Hall of Justice, two flights below street level. By the light of a naked bulb they located the dusty folders they wanted. Each contained documents which, with the hospital records, yielded data for a report to Washington.

To the doctors' surprise, the folders also contained three typewritten copies of the suicide notes written by each man. Quickly checking other folders in the vault, the psychologists discovered that the coroner's office had been filing copies of suicide notes for decades.

This discovery touched off an intensive study of suicide motives. The doctors made an ideal team. Both now forty-two, they had come from Pennsylvania—Ed Shneidman from York, where his father ran a shirt factory; Norm Farberow from Pittsburgh, where his father had a tailor shop. Both were World War II Army Air Forces veterans, leaving the service as captains. Both liked life, people and interminable working hours; both were married.

There are differences, of course. Ed Shneidman got his Ph.D. at the University of Southern California, Norm Farberow at U.C.L.A. Ed has four children, Norm has two. Ed likes hi-fi music, writes short stories (unpublished) and invents games (unmarketed). He is the team's organizer and idea man. Norm is serious about tennis and guitar-playing. He is calm, easy-going, inclined to take a second and third look at everything—the indispensable steadying influence.

Together they plunged into a field shunned by laymen and most professionals, and colored by religious and moral revulsion. A man can be placed under a cloud with the statement, "His father committed suicide, you know." Many doctors, hospitals and social agencies dislike treating suicidal patients, who often require lengthy, delicate therapy and have been known to kill themselves between visits.

When Doctors Shneidman and Farberow began their studies, physicians already knew that suicide is usually a manifestation of complex emotional turmoil. Doctors had become increasingly successful at treating patients who had made suicide attempts. Such organizations as Rescue, Inc. of Boston, FRIENDS in Miami, Florida, and the National Save-a-Life League in New York had set up first-aid stations for suicidal people in search of help. But basic questions of cause and prevention remained. Doctors Shneidman and Farberow decided to look for answers.

They were well aware of the risk. Many suicidal people cannot be committed legally to institutions. Others would not benefit from hospitalization. "It's a hell of a responsibility," says Doctor Farberow. "You have to be able to judge when a guy leaves the office whether he can stand it, and whether you can."

Doctor Shneidman adds, "All this might depress me except that it's enormously exciting in terms of changing the future."

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The key to their studies was the 721 suicide notes which turned up in the coroner's files. No other scientists had ever amassed as many as 100 notes before and no one had ever deduced from such notes demonstrable personality traits of suicidal people.

Doctors Shneidman and Farberow performed this feat by applying an old tool of scientific analysis, the "method of difference." What made the suicide-note writers suicidal? To find out, it was necessary to match the thought processes of the note writers against those of nonsuicidal people (controls) and to analyze the differences.

The researchers invented the technique of the "pseudocidal note." Approaching veterans, fraternal groups and unions, they explained that they needed to know more about normal people. Volunteers were given psychological tests. Those who were clearly nonsuicidal were asked to write the kind of suicide note they would compose if they wanted to take their lives. Real suicide notes and 200 simulated notes were typed on the same paper, shuffled and numbered according to a key known only to a secretary. Then Doctors Shneidman and Farberow drew up a score sheet for each case. Each was rated for emotion, logic and language. To the psychologists' delight, most normal note writers sorted themselves out of the pile by one characteristic: Theirs were the notes that revealed no particular personality patterns at all.

The real suicide notes were recognizable. True, no common facts united them; suicide is too complicated a phenomenon for that.

"People ask about the suicidal personality," says Doctor Farberow. "There's no such thing. But there are suicidal *personalities*. We want to change them. Before we can change them, we must find their major characteristics. The experiment with the suicide notes sent us off in the right direction."

Specifically the researchers found that about 15 per cent of the authentic note writers were "surcease suicides"—older people seeking release from pain. Fully 70 per cent of the notes were characterized by the I-hate-you, Love-George ambivalence, a discovery which holds promise for therapists. Equally important was the discovery that only about 15 per cent of the authentic note writers were psychotic, for this countered the common belief that "you have to be insane to commit suicide."

What about suicide victims who don't write notes? And what about the thought processes of those who, attempting self-destruction, are saved by their failure to act firmly? And what about those who merely threaten self-murder?

With a $52,000 initial grant from the U.S. Public Health Service, Doctors Shneidman and Farberow began to find ways to deal with these questions. The search has taken them through thousands of hospital records of successful and attempted suicides, and through interviews with hundreds of "normal" people.

The search is not ended, but already some results of the team's experiments are finding corroboration. A solid indication that many suicidally-minded people cry for help—and do not really want to die—came from a survey of Los Angeles area doctors. Doctors Shneidman and Farberow asked these physicians to rate 501 cases of attempted suicide among their patients. According to the doctors' best judgment, only 29 per cent wanted to die; 20 per cent were undecided and left their survival up to chance in a "gamble with death"; 37 per cent gave strong indications of expecting to be saved, by inflicting only minor injuries or making sure they would be discovered in time; the remaining cases were unclear.

By 1958 Doctors Shneidman and Farberow were giving nearly all their time to suicide research. They had produced one technical book, *Clues to Suicide* (McGraw-Hill) and had begun another, *The Cry for Help*. Both men are on the payroll of the Veterans Administration, drawing no pay from the Suicide Prevention Center (S.P.C.). The VA is encouraging their research; the suicide rate in its hospitals is not abnormal, but its typical patient tends to be more suicide prone than the average person. He is apt to be male, white, Protestant, middle-aged or older—and this is also the best general description of the most common suicide victim.

From two shabby desks shoehorned into a twelve-by-ten-foot office on the basement level of a VA mental ward, Doctors Shneidman and Farberow began their most ambitious research project. VA hospitals throughout the country were asked to send them records of all patients who committed suicide and, for controls, the folder of whatever case happened to rest next to each suicide's file. The characteristics of all cases—500 items for each—are still being tabulated for analysis by a computer. These data, with other research results, have already yielded material for a booklet, soon to be available to VA and other institutions, showing how hospital staffs can help to block suicide attempts before they occur.

> The most dangerous position in which to sleep is with your feet on your office desk.
>
> RUTH E. RENKEL

In production is a second bulletin to help prevent suicides of hospitalized schizophrenics. The computer managed to isolate characteristics of those schizophrenic patients most likely to attempt self-destruction. An eighteen-point check list—"Patient seems to feel safer in the hospital. . . . Constantly asking for or wanting something. . . . Resists being given passes from the hospital"—will help hospital personnel to spot manifestations of dangerous symptoms.

In 1958 Doctors Shneidman and Farberow, deciding to apply their findings to suicidal people in their community, planned the Suicide Prevention Center. The U.S. Public Health Service helped with a five-year grant of $75,000 per year. This grant, administered by the University of Southern California, was increased in 1960 to $100,000 per year, through 1963. Offices were donated by Los Angeles County Hospital—eight bleak rooms in a vacant seven-story building abandoned for patients because of its infirmities.

Almost all grant money is used to employ experts who, like the brilliant Doctor Litman, are interested in the phenomenon of suicide. The staff, including the two secretaries, rarely talks of anything but its cases. The secretaries know how to calm desperate strangers who call when no professional staff member is in, to announce that they're about to kill themselves. The callers can be deterred by persuading them to talk about themselves and assuring them that a professional person will call them shortly. Few people take their lives while discussing their problems with a sympathetic—and trained—listener. In extreme cases, of course, calls are traced and the police are summoned.

So far, only two of the 300-plus patients who have been diagnosed and referred by the S.P.C. have committed suicide. Between twenty and thirty patients are under treatment at the S.P.C. at any time. Most come by themselves, or are referred by friends, doctors or one of fifty local agencies. Each gets six to twelve hours of diagnostic interviews without charge. Their families are also interviewed. Then, depending largely on the patient's condition and finances, Doctor Litman refers them for treatment to state hospitals, clinics, psychiatrists, psychologists, social agencies or the S.P.C. To make most effective use of its resources, the center prefers patients of small means who are difficult to treat, but apt to improve within six months. Those who can, pay three to five dollars per hour into the center's funds. "It just complicates our bookkeeping," says Doctor Shneidman, "but we feel that a fee makes the treatment progress faster."

Most exciting is the treatment of suicide survivors who have not asked for help. One Monday morning I accompanied Doctor Litman through Los Angeles County Hospital wards on his weekly run to pick up S.P.C. patients. With him he carried thirty fresh admission cards of patients suspected of having attempted suicide. I remember best the case of a forty-seven-year-old man whose card was marked R.B.—red blanket—indicating that he had been delivered to the emergency room in such serious condition that he required unceasing attention.

When Doctor Litman and I saw this unshaved but pleasant-faced man in the "critical room," he was awakening from a two-day coma. According to the hospital record, his wife had told police that he had not worked regularly because of frequent "blackout spells." Now he was suspected of having taken a large overdose of phenobarbital.

"Hi," said the doctor. "Doctor Litman talking. What happened to you?" The man smiled engagingly, licked his parched lips and shrugged. Slowly a conversation began.

"You were really going to do it to yourself, weren't you?" the doctor said.

The man smiled. "Oh, no, I wouldn't do a thing like that."

The conversation continued—about his family, his job, his drinking, his depressions, his blackout spells. Finally the patient volunteered that "a friend" had recently taken thirty sleeping pills to end her life. The doctor chatted right on. A few minutes later Doctor Litman ventured, "So you took thirty pills to end it all."

The patient grinned and said, "Evidently." Interviews later developed that his blackout spells had no organic cause; that his wife was employed, but he wasn't; that he thought she was getting sick of him and this depressed him more and more. The wife confirmed his story. She was tired of their dreary life and questioned her husband's manliness. But she certainly didn't want a divorce or her husband's death. She had no idea that his attempt on his life was, to an extent, her fault, and she agreed to be more sympathetic. After further treatment, the husband returned home, found a job and at Doctor Litman's last report the couple was getting along well.

Doctors Shneidman and Farberow have planned new studies for decades ahead. They also hope to train personnel for other suicide centers in cities across the country. Government financing for their own center may eventually cease, but they're sure that somehow their work will survive. For, like all students of suicide, they are at heart optimists.

THE END

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Manslaughter Eve (Continued from Page 28)

who did all the cooking and cleaning and weaving and mending. He pictured her doing the same someday for him—even though her father lost no time letting him know that Adeline was beyond his reach. It was his intention to see both his children marry well, Eben Proctor said. In fact, his daughter was spoken for.

With his heavy black eyebrows running in a solid line over a rock-hewn nose and his mouth set in stern parallel below, Eben Proctor was not a man of whom you asked questions. To find out more, Davy had to wait till the next day when Ralph, Adeline's good-natured older brother, was showing him where to throw out the swill for the pigs. "Aye," said Ralph, "Addie's been spoken for. That is, not exactly." And as Davy looked at him perplexed, he brushed his blond forelock back and laughed. "It's more of an understanding, you might say."

He went on to explain that the prospective bridegroom was Francis Harkins, who owned the gristmill just around the bend of the river. The reason he hadn't actually asked for Adeline's hand was that he already happened to be married. His wife, however, was poorly and not expected to live out the summer. Ralph's father agreed with Harkins that in an outpost like this every household needed its lady of the house.

Davy was not given much to praying. But that night, lying on his back in the fragrant hay and gazing through a chink at a star, he prayed with all his might: "Dear God, please let Mistress Harkins live to be a hundred!"

Four days later, after watching and waiting for a chance to see Adeline alone, he abandoned the broken harrow he was repairing and hurried toward the spring house. She had just gone into its cool dimness carrying a milk pitcher.

At the threshold he paused, heart pounding. He put his hand against his trouser leg to make sure the string of beads was in his pocket. Adeline looked around as he entered, seeming not at all surprised.

"I ——" he started, then being so near to her, and the two of them alone, lost his voice.

"Yes? Are you thirsty, Davy?" She smiled encouragement.

Shaking his head no, he reached into his pocket. Finding his voice again, he said idiotically, "I had something for the Indians. It's not much good, but I thought you might like it."

"Why, thank you," she said, accepting the kerchief he held forth. He had knotted the cloth into a pouch. Undoing it, she took out the necklace, then stepped past him to the door and held it to the light. "My, they're pretty," she said. "I'm much beholden to you."

It was a long enough strand to slip on over the head, and as she raised her arms

> How many girls a lifeguard has to save during the summer months depends on how handsome he is.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

to try it on, Davy's throat tightened with the ache that beauty can sometimes cause. The bits of coarse-cut glass in bright colors fell in a jumble over her bodice. Without even deciding to, Davy followed to where she stood, drew her close to him and kissed her. Her lips felt just as he knew they would, like firm, ripe fruit, and her breath was as sweet as clover. "Oh, Adeline," he murmured.

Adeline had a mind that went straigh to the point. "I love you too," she said.

At that moment he heard the clop-clop of horse's hoofs and the creaking of wagon wheels. With another kiss, a quick one, he put Adeline from him, hurried out into the sunlight and back to the stable yard. As Ralph turned in from the road, Davy was able to get up from his squatting position by the harrow and go to help unload the sacks of freshly ground flour. His only worry was that too much happiness would show in his eyes.

Ralph's own blue eyes were sparkling. He had come back full of news. "Barn-raisin' over to the Cantwells' tomorrow," he announced, jumping down. "Their old one burned to the ground night afore last!"

Davy didn't know the Cantwells, but he had never seen a barn-raising and he hoped he could go. Ralph answered the question before it was asked: "We need all hands on the job."

While they took the tail gate off the wagon, Davy inquired offhandedly, "Will Miss Adeline be comin' too?"

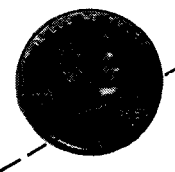
"Everybody's goin' to be there," said Ralph, then added, "Everybody, I guess, but Frank Harkins."

"Why, what's wrong with him?"

"Nothin' wrong with *him*. But Mistress Harkins been took worse."

"Oh," said Davy. "Oh." And with a regret more genuine than Ralph had any way of knowing: "That's too bad!"

a penny saved



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There was another who didn't get to the barn-raising—Eben Proctor. Early next morning Davy was surprised to see him, dressed for travel, kiss Adeline on the forehead, clap Ralph on the shoulder, mount his saddlebagged horse and ride away. After Adeline had gone back into the house, Ralph nodded after his dwindling dust. "He's off to Providence to take a squint at Aunt Deborah. She's a widder. He figures that with Mistress Harkins 'bout done for, we'll be losin' Addie as soon as the mournin's over and he better start settin' his traps."

While Ralph rambled on about Aunt Deborah, Davy was thinking, *It's all happening too fast!* Here he had just given a girl a first kiss, and now he was going to have to outsmart the man she was supposed to marry and go against her father! But how?

He had never seen a barn-raising—and he scarcely saw the one today. On the wagon ride to the Cantwells', Ralph's presence made it impossible for Davy to have the conversation he longed for with Adeline. So he gave himself over to his thoughts. And when they reached their destination and he went to work lifting and sawing and hammering, he was only doing what he was told to do—still too wrapped up in his thoughts to notice what was going on around him.

He pictured himself and Adeline running away, trying to find a minister to marry them. But she was under the age of consent, and looked it. There was no guarantee they would find a willing man of the cloth.

He turned to imagining that somehow they did manage to get married. Beyond that, however, imagination failed to carry him, for he lacked the means to provide decent food, clothing or shelter for a wife.

Thus his mind went round and round, while he worked. To the extent that anything outside himself made any vivid impression on him, it was Adeline—Adeline in her yellow dress with the blue sash, her hair all coppery gold, appearing and disappearing among the other women under the trees as tables were laid for midday dinner.

When dinnertime came, she made a point of bringing a plate of hot biscuits to the big plank-and-sawhorse table where he sat. She leaned past him, her arm brushing his, to drop a clump of biscuits on his plate, and with a sidelong glance he saw that she was wearing the necklace. She had not worn it last night at home, nor had Davy expected her to; the men would have been sure to notice and ask questions. But here, in the freedom of the crowd, and with her father away, she dared.

"Wait!" whispered Davy before she could move on. This morning in the hayloft where he slept he had opened his leather portmantle, selected a pair of gilt earrings, wrapped them in a kerchief and put them in his pocket. He slipped them now into Adeline's hand. Then down the table she passed with the biscuits.

Going back to the half-completed barn after dinner, Davy looked to find Adeline in the color and bustle of the women. He saw her almost at once—saw, too, that she was wearing the earrings along with the necklace. And her eyes were shining, shining brighter even than the glittering glass and gleaming gold at her throat and ears. When he picked up his hammer, it was with the feeling that there was strength enough in his arm to wield all the hammers in the world.

He hardly noticed the progress of the sun across the sky till it was a great flame-colored disk hanging low. Marveling, then, he saw that they were within moments of putting the finishing touches on the barn. Raw, capacious, lumber-pungent, it stood like some simple grand fact in Genesis.

Someone atop the ridgepole drove the final nail, and a cheer went up. Most of the men were already on the ground with the women and children, watching. The others, Davy among them, scrambled down from wherever they had been putting in their last licks. Davy saw how the sun dropping behind the western hills fingered with orange light the fir tree affixed to the roof peak, like a feather in a cap, and he drew a deep breath of pride.

"It's beautiful, Davy," said Adeline alongside him. Her voice, her presence wrenched him back to the urgency of his predicament. Not glancing at her, wondering suddenly if what they felt for each other could long continue to escape attention among so many people, he said in a low voice, "We must talk, you and I."

She seemed to sense what he was thinking, about the danger of discovery. Keeping her eyes straight ahead and carefully maintaining a little separation between them, she said, "After supper."

A serious-faced, shock-haired young man whose expression never changed played wild jigs on the fiddle, and couples—Lord knows where they found the vigor!—danced on the hard-packed earth. A bonfire blazed. Songs were sung, and mugs of rum and cider went round. No one noticed, or seemed to, when Adeline and Davy drifted off, some seconds apart, but in the same direction.

They met where mist was rising from a moonlit pond. Lips found lips, and it was as though a long-parched season came to an end.

"I can't let you marry Harkins," Davy said, his lips releasing hers at last.

"I knew yesterday," said Adeline, "when I heard she was dying—I knew then I could never go through with it. But, oh, Davy, what are we to do?"

"We'll think of something." He hugged her fiercely. "Don't you worry!"

Abruptly she went rigid in his arms, then drew back with a strange sound in her throat. Davy, alarmed, looked at her. Her staring eyes caused him to turn. At a little distance from them, having approached through the trees from the bonfire and the singing and the dancing, stood two men. The closer of the two was thickset, knob-kneed in his breeches, fleshy-faced. Under a cocked hat he wore a powdered wig all askew, as though he had slapped it on just at the point of stamping out of his house. In his hand he clutched a riding crop.

Davy was quite sure he did not know the gentleman, but the man behind him he had seen earlier today and heard addressed as Percy. Percy stood out from the blurred recollection of the barn-raising because of his sharp features and hard pebbles of eyes. And because he was a spitter. He had kept spitting the whole time he worked.

"Mr. Waite," said Adeline, faltering, "this is—this is Mr. Harkins." She nodded at the first man.

Davey responded to the introduction in his politest manner. "How is your poor wife, sir?" he asked concernedly.

The inquiry seemed to infuriate Harkins. He took a belligerent step forward and growled, "Mr. Waite, sir! I am come to settle accounts with you!"

"Mr. Harkins, sir," said Davy, in a tone so matter-of-fact that it startled him, for he knew he was not that brave, "I was not aware that you owed me anything."

"I owe you a thrashing within an inch of your life, you whelp! And I intend to see that you get it!" His fingers unclenched, then took firmer hold on the ugly stock of the whip. "And when I finish with *you* ——" He swept Adeline with a vindictive glance.

"It will be my extreme pleasure to disappoint you, sir," said Davy.

With a sudden lunge, Harkins made at him, crop raised. The speed of the onslaught took Davy by surprise, and though he sidestepped and ducked, the crop did not miss him entirely, but dealt him a hard whack on the shoulder. Davy lunged in return. And as Harkins flailed, catching him again and again, now on the arm, now the hand, but never the head, Davy reached and grasped and grabbed. Any ground he yielded he regained a second later.

Adeline looked around desperately for a weapon—a broken branch was what her darting eyes sought—to use herself if necessary. She saw one, and ran and picked it up; but before she could put it to any purpose, bony fingers clamped shut on her wrist. Then she was swung around and pinioned from the back. "No you don't!" rasped Percy Harkins in her ear. As she ceased struggling momentarily, to gather strength, she heard the ugly sound of his hawking and spitting. Percy, a cousin of Frank, had always made her uneasy. It was just like him to go around stirring up trouble for the sheer pleasure of it. Now, the touch of him against her made her skin crawl. She tried to jerk free, but he only held the harder.

Davy was young and lithe, and with an agile dancerlike leap he finally wrested the crop from the older man's grip. Frank Harkins warded off the descending blow, and they began to grapple. Adeline, watching breathlessly, could not have moved now even if loosed. In the violence of their contest for the crop, the combatants fought right up to the edge of the pond. The bodies twisted, turned, changed places.

Adeline heard her own voice cry out, "Davy—be careful!" At the same instant she saw his arm swing down with deadly force. There was an odd cracking noise, then a moment in which the tight fingers holding her actually did let go and everything stood still in the moonlight: Davy and Harkins like statues on the water's edge, herself and the man behind her transfixed with suspense.

Frank Harkins shattered the moment by crumpling into the pond.

Davy straightway dropped the crop and, removing his shoes, plunged after him. He submerged, came up again what seemed a long time later and sputtered, "Get help!" Adeline looked to Percy Harkins, expecting him to go. The two of them had hurried to the bank, but now Percy merely stood—stood and spat. Adeline saw with horror that he had no intention of leaving. She turned, to run for help herself. Then she realized that this would be to abandon Davy to Percy. "Help!" she shouted. "Help, somebody, help!"

Almost immediately Ralph emerged from the trees. He had already been on the way. A second later Davy came into view in the water buoying up a dark shape.

Now that there was someone else to witness what was going on, Percy stirred himself. He knelt on the bank, stretched out and caught hold of the coattail that floated within reach as Davy dragged the shape toward shore.

Ralph came running, eyes wide. "What happened?"

"Waite killed my cousin, looks like," said Percy.

There was no jail, so arrangements were made for Davy to spend the night under guard in the home of Durkee, the blacksmith. Durkee's house and smithy were in the exact geographical center of the community, and he himself—a brawny, grizzled man—had a way of always being in the center of things.

Across from the smithy a graveyard had been begun. Here Harkins would be laid to rest tomorrow. When the Rev. Mr. Simpkins came a week from Sunday on his monthly rounds, he could add the religious trimmings.

Davy was carted off to Durkee's in one wagon, Harkins in another, and the whole barn-raising crew, including women and children, tagged after. It had been decided at the Cantwells' not to deliver Harkins's body to his own family, for fear the shock would prove fatal to his widow.

Now, as the crowd reassembled in front of Durkee's house, the blacksmith led the discussion about Davy. There was plenty to discuss. The conflict in stories for one thing. Davy and Adeline maintained that he had killed accidentally in self-defense. Percy insisted that the dead man had merely come to demand satisfaction after hearing that his intended was wearing another man's jewelry, and had been attacked, beaten and pushed into the water.

Then there was the confusion of the law. Three years ago, in settlement of an old boundary dispute, this territory had been ceded by the Colony of Connecticut

"He just saw my bill!"

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to the Province of New York. The Duke of York's laws were different from those of Connecticut; but without a lawyer or a magistrate for miles around, nobody knew how they differed in a case like Davy's.

The correct course of action, no doubt, would be to send the prisoner down to New York City where there were judges and courts. But this would mean taking a husbandman away from his work to guard him on the journey. Percy and Adeline, too, would have to go as witnesses. How much simpler it would be to improvise a court of their own and dispense homemade justice!

While Davy, in the house, listened at the window, two factions formed. One was for committing him to the duly constituted authorities. The other favored a trial to be held tomorrow in the smithy, with Jim Durkee presiding.

During a pause in the argument Ralph spoke up, "Mr. Durkee, sir!"

"Yes, lad?"

"Why, don't we see if Judge Bickerstaff ——"

The rest of Ralph's suggestion was drowned out in babble. No one had even laid eyes on Bickerstaff in more than eight months. The last person to have called on him was ordered off his land with a weaving drunken blunderbuss. Yet—the idea had merit.

"Judge" was a courtesy title for the former London barrister, who had fled to the New World disgraced by his passion for the bottle. He lived now in the neighboring town of Bedford, in a section which earlier had been known as Hop Ground, for its luxuriant growth of wild hops. This choice of hermitage was considered more than coincidental; the judge had been seen by at least one visitor straining a foul-smelling brew of his own manufacture through an old dressing gown.

It was agreed by those at Durkee's that the judge knew enough law to try twenty David Waites. Granting only that he be sober, he could give a man as fair a hearing as could be obtained in any court.

But who was to go beard him? Who would be willing to risk looking into the bell mouth of a blunderbuss? And who could best be counted on to dislodge him from his beery hilltop?

"I'll go," said Adeline. "I'll make him listen to me!"

After a startled interval, a murmur of protest arose. "Why, she's but a girl!" "No, no, it's not a job for the likes of her!" And, from Percy Harkins: "She'll get aholt his ear and fill him full of lies!"

"Adeline and I will go," said Ralph. "Percy can come, too, if he likes."

"And I!" "And I!" cried others. And thus it was settled.

Past midnight, Davy started up from a doze in his chair at the Durkees' to find Adeline and Ralph standing before him. He thought at first it was a dream. But no; the guards still sat there at the doors, and Adeline, though pale, was real as she took his hand and said they had met and spoken with the judge, and he was only a *little* drunk. He had promised to be at the blacksmith shop tomorrow forenoon. "Today, that is," said Adeline. "Now, Ralph and I must go home and get some sleep. And you are to sleep, too, without a care."

Davy nodded obediently. Her command released him from the restlessness and foreboding that had made it impossible for him to close his eyes for more than a few minutes at a time. He sank back into the chair and immediately fell into a deep slumber from which he did not awake till morning.

The Durkees attended the funeral, and Davy himself was attended by a second shift of guards. They came in, two young men, and sat in silence. Fellow barn-raisers they had been yesterday. Now, the thing that had befallen Davy made him a stranger. And though he had no guilty conscience for his part in it, he could not help feeling somber at the thought of a man he had killed being lowered into the earth.

When the Durkees returned, Mrs. Durkee made Davy drink tea and eat bread and jam. As he was finishing, a hubbub drew him to the window, where he caught a glimpse of the judge walking into the adjoining smithy. Ruin though he might be, he carried himself erect. Dressed all in black, he wore a high-standing wig of a kind no longer in fashion. It had lost its shape and curl, yet remained impressive by sheer bulk. And so did he.

Almost before he realized it, Davy was being marched into the same building. The doorway was wide. People who could not squeeze in clustered around outside. Judge Bickerstaff, with sagging mask of a face, sat at a table. Behind him the fire glowed. To his left, Adeline, Ralph and Percy were seated. A space with twelve chairs awaited jurors. Another chair had been set to the judge's right and slightly forward, and still another was against the wall. It was to this chair that Davy was led. The judge nodded at him. "The prisoner will please be seated."

Suddenly the fact that he was on trial, perhaps for his life, hit him full force. For all he knew, the judge might feel toward him as Percy Harkins did. Chewing on this gloomy thought, he scarcely followed the selection of jurors.

It was a simple matter, at any rate. The judge merely picked out various men. All who were not related to the late Francis Harkins or said they had no bias were accepted.

With the panel complete, the judge turned his head toward Davy. "It is incumbent upon me to advise the defendant," he said, "that he is not obliged to testify in his own defense."

"But I want to, your honor!" said Davy.

"Very well, Mr. Waite. Will you come forward."

Standing beside the chair at Bickerstaff's right, Davy raised his hand, was sworn in by the judge, then sat down.

"Now, tell the court exactly what happened last night leading up to the death of Francis Harkins," directed the judge.

Davy had been expecting something much more formal and frightening in courtroom procedure. Simply telling what had happened was easy. He went through the story again, almost word for word as he had told it to these same people last night. "Lies, all lies," Percy Harkins muttered several times, expectorating. At length, as Davy was reaching the end, the judge turned on Percy and roared, "Silence!" Then, to Davy, he said, "And was it not true that Mistress Proctor was Mr. Harkins's intended and that you knew this to be so?"

"I knew it to be what Mr. Harkins hoped, your honor," replied Davy. "But since he already had one wife and I had none, I considered myself the more eligible suitor in a Christian country."

There was laughter from the spectators. The judge squelched it with a rap of the blacksmith's hammer he had been reserving for such an occasion. Then he sent Davy back to his seat and swore in Percy Harkins.

Percy's story was that his cousin, who had a perfectly respectable understanding with Mistress Proctor's father looking toward the day when he would be a widower, had come to warn young Waite away from her. A woman is a frail vessel, as his honor knew. No man who plans to bestow his good name upon a woman can stand idly by while some scoundrel lends her a bad one. No, by Harry! (Spit.) Waite hadn't even given Frank Harkins a chance to say anything. He leaped on him, snatched his crop, struck him over the head and pushed him in. Then, when Miss Adeline began yellin' for help, he jumped in himself to make it look good.

"And you, sir?" asked the judge. "Did you jump in also?"

"I was so—so took aback, you might say, your honor." (Spit.) "Besides which, I don't swim."

Adeline had not been able to suppress several gasps of indignation, and when she was called on, she hotly denied Percy's account and sustained Davy's. Ralph, too, was called, but because he had come late on the scene, he had little to contribute.

That concluded the testimony. The judge now instructed the jury that it was up to them to decide whether David Waite and Mistress Proctor had told the truth, or Percy Harkins. If the latter, they were to bring in a verdict of murder. If the former, it would be manslaughter.

The judge rose, left his bench and walked with vast dignity out into the sunshine. The jury filed out in his wake, to be escorted under guard into the house next door. Davy remained where he was. He did not dare glance at Adeline, fearing to involve her in his guilt. For however the jury might find, he was guilty of a crime in the eyes of the law. What was the penalty, he wondered, for manslaughter? He supposed it depended on the circumstances. He had no idea whether in this case they were good or bad.

Apparently the jury experienced no great trouble in choosing whom to believe, for they were back again in short order. The judge returned and resumed his place, then motioned Davy to the chair near him, after which he directed the foreman to rise and make known the verdict.

"We find the defendant guilty of manslaughter, your honor."

When the stir in the audience had quieted, the judge thanked the jury for performing their duty, looked once at Davy, then began to speak: "Ladies and gentlemen, the defendant has been adjudged guilty of manslaughter. The taking of a human life is a matter of utmost gravity. God alone has the right to determine when a man's life should end. Thus the penalty for manslaughter, even where provocation may be said to exist, frequently is death."

Davy, gazing round him glumly, noted that Percy was smiling. He had been called a liar, but still he could smile at the thought of the death penalty for Davy. Davy shuddered slightly and turned away.

"In this province," the judge went on, "what is the penalty prescribed for the

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When the newlyweds broke up their marriage, they divided their wedding presents. But she would not let him take any of her bridal shower gifts. Determined on getting all he could, he sued.

"Those gifts were intended for a home to be shared by her husband as well as herself," counsel for the ex-bridegroom argued. "Therefore he has as much right to them as she does."

"A bridal shower is given for the bride alone, as the phrase implies," her lawyer replied. "None of the girls buy the kind of gifts ordinarily given a man. It is strictly a female affair."

If you were the judge, would you split the bridal shower gifts?

... ...

The husband lost. The court said that gifts from a bridal shower are for the bride alone, whereas wedding presents are for the couple jointly.

Based upon a 1960 Massachusetts decision.

Would-be contributors please note: We no longer purchase THE PERFECT SQUELCH, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE? and similar short features, nor verse of a general nature. Humorous material for POST SCRIPTS should be addressed to Post Scripts Editor and original epigrams to Epigrams Editor, both in care of The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

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crime committed by David Waite? I must confess that it is not easy to be sure. A writer whose wisdom I cannot but respect has commented on this difficulty: 'It is a great unhappiness,' he says, 'that no one can tell what is law, and what is not, in the Plantations. Some hold that the law of England is chiefly to be respected, and where that is deficient, the laws of the several colonies are to take first place. Others are of the opinion that the laws of the colonies are to take first place, and that the law of England is of force only where they are silent. Others there are who contend for the laws of the colonies, in conjunction with those that were in force in England at the first settlement of the colony.

"'Thus we are left in the dark,' the writer says, 'in one of the most considerable points of our rights; and the case being so doubtful, we are too often obliged to depend upon the crooked cord of a judge's discretion in matters of the greatest moment and value.'"

Davy followed with admiration this long quotation delivered from memory. And he continued to listen with complete absorption as Bickerstaff proceeded solemnly, "The law, whatever it is—whatever a judge's discretion may decide—can wreak injustice as dire as the injustice it is called upon to redress, if not applied with humane intelligence. To moderate the law's severity, England since the Middle Ages has recognized the principle of *privilegium clericale*, or 'benefit of clergy.' At the beginning this principle merely asserted the right of the ordained clergy to be tried by their own church tribunals. During the reign of Henry the Second the privilege was extended to anyone who could read. Since then, when the privilege has been invoked, a person convicted of one of certain felonies can establish by reading a so-called 'neck verse' in the Bible that he is entitled to be considered a clergyman. So doing, he may save his neck. But he must be branded, with the letter M if the offense be manslaughter, to carry forever the mark of his guilt.

"We who have read in the history of the law know how in 1390 a gang of highwaymen set upon Geoffrey Chaucer and robbed him of twenty pounds of the king's money. One of them who could read received benefit of clergy. The others were executed. In 1598 Ben Jonson killed a fellow actor in a duel. Pleading guilty to manslaughter, he received benefit of clergy. Just think! If Jonson had been hanged in 1598, we should have missed 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'!

"In this new country benefit of clergy has saved the lives of other men and women—fortunate men and women still breathing the free American air." Turning suddenly to Davy, he asked, "*Legit vel non?* Can you read?"

Jolted back to awareness that he was a prisoner in the dock, Davy stammered, "Y-yes, your honor."

"Then read this." From a pocket of his coat the judge brought forth a Bible. Opening to a dog-eared page, he leaned across the corner of his table toward Davy, who reached out to take the Book from him.

There was absolute silence in the smithy, save for a sputter from the fire. Davy cleared his throat. What a wonderful thing it was to be able to read! Many of the folk here, he realized, would not have been able to, even to escape the gallows. That was why they sat now in utter stillness, waiting for his proof. His eyes found an underlined passage, and he read, slowly and with feeling, "'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.'"

As he finished and his voice fell, he looked at Judge Bickerstaff. In the blighted, weary face there was warmth. The judge rose behind the table. "Now, for the branding," he said.

Davy's heart sank. To be branded a criminal. . . . Could he ever marry and have children and hold his head up, if his flesh forever betrayed him? Had he gained his life only to lose his beloved?

As the judge walked toward the fire and picked up a poker, the fact that the branding would be painful occurred to him. He prayed not to wince or cry out in front of all these people. Seeking within for strength, he closed his eyes and began to recite to himself the passage he had just read, "*Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness....*"

"David Waite, stand forth." He opened his eyes again, to find the judge in front of him. "Extend your left hand and spread the thumb and forefinger."

Davy obeyed. It took him some seconds to realize that the iron which was pressed to the taut-stretched skin was cold.

"So that was the day your grandpa proved he was a clergyman," said the old man. The boys were sitting openmouthed, as entranced as he himself had been that morning long ago listening to the judge. They blinked, coming out of the past.

"And what did you do then?" asked Joshua.

"I was a free man, and I figured I should get *some* good out of my position in life, so I performed a marriage ceremony."

"Who got married?" Seth wanted to know.

"I did—to your grandmother."

Joshua nodded approvingly, but Seth, older and wiser, wrinkled his forehead. "Can a minister marry himself?"

"I reckoned I could, and I did," said grandpa. He held up the plum pit. The little hull was finished, perfect. "Now we need sails."

But Joshua was not done with the story. "What did grandma's father say when he got home from Providence and found out you and grandma were married?"

"'You thundering idiot!'" quoted grandpa. "'Don't you know you're not a real minister and never have been and never will be?'"

Just then grandma came in from the kitchen. You could see by her face she had been listening. "I think you better tell them," she said, "that the next time Reverend Simpkins came around, he married us all over again! Someday they might start wonderin'."

"You always think of everything, Addie," said grandpa.

"Now, 'fore you go tearin' up good cloth to make sails," grandma went on, "you and the boys better hurry out and bring in the biggest punkin you can find, or they won't have any pie to take home to their mamma and papa."

Grandpa stood up and started for the door.

"The one I feel sorry for," said Joshua, trailing after, "is that poor Mrs. Harkins."

"Don't need to," said grandpa. "When she heard what happened to her husband, she upped right out of bed and lived another twenty-eight years."

The Flattering Camera (Continued from Page 27)

had similar problems with former President Herbert Hoover. During the 1932 campaign three White House rooms became temporary studios with three photographers competing for the official campaign portrait. Each photographer was alloted exactly seven minutes; Thornhill was assigned to the middle room. Hoover was tired and frustrated, and when he slumped into a chair in the first room, the sag of his body rumpled his suit. The photographer started to rearrange his subject's clothing, and from the next room Thornhill heard a White House usher say, "Don't paw the President."

Now warned, Thornhill quickly placed two fat Washington telephone directories in the President's chair. When Hoover sat on these he was forced into an erect position, and one of Thornhill's portraits was later selected as the official one.

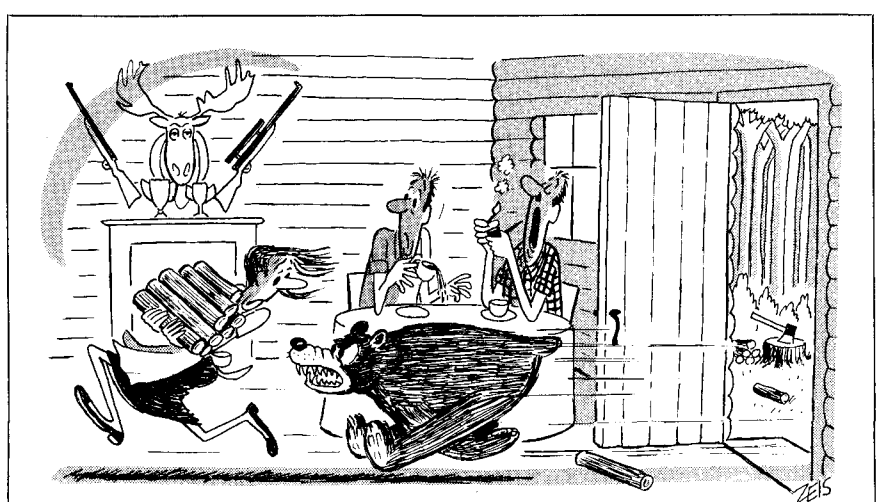
When Dwight D. Eisenhower was president of Columbia University, Bradford Bachrach unwittingly caught him in memory lapses. Bradford had studied some of Eisenhower's writings beforehand, and during the sitting he quoted from them. Several times Ike replied, "My God! Did I say that?"

The brothers' father, Louis Fabian Bachrach, eighty, considers Hoover and Kennedy "the least approachable Presidents. Truman and F.D.R. were the most co-operative." The elder Bachrach, now chairman of the board and, in his own words, "sort of semiretired," helped his father photograph Alexander Graham Bell and remembers using hand signals to pose the inventor because he was so deaf. When he photographed President William Howard Taft in the White House, he was interrupted while Taft argued heatedly over the telephone with his predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt.

He had all the time he wanted with Calvin Coolidge. When he asked, "How much time do you have, Mr. President?" Coolidge wordlessly showed him the presidential appointment book for the day. "It was blank except for our sitting, and he had nothing else to do." After thirty minutes of silence Coolidge, apparently feeling some urge for conversation, asked bleakly, "How's business?" Bachrach answered, "Fine," and the conversation ended.

In 1940 when New York City mayor Fiorello LaGuardia attended an American Legion convention in Boston, Bachrach went to his hotel to photograph him. But Fiorello would not pose; he sat in a chair, wearing his Legion cap, talking incessantly to the politicians crowding the murky room, and gesturing wildly with his arms. In desperation Bachrach finally walked over to him, snatched the hat from his head and squeezed the camera bulb. The picture was not good, but it satisfied LaGuardia.

Visitors from the Middle East have approached Bachrach with a combination of mysterious anonymity and financial caution. Several years ago, when Saudi Arabia's Prince Feisal was in New York, he sent an emissary to Bachrach. The man refused to name the sitter until he was told costs.



"There's a lot of game in these parts."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mohammed Mossadegh, the former weeping premier of Iran, was even more careful. After his advance agent had received prices—before revealing the sitter's identity—the appointment was made. But when Fabian entered the Waldorf Towers to take the premier's pictures, he was stopped by the agent, who demanded assurance that Mossadegh would not be obligated to pay more than the minimum charge, which was then thirty-five dollars. Later Mossadegh ordered $170 worth of pictures to be sent to Iran, and it was then that the Bachrach studio manager equaled the wily Iranian politician in shrewdness. Knowing of Mossadegh's uncertain political—and financial—future, he insisted on cash payment before the pictures were processed. He accompanied the premier to the Iranian consulate and waited while Mossadegh got the money.

The Bachrach approach to portraiture starts with a rather basic observation about mankind—that there is a difference between men and women. Not only do their photographers specialize in either portraits of women or portraits of men, but the Bachrach separation of the sexes continues through sales personnel, receptionists, retouchers and inspectors. The Bachrach building in Boston, with separate studios for men and women, also has separate doors, side by side, leading to them.

One result of this seminary-strict dualism is two groups of specialists, each concentrating on the distinctive characteristics and desires of one sex. Another result is a standard quality, "the Bachrach touch," that is readily recognized.

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A prime reason for this recognition is that, unlike most quality photographers—who, in addition to taking the portraits, also do their own developing, retouching, printing and mounting—the Bachrach firm has all exposed film shipped to the Newton plant for processing. The Bachrachs know that if each of their studios had its own darkrooms, there could be nine different Bachrach "touches," one each for the studios in Boston; New York City; Washington, D.C.; Providence, Rhode Island; Philadelphia; Baltimore; Hartford, Connecticut; East Orange, New Jersey; and Chicago.

Another reason for the recognizable "touch" is that, after the client selects his proofs, the finished prints are compared with a selection of "ideal" Bachrach portraits. The present crop of male "ideals," selected for their photographic quality only, are Negro singer Roland Hayes, Bradford Bachrach, Richard M. Nixon, Dwight D. Eisenhower and bearded Commander Edward Whitehead of quinine-water fame. Feminine portraits are compared with four other Bachrach subjects—two brides and two matrons, none of them well known.

But the product is treated no more carefully than the customer. The Bachrachs recognize that in addition to the little larceny that is in every man, there is more than a little vanity. Thus they engage in some fanciful hocus-pocus. A Bachrach customer, for example, is not a customer or a client, but a *patron;* and a male patron who receives a letter from the company is addressed as John Jones, *Esquire*. If money is mentioned—and it usually is—the word is spelled *cheque*. Furthermore, the Bachrachs don't make photographs; they make portraits, and the word "photo" can send a discreet shudder through the more thoroughly indoctrinated.

Many Bachrach employees smile at their own fanciness. And occasionally the façade is pierced by puckish patrons who read their Bachrach correspondence carefully. Unwilling to print simply "Founded in 1868" on its finely engraved stationery, the company has its secretaries type its age below the heading. This year, for example, the line reads "Our Ninety-Third Year." Recently a Rhode Island bridegroom, writing the Bachrachs about his wedding pictures, headed his letter "Our Fourth Month."

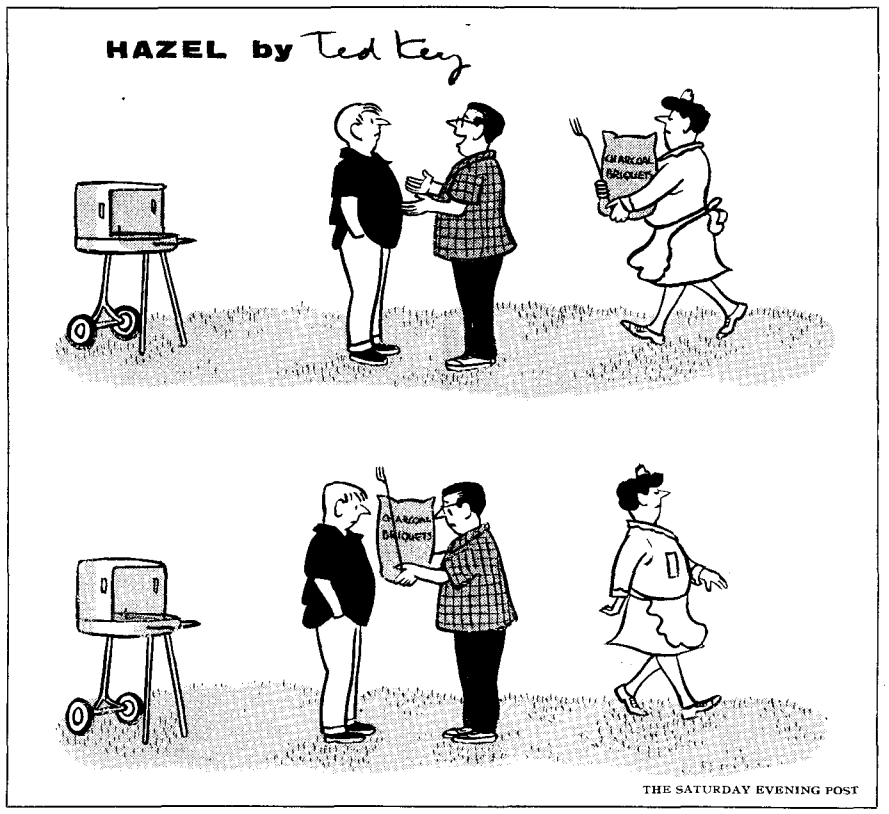
Sometimes the Bachrach language breaks down of its own weight. While the crayoned "DF" on a portrait order means that the patron is rather special, the letters translate into a simple "damned fine." (A Newton employee explains, "All our patrons are good, but a few are damned fine.")

Both the flavor and the quality of Bachrach can be traced directly to Louis Fabian Bachrach, the father. LFB, as he is known, expresses himself vigorously and often, and his most common phrase, now almost a cliché in the Bachrach kingdom, is, "We can do better than this." Indeed, he has so infected his sons with this attitude toward their work that they use the expression almost as much as he.

Fifty-six-year-old Robert C. Finlay, who joined Bachrach in 1923 as LFB's secretary and is now a vice president and the firm's general manager, describes his boss as a man "never really motivated by money. He feels that if he does a good job, the profit will somehow come out by itself." This philosophy has at times moved the Bachrach chain perilously close to failure, and Finlay has frequently found himself fighting LFB "because he's been trying to spend his money and I've been trying to save it."

Louis Fabian Bachrach was born in Baltimore in 1881, the son of David Bachrach, pioneer photographer. As a youthful assistant to a photographer for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, David Bachrach helped photograph the crowd that heard Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in 1863.

After some Civil War battlefield photography, David opened a studio in Baltimore in 1868 and later another in Washington, D.C., and the Bachrach chain was started. In 1904 twenty-three-year-old Louis Fabian, after studies at the Maryland Institute of Art and Design, Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, and the Art Students League of New York, opened a studio in Worcester, Massachusetts, the first of what was known for a time as the northern chain. Under David's younger son, Walter, the southern chain expanded, and in 1925 LFB combined them and took over management. By 1929 he had forty-eight studios in twelve states.



The company almost foundered during the depression, with annual sales sliding from $1,800,000 to $400,000. LFB started closing studios, and by 1935 only eight of them remained. It was to be nine years before he added another—Chicago, the most recent of the chain, and for men only.

Over the years the company has reached some conclusions about human nature. For example, almost everyone thinks he is difficult to photograph. Bachrach photographers say it's not so, but "a person flatters himself with the thought." Men and women are equally vain and nervous in front of the camera, according to the Bachrachs, but women are more obvious. Some stall as long as twenty minutes in the dressing room, and some are so nervous that their mouths twitch uncontrollably or they break out in blotches. Before Bachrach introduced high-speed, no-heat, stroboscopic lights, brides occasionally fainted from tension and heat, and smelling salts were always nearby. Men, on the other hand, reveal their tension in sweaty palms, clasping fingers and twisting ankles.

Why so much pain in such a painless process as portraiture? "Because we're tampering with their vanity," says Curtiss L. Schervee, a Bachrach photographer in Boston. "We're exposing a man to his wife and family and business associates."

With such exposure in mind, Bachrach bases its work on two essential—although not very startling—discoveries about people: Women want to look beautiful; men want to look virile, intelligent and handsome.

To achieve these sometimes impossible goals with as little pain as possible, Bachrach employs receptionists, stylists, a small biographical library, telephone conferences and what Madison Avenue would call "patron research." A large percentage of Bachrach patrons are engaged girls, brides and debutantes, and the firm deliberately pampers them. "Women look better when they feel cherished," says Mrs. Dorothea Watts, stylist in the New York studios.

The pampering process begins a few days before a woman's appointment when a stylist telephones her to discuss make-up, clothing and poses. When the patron arrives with her hatbox or case of gowns for the sitting, she is escorted to a delicately decorated dressing room where the stylist helps her to prepare for the camera.

If the arrival is a man, his photographer already has checked his background in *Who's Who* or *Poor's Register of Directors and Executives*. In some cases the photographer is fed magazine or newspaper clippings about his patron; often he is given information gleaned from the man's secretary. Thus the photographer should be able to put his subject at ease quickly.

In the camera room, techniques differ. One photographer in the New York studio frequently works in frigid silence, "and gets superb results." Others chatter about world affairs, politics, art or gardening. At times, depending on the patron, they use flattery so thick it could clot.

The firm has some advice for persons planning to be photographed: "Get a good night's rest before the sitting. Have a decent breakfast, kiss your wife good-by with zest, and get yourself into a good mood. It will show in the portraits. Above all, don't feel rushed. Arrange your appointment so there is no pressing engagement immediately afterward. And if you feel out of sorts when you arrive, cancel the sitting and make a new appointment.

"Tell the photographer what the pictures are to be used for. A portrait for the family is different from one for the newspapers or an executive board room."

Fabian Bachrach suggests that men avoid light-colored suits "because they show wrinkles more quickly. Actually most men would be better groomed for the camera if they would only ask their wives to select their suits." Bald-headed men, he says, "look better in glasses; so do persons who usually wear glasses, but if you're vain, have some pictures taken with them and some without."

Women are somewhat more complicated. Bradford, photographer of women, feels that their "biggest problem is what to wear. Therefore they should bring two or three changes. Usually they look best in their favorite dress; they're happier in it, and it shows. All women should avoid dresses with loud, gaudy prints, and fat women should avoid short-sleeved dresses. The neckline should be a shallow scoop, almost showing the collarbone, but not too low."

He further suggests that average women wear light colors and heavier women wear dark colors, that short-necked women avoid chokers and high-necked dresses, and that women with pointed chins shun v-necked blouses. He recommends blue-red rather than orange-red lipstick for black-and-white pictures, but says it makes no difference in color photography.

"Above all," he warns women, "don't have your hair done just before the sitting. Take care of this two or three days earlier. And please don't try out a new hairdo on the photographer. Wait until you decide you really like it."

But despite such care and advice, not all Bachrach customers are satisfied. Once an engineer complained that he had been shortchanged on an eleven-by-fourteen-inch print. "My picture is one fourth of an inch short on each side," he wrote. "I paid for 154 square inches; I got 147.8123 square inches." LFB, who personally handles the firm's adjustment department, replaced the offending print with one of precise measurement.

When a New England woman felt that her ancestry was insulted by Bachrach's use of the word "Puritan" to identify its least expensive print, LFB replied that a one-cent United States postage stamp bears the portrait of George Washington. But he could only sympathize with the man who wrote, "Your prices are excessive and your pictures are depressive." The man's wife had ordered more than a $1000 worth of their daughter's wedding pictures.

Once a Bachrach photographer thought a patron resembled Harry S. Truman, and told him so. The man did not reply, but later wrote LFB, "If your photographer had not insulted me, he would have gotten better expressions."

But one protest—from the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court—could be satisfied only by suppressing the photograph. When Tom C. Clark was appointed an associate justice, Bachrach went to Washington to photograph the new court. Fabian was behind the camera, and William V. Pennington, a man's photographer from New York, was acting as his assistant.

Wanting the subjects more compactly grouped, Pennington said, "Justice Clark, will you move to the left?" At this request Chief Justice Frederick M. Vinson threw up his hands in mock horror, rolled his eyes and intoned, "Oh, God forbid!" The court burst into laughter, and Fabian caught their gleeful moment with high-speed flash.

Only ten prints were made of the resulting picture. Each justice received one, and the tenth hangs in Pennington's camera room in the Bachrach studio for men in New York City. It is published for the first time on page 27. THE END

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Keeping Posted

The Fashion-Conscious Spy

Collaborators Burdick and Lederer.

Back with their first collaborative effort in *The Post* since their enormously provocative and successful THE UGLY AMERICAN (serialized in *The Post* in 1958), are **Eugene Burdick** and **William J. Lederer**. Lederer, formerly a Navy captain, lives in Honolulu; Burdick teaches political theory at the University of California. Since THE UGLY AMERICAN each has written a book of nonfiction: Lederer's *A Nation of Sheep* (W. W. Norton) is a current best seller; Burdick's *The Blue of Capricorn* will be published by Houghton Mifflin in October.

Presently the collaborators are outlining "a Tolstoy-sized novel" based on the Soviet-American power struggle. To gather material on how Russians behave overseas they visited Asia together. One memorable day last spring they took a mutual friend on a tour of Hong Kong. When they pointed out a woman they knew to be a Communist agent, their guest said, "Impossible. The girl is wearing a Dior dress." That sort of underestimation of Communist tactics is what decided them to prepare our astonishing report on page 13—BIG PUSH IN SOVIET PROPAGANDA.

The Hills of New Hampshire

Evan Hill was prodded into writing our article on portrait photographers Fabian and Bradford Bachrach (THE FLATTERING CAMERA, page 26) by his wife Priscilla, who was a photographer's assistant for Bachrach during World War II. In the last year of the war she enlisted in the SPARS—the female Coast Guarders—and became a photographer's mate second class in Ketchikan, Alaska. Author Hill met her there while on leave from the Army, and a short time later she became a writer's mate first class. The Hills now live in Newport, New Hampshire.

Hill (by Bachrach, sure).

He Joined the Navy

One day in 1942 **C. S. Forester**, the creator of Horatio Hornblower, was in the office of a high official in the Navy Department. It had just been settled that Forester should sail in a ship of war as an observer. "Now let me see," said the official, "where shall we send you?" The commander of a newly commissioned destroyer passed by at that moment. Forester was assigned to his ship, the *USS Abner Read*, and within a week he was at sea in the Pacific. "That," says Forester, "was how I came to observe the enormous expansion and the astounding vitality of the U.S. Navy at that time, which I have tried to describe in COUNTERPUNCH (page 16). On the destroyer there was a very young and energetic navigator from whom I learned much about the Navy. Now he is Cmdr. J. D. P. Hodapp Jr. USN (Ret.), and he's still teaching me. It is he who checked COUNTERPUNCH for technical errors."

Commander Hodapp now resides in Seattle, Washington, where he is the administrative assistant to the dean of St. Mark's Cathedral; the *Abner Read* sank in Leyte Gulf on November 1, 1944, after a Japanese plane crashed her deck.

Hiking pals: Justice William O. Douglas, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall and Senator Paul Douglas.

Outdoorsman

In "MY ISLAND" (page 20) **William O. Douglas** scarcely hints at his varied and unlikely experiences with the out-of-doors; we'll do it for him. Douglas w born in Otter Tail County, Minnesota. As a freshman at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, he lived in a tent and cooked his own meals. He has slept in hobo jungles and was voted an honorary membership by a national hobo convention shortly after being appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court at age forty, the youngest justice in 128 years. He has climbed and hiked through many of the more rugged corners of the earth, and has written of his travels in books—*Of Men and Mountains*, *Strange Lands and Friendly People*, *North From Malaya*, *Russian Journey*, *Exploring the Himalaya*, etc., etc. A recent hike of his along the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was really one for the book Mr. Justice Douglas and his distguished hiking pals (above) wer loudly upbraided by a lady innkeeper for trailing mud into her establishment.

Fgn. Correspondent

After the name "**Middleton, Drew**, fgn. correspondent," in *Who's Who in America* you will find the notation, "B.S., Journalism, Syracuse (N.Y.) U., 1935." Actually, that's not quite accurate. Middleton left Syracuse in 1935 *without* a journalism degree because he was deficient in typing; the sheepskin came along in 1941, after his record as an Associated Pres war correspondent in France, B gium and England satisfied the u versity that his typing skills had improved. He joined *The New York Times* foreign staff in 1942 and since 1953 has been chief of the *Times*' London bureau. In his rare spare moments he has written five books and a number of magazine articles, his latest article being WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF US NOW (page 30).

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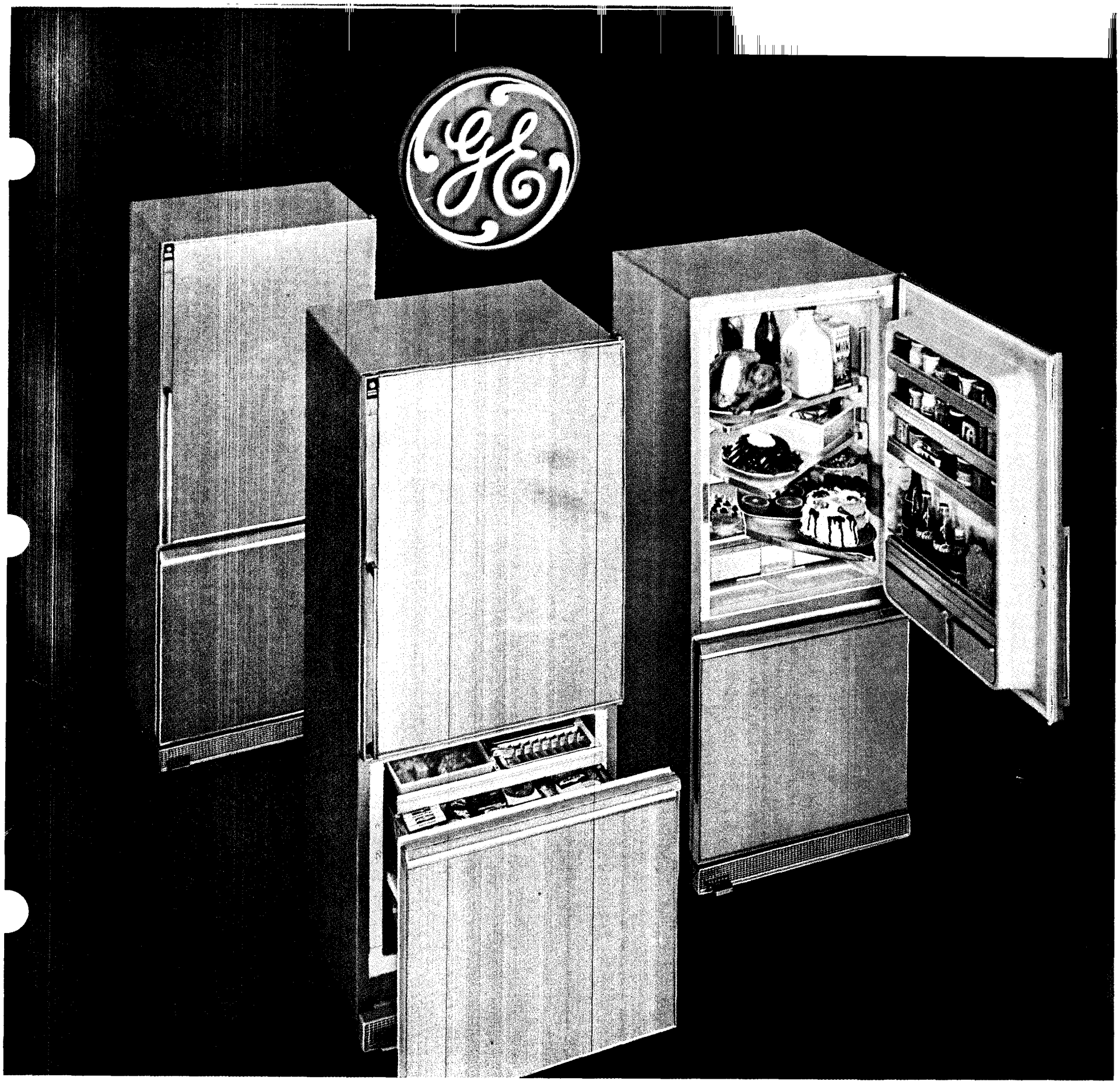

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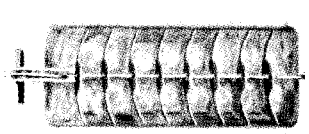

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